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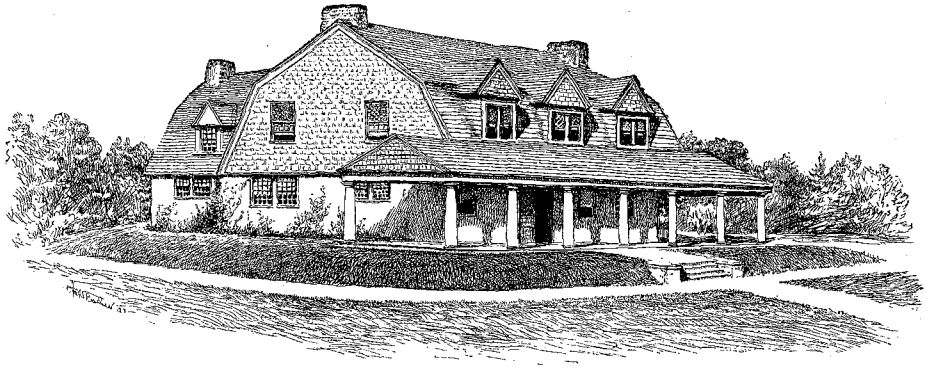

House at Tuxedo, N. Y.

THE SUBURBAN HOUSE.

By Bruce Price.

DURING the last century, and the first half of the present one, country life in America had assumed a popular and well-defined existence, and through all the old Atlantic States numerous seats and homes had been built that were distinctive and beautiful in character. Many of these, upon the larger estates and in the suburbs of the great cities, were of such size and commanding proportions as to be really mansions. But throughout the country generally, and particularly in and about the important towns and villages, were numerous quiet and well-designed homes resting in their own grounds.

The life in these homes during this period was quite as characteristic as the homes themselves. In the country towns of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and the New England States, lived a charming people, who in their ample way dispensed a broad hospitality and made a society, intelligent, refined, and almost chivalric in its intercourse. But the progress and development of the country set many influences at work upon the disintegration of this life. The spread of the great cities razed many of the fine suburban houses; the division of property broke up the country estates and reduced the town's. The war told upon both, and with the wider, broader, more nervous life that followed upon the restoration of peace, the old life soon became almost a myth. Commerce, business, and the race for wealth at once engaged the whole nation; the cities filled and grew, and the country fell away year by year.

The fashion, almost universal at this time with city people, was to spend a few days, or weeks at most, during the heated term, at the great hotels of "the springs," "the summer resort," or the sea-shore. There were many, of course, who, loving the country, sought its quiet, and roughed it on a farm, and

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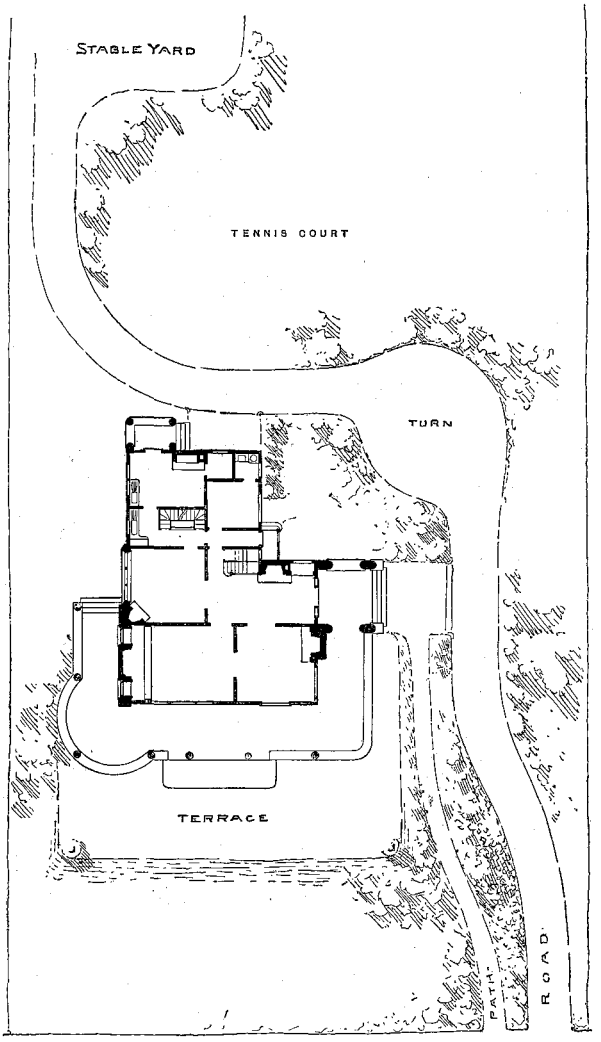
a few others who built, and passed their summers in villas in the suburban country.

But from the whirl and heat of the city, the summer hotel, with its artificial life and huddling quarters, was a poor resource, and early in the seventies the country cottage—a cheap frame nondescript, without cellar or plumbing—began to appear. These cottages were for the most part very simple affairs, built with steep roofs and shallow verandas, and called Gothic. They were the forerunners of a movement that took, at the time, the form almost of a craze. Cramped in the confined quarters of their city houses, with children growing up about them, numbers looked to the country and longed for some place where they could have free air and abundant room. The fever of this desire spread like an epidemic and developed the epoch of the suburban villa cities, with amazing results. About the outlying towns near the great northern cities large tracts of country were laid out in villa sites and coursed with avenues and boulevards, paved and curbed, and bordered with sickly infantile elms and maples. Block upon block of "villas" sprang up, hideous structures of wood, covered with jig-sawed work, with high stoops, and capped with the lately imported so-called French roof; all standing in their own grounds and all planned upon the same *motif*—a city house planted in the country. The traveller nearing New York or Philadelphia went through acres of these villas in all stages of progress, from the raw boards to the gorgeous primary reds, yellows, and greens in which their cheap, vulgar details were glaringly set off.



Plan of House and Grounds at Tacoma, Wash.

These villa cities were short-lived; the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia soon following, brought our people together and showed them many truths. It taught them that back of all the uses of life there could be art in everything. One beautiful truth fell upon many, Colcott's group of English cottages, the head-quarters of the English Commission to the Exposition, built in half-timbered and shingled work, revealed how lovely a thing a cottage could be when built with artistic intelligence. The influence of these buildings upon both the public and professional mind was, at the time, very great. They showed us not only the ugliness and unfitness of the French-roof villa, but taught us to appreciate,

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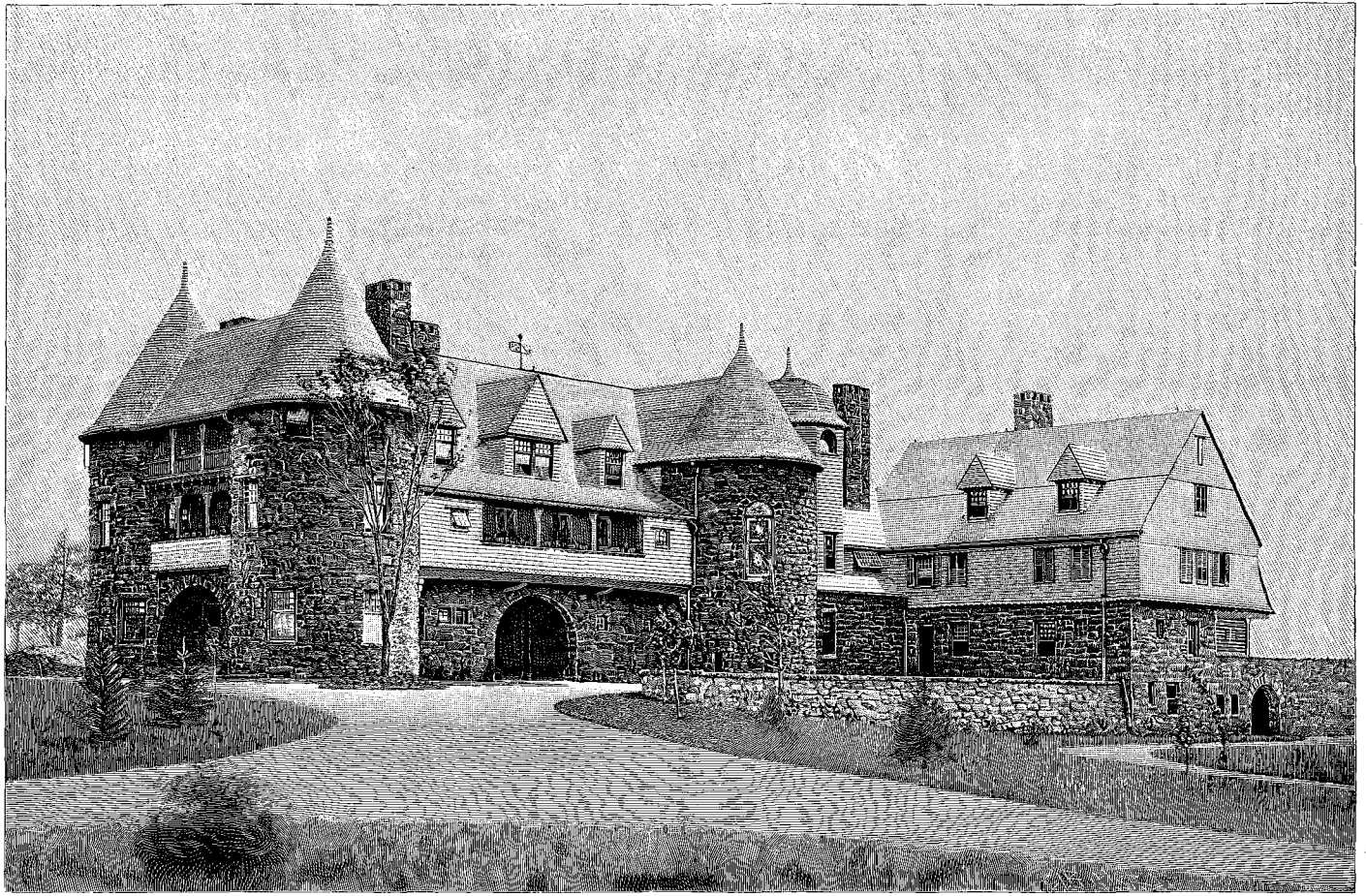

House at Mamaroneck, N. Y.
(McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.)

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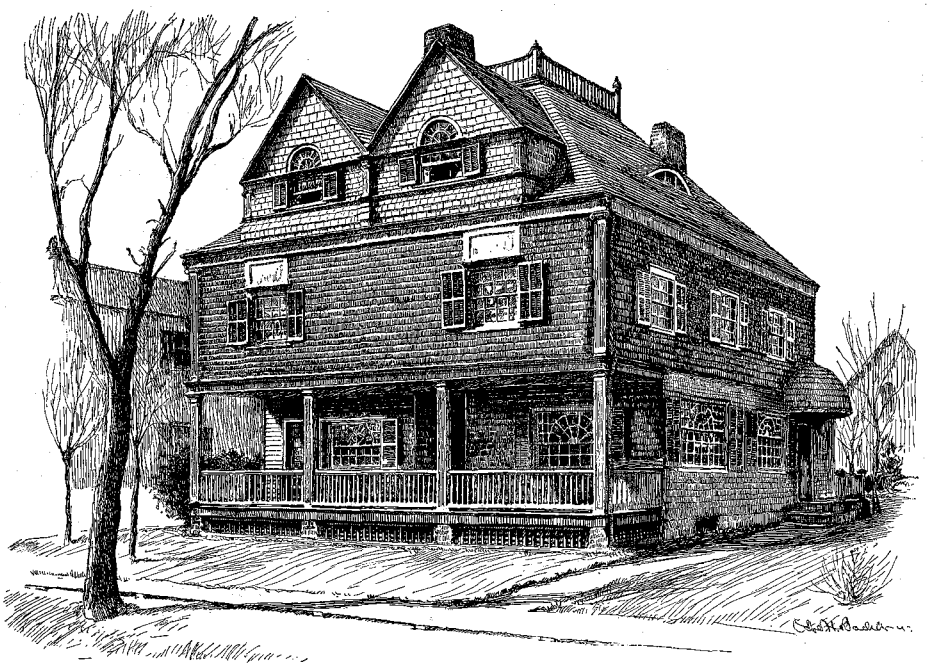
from the example of their own fitness, the merit and beauty of our national work about us on all sides. Colcott, in England, for his inspiration had gone back to the best period of his own national homes. His contemporaries were doing the same. The good of the old was being revived there; and soon the good in the old with us was sought out and studied.

Men whose paths led them through our older towns could not but contrast their quiet beauty with the vulgar incongruity of these mushroom "villa cities." Their broad, turf-bordered roads, with avenues of great trees spanning the way from side to side; and the old white houses, simple in form, refined in detail, broad and generous in plan and treatment; with the yard in front, the garden at rear, the one filled with rose-trees, oleanders, rose-of-Sharon bushes, and box-bordered walks, the other with fruit-trees and hedges, and garden-beds and borders of hollyhocks or sunflowers. Many, going into the nearer accessible towns, found these old homes and made them theirs; while others, feeling the beauty of such places, built upon their lines.

And so the tide turned. The migration back to the country annually became greater and greater, until now, whether these homes are to be permanent or for the summer only, the problem, how properly to build them, is a fixed one for the architect, and fills his thoughts and crowds his boards. Climate and habits of life have clearly marked for him the bounds of the problem. The modest cottage of a few years ago, built to rough it in through the hot days of summer, gives place to the more hospitable home of to-day. This home must be snug and comfortable, with broad hearth stones and warm walls to shield its tenants through the biting days of autumn and winter. The heat of summer demands shady porches and wide verandas; the cold of winter snug corners and sunny rooms—two opposite conditions to be reconciled under the same roof. The rooms must be wide, with through drafts inviting the cooling winds of summer, yet low studded and shielded against the blasts of winter.



House at Morristown, N. J.
(McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.)

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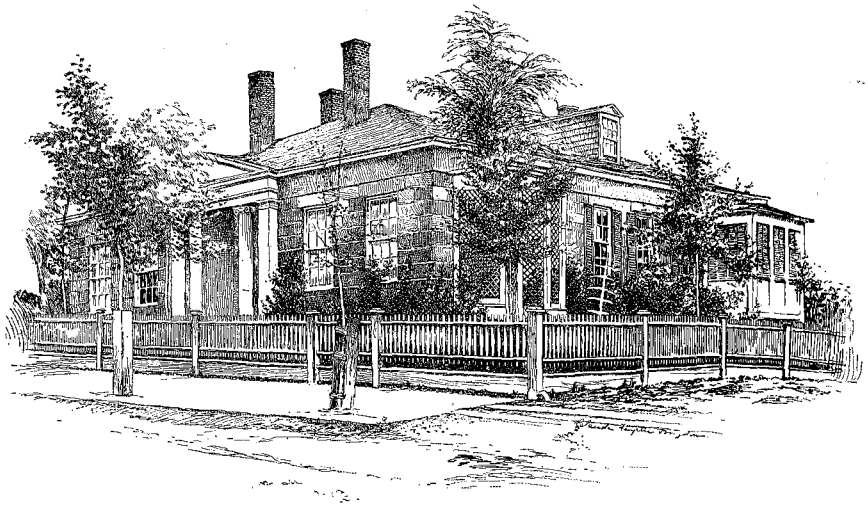
The house must be ample for summer guests and summer hospitality, compact for the family gathering around the winter fireside, and home-like at all times.

And these homes—what are they now and what shall they be? Passing them in review we have a retrospect of about fourteen years. The movement taking form, as we have seen, about the Centennial year, matured as we know it to-day. In viewing the work of this period it is not to the point to consider the larger establishments of Newport, Mount Desert, Lenox, or the great places that have been raised up all through different parts of the country; it is either the permanent home or the summer residence of the man of moderately independent means that interests us—houses costing from five to twenty thousand dollars.

In all this work the scheme of the plan, whether the cost be of the less or greater amount, is now almost identical.

The ordinary older cottages, those of a quarter of a century ago, were generally planned with a single entrance facing the approach; this opened from a porch into a passage rather than a hall, with the stairways starting a few paces within and running straight up against the side-wall to the floor above; the parlor and library to right and left, with the dining-room beyond the one and the kitchen beyond the other. Between the last two came the butlery and servants' stairs, and the back-door, which usually in the family life of the occupants became the thoroughfare to and from the house. This, pure and simple, was the general plan from which the house of to-day started. Step by step it developed. First the passage was attacked, and being broadened became a hall; the staircase fell away from near the threshold to a less obtrusive place, with landings and returns, and windows opening upon them. As the hall grew, the parlor, as its uses and purposes were more absorbed by the hall, became of less importance. The fireplace became a prominent feature, and placed in the hall and more elaborately treated, became an ingle-nook, with the mantel over it, forming an imposing chimney-piece. Improving thus its separate features upon the old, the newer plan advanced further in the disposition of these features. The new hall having become broad and ample, and the rendezvous and seat of the home life, took its position in the most desirable place in the advanced plan. The house grew up about it, following with the other features and details in their proper sequence, until now, from the sum of all that has been done, the resulting general plan, with its controlling conditions of site, can be adduced.



House at Cumberland, Md.
(Notman, Architect.)

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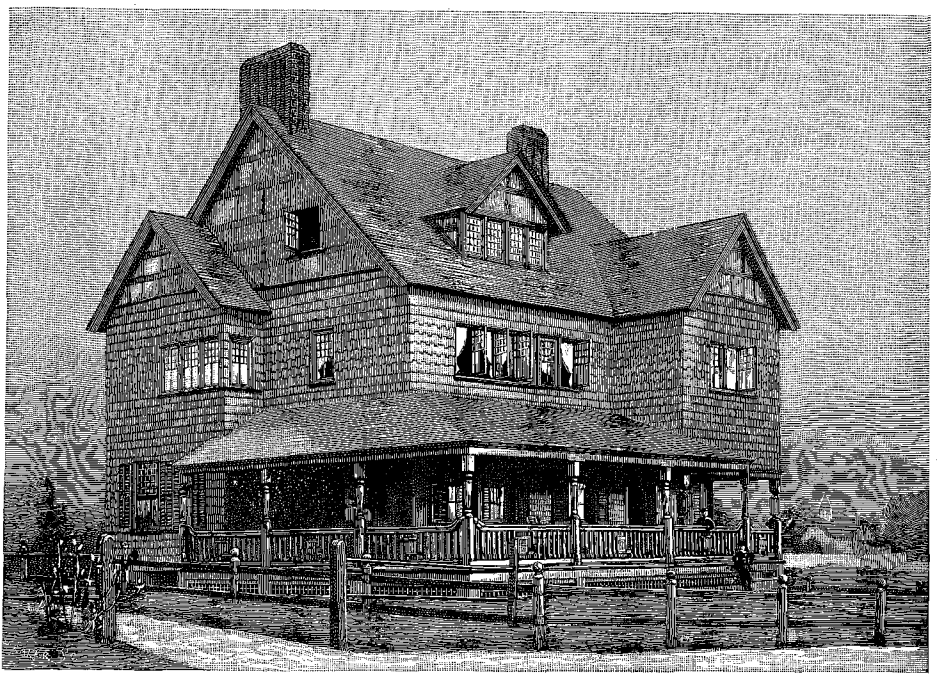
Resolving these conditions of site again into general conditions, the result of both is this: to plan and place the house upon its site so that the approach and entrance-door shall be upon one side and the lawn and living rooms upon the opposite. Stating it directly, the best work enables us to approach by a drive upon one side, alight at an entrance-porch, enter by an entrance-hall, advance thence into the hall, and through it out upon the veranda, and so on upon the lawn. This is the simple result, and the reason is as simple. The entrance is for access; the hall, veranda, lawn, and the prospect beyond, belong to the private life of the house. Tradesmen or visitors, however welcome, cannot be dropped into the midst of the family group. Even the welcome guest wishes to cross the threshold and meet the outstretched hand and cordial greeting within. Even Liberty Hall must have its defence.

If the road to the house crosses the lawn and comes at once upon the hall, veranda, and seat of the home life, the home life is open to intrusion at any time. And so it is important to keep these features separate.

As all sites are not alike, so all plans



Cottage at Newport, R. I.
(Price, Architect.)

cannot be alike; but knowing the site and studying well the access to and the prospect from it, the intelligent architect can readily arrange his plan to suit. If the approach is from the north, and the site falls off gradually to the south, with the view toward that quarter, then the solution of the problem is simple and direct and at its best. The house is placed well to the northern boundary, leaving it sufficiently away from the thoroughfare to insure privacy and space for the turn of the drive. The greater portion of the site is thus given to the lawn upon the south side. The house is placed with its long axis east and west, its approach and entrance upon the north side, its living rooms, hall, veranda, and lawn upon the south, and it stands thus in itself a barrier between the turmoil of the world and the peace and privacy within and beyond its portals.

If the site commands the south, and the approach is from that quarter also, the drive must be thrown to the east or

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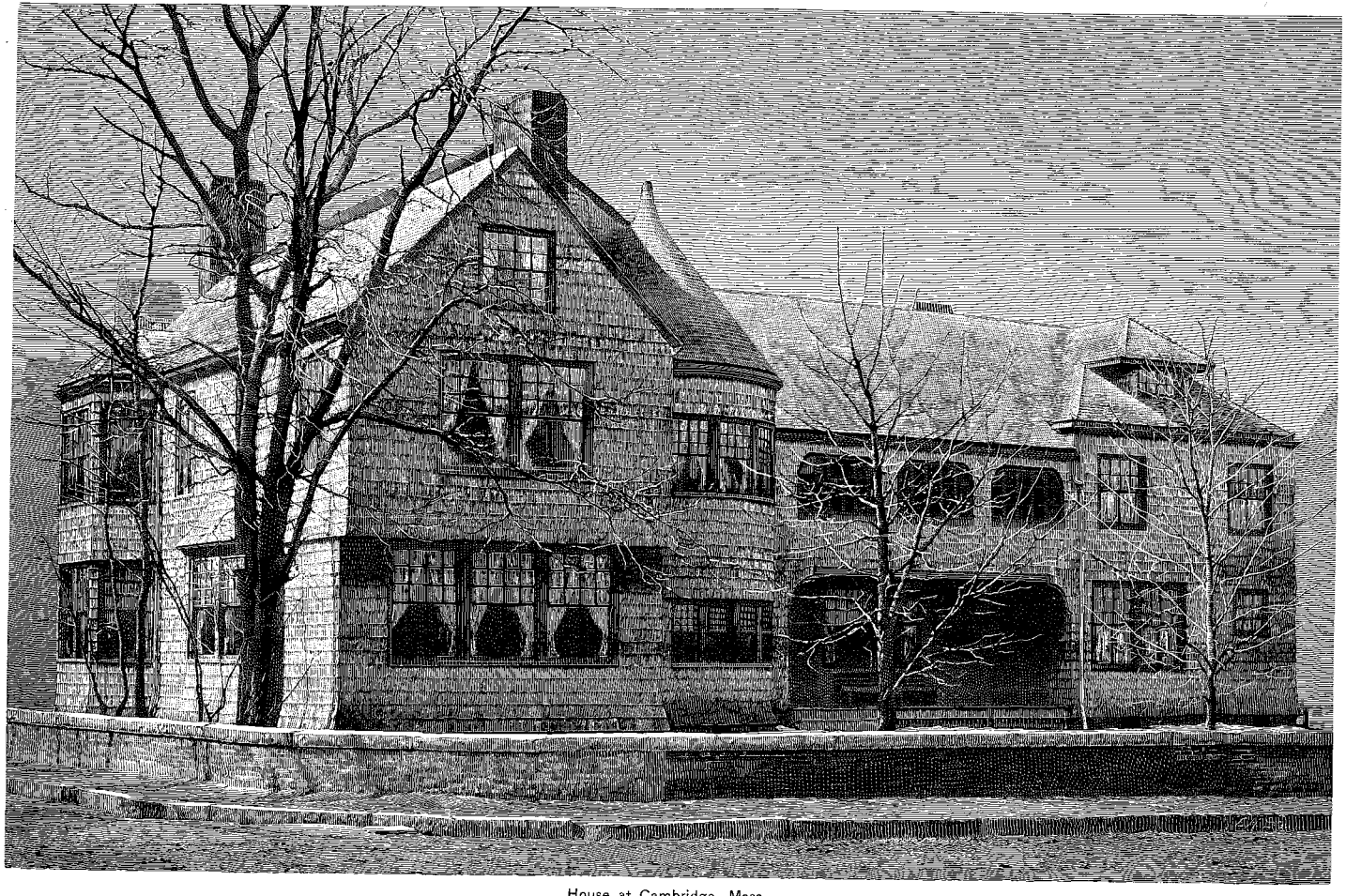

House at Cambridge, Mass.
(Richardson, Architect.)

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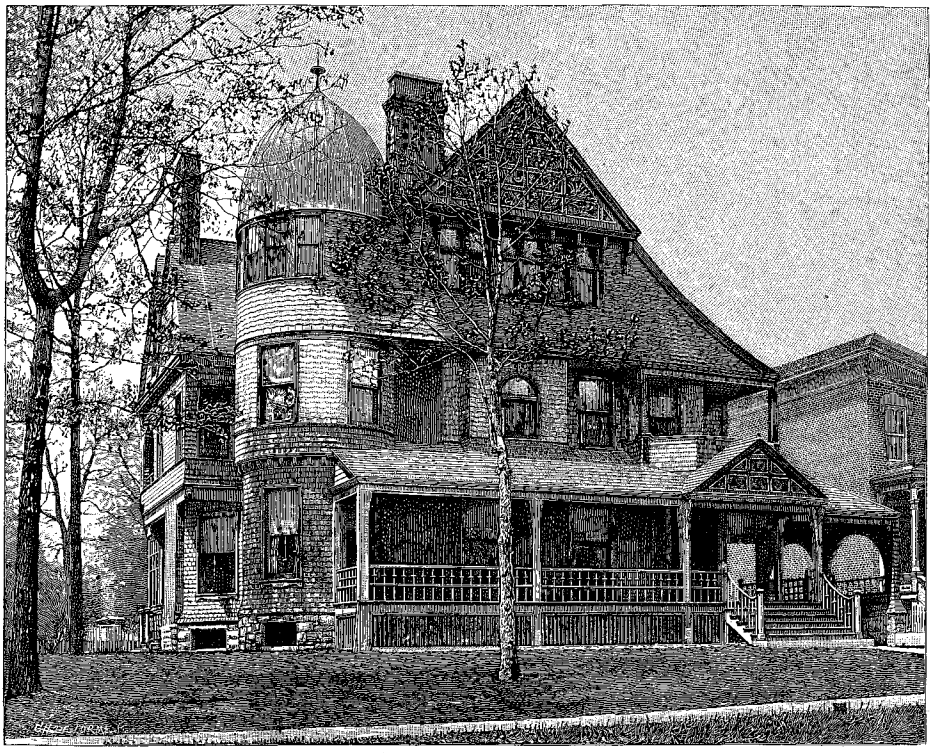
west extreme, and, continuing well beyond the plane of the house, must circle either at the end for the entrance or be brought fully around to the north side and the entrance made there. The road must also be shielded with plantations and shrubbery.

Of course apart from these considerations of approach and outlook, every site has its other conditions of exposure, etc. The prevailing winds in summer and winter must be studied. It may have, upon one hand, an ugly prospect, or upon another, a disagreeable neighbor; there are many points, in fact, to be carefully weighed, and many characteristics of its own calling for skill and judgment. But with its disadvantages the site must still have its good points or it is not a site, and as the architect overcomes the former and avails of the latter, so much the greater is his credit and skill, for he will discover that in proportion as he studies and knows his site and understands its values, just in that proportion will be the success of his result.

Such is the proper house, where a site of some extent, comparatively isolated, and open to the surrounding country can be chosen.

But when the site lies in the midst of other properties already built upon, and possessing in common with them only the single outlook to the front, then the conditions of the problem require that the house shall be planned with its main approach and living rooms alike upon this single open front. Even so, unless the lot is very narrow, a house such as is shown, with its grounds, in the plan on p. 4 of a house at Tacoma, commends itself as still possessing, though hemmed in on three sides by residences and outbuildings, all the salient advantages of a house built in an open country.



House at Kenwood, Ill.
(Burnham & Root, Architects.)

Here the house is placed well over upon one side of the lot; the carriage-drive and walk are over against the

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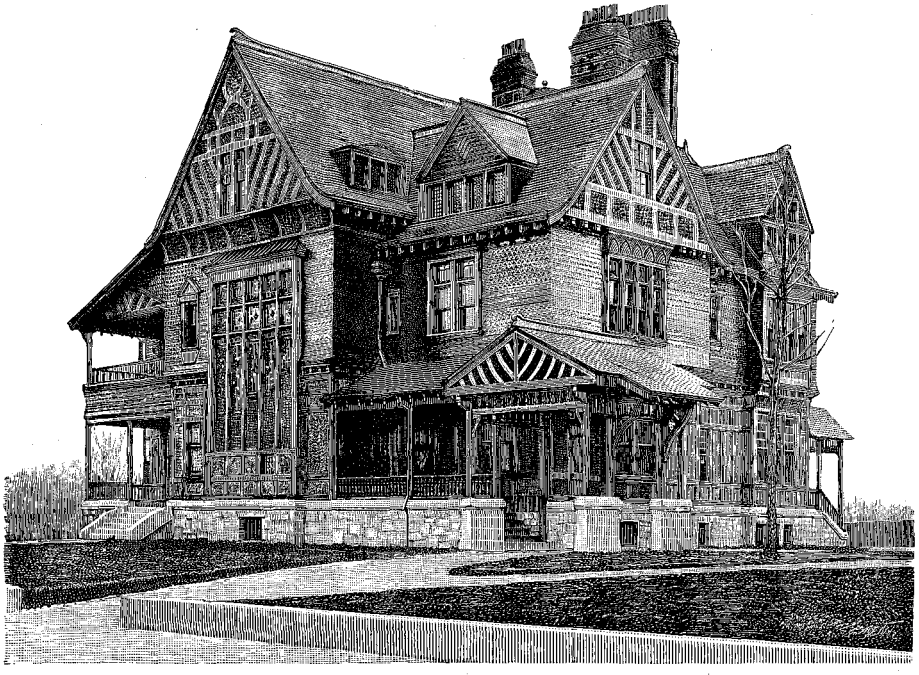
other ; the entrance-hall is at the rear of the library, with the entrance and entrance-porch at the side. In the angle of the house there is room for the turn in the drive. The grounds in front of at one corner of the front (as in the Long Island house), with the hall in the centre and the living porch upon the opposite corner, would give a plan meeting many of the above requirements.



House at Evanston, Ill.
(Burnham & Root, Architects.)

the porch are terraced, and bordering the walk from the angle of the terrace to the entrance-porch are beds of flowers and plantations of low shrubbery. The house, with its porch and principal rooms thus commanded by the approach and the highway, is yet so planned and placed upon the site as to be in no way dominated by them. [See p. 14.]

A house built upon grounds on Long Island, required, from the nature of its site, a scheme of plan similar to the Tacoma house, with the difference that the entrance is at the front corner. It would be well suited for such a situation as the one above described is built upon.

If the site is too narrow for the drive and entrance at the side, the approach, entrance-porch, and entrance arranged

But building sites laid out in nests of lots are usually narrow, and give, at best, to the sides of the houses built upon them only light and air spaces. Upon these the house is generally built across the middle of the lot, sitting back a rod or two from the road, with a walk leading from a gate in the middle of the front. Another gate and walk at one side, for tradesmen and servants, leads to the rear. For such conditions of site the problem of plan has many solutions.

A house recently built at Tuxedo [p. 3] would meet this problem very fairly. In this house the entrance is made at once at the centre into the hall. The porch stretches across the entire front and extends a space beyond at either side. Thus exedras are formed at the ends and give the desired living porches

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House at Short Hills, N. J.
(Rich, Architect.)

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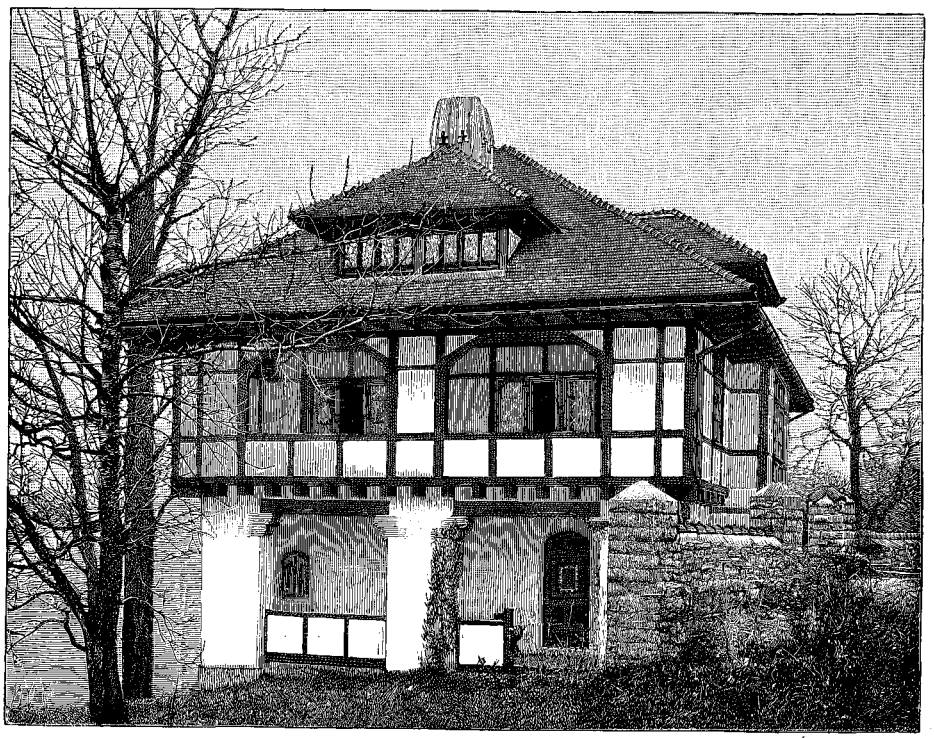
away from the centre and removed from the intrusion of the entrance.

Also a house at Morristown, N. J. [p. 6], built by Mr. McKim some years since, gives an excellent solution of this "defence against the highway" idea. This house, apart from its planning and placing, is a most successful bit of shingle work, designed upon old colonial lines.

Many of the old-time houses, built upon such lots, are models of proper planning. A house in Cumberland, Md. [p. 7], is, in some respects, the most delightfully arranged home I know. It was built in the early forties from drawings by Notman. The site is upon a hill falling off sharply to the rear, with a prospect at the back of the town below, and the mountains, and narrows between them, in the distance. The house is practically one-storied, and the charm of the plan Through the centre, from front to rear, runs the hall, fifteen feet wide and sixty feet long from door to door. Upon this hall open all the living rooms; at the front, on the right, is the parlor; on the left, the library. Beyond the parlor, on the one side, are the family bedchambers, and beyond the library, on the other, comes first a guest-chamber, then the pantry and stair-hall, and the dining-room at the rear. In the roof are additional bedrooms, and in the rear basement is the kitchen, laundry, etc. Across the back of the house runs a wide porch, with a broad stair leading down to the lawn and gardens.

The quarters, or servants' building, was separate and to the left and rear of the main house. With the works of over a half century to judge it by, I do not see how a better plan could be de-



House at Cincinnati, O.
(Trowbridge, Architect.)

the is the directness and simplicity of its treatment.

The long axis of the house is with the length of the lot, north and south.

vised for the site. Certain changes and improvements, notably in the plumbing, heating, and lighting, have been made at times by the present owner, but the body

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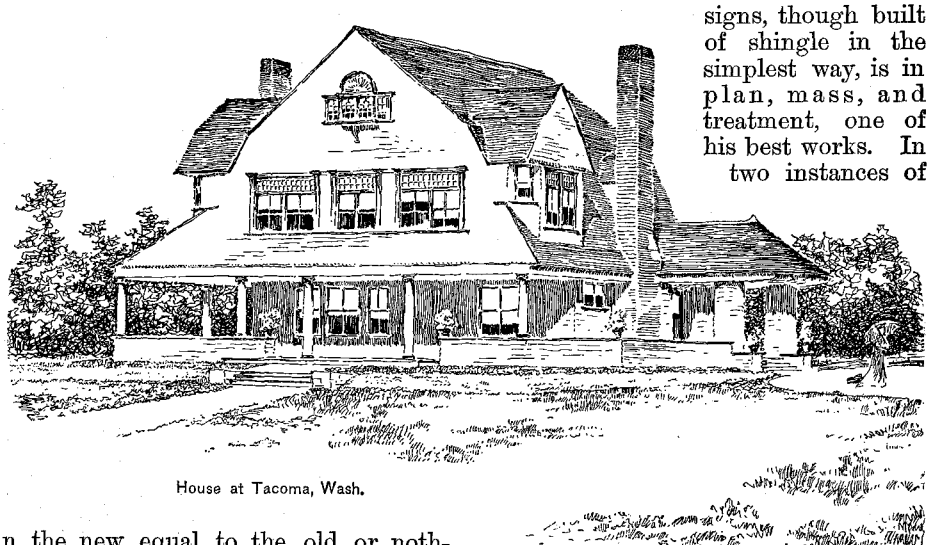
of the house is intact as Notman left it, classical in proportion, simple in outline, and refined in detail. There are numbers of inclosed lots about the suburbs of New York where just such a house could be charmingly placed.

In comparing architecturally the work of to-day with that of the various builders from colonial times up to Notman and his contemporaries, it would seem that their best work, being based strictly upon the study of classic proportions, would outlive the mass of ours. And this for the simple reason that mere novelties will not wear well. In architecture more than in any other art, the work must commend itself for some other reason than its cleverness or originality, or it will very early wear out its welcome. "Quaint," "novel," "picturesque," are terms freely used about us to-day, and "architectural," rarely.

The old builders were *architectural*, first and always, and quaint was perhaps as far as they ever got beyond that. It is not maintained that there is nothing in the new equal to the old, or nothing good that is not based upon some older model; or nothing good that is quaint in its effect, and both novel and picturesque as well. On the contrary, there is abundance in the new, superior in every way to the old, and architects greater and abler than the old; and much of their work is quaint and novel too, and picturesque and beautiful and original, and will last. But it will last because its motive is purely and architecturally expressed and based upon artistic principles stronger than the originality of its handling.

The old builders, though their works were at times dull and meagre and thin, were yet never undignified, never outrageous, and never forsook the idea that their work had a definite purpose and that that purpose must be expressed in it. In the Long Island, Tacoma, and Tuxedo houses it was with a thought of the old builders and their purposes that they were designed. The gambrel and deep roofs are much as they made them, and the entablature and columns are as the rules of the orders give them.

The Tacoma house, the Armistead cottage at Newport [p. 8], and the Tuxedo house, the writer considers a fair solution, architecturally and picturesquely, of the problem of the suburban home of moderate pretensions. Other examples are numerous; notably Mrs. Stoughton's house at Cambridge, Mass. [p. 9], one of Richardson's designs, though built of shingle in the simplest way, is in plan, mass, and treatment, one of his best works. In two instances of suburban houses by Messrs. Burnham & Root, near Chicago [pp. 10 and 11], the architects have met the problem most fairly, and show in their picturesque composition that the thought of the home was first and most important.



House at Tacoma, Wash.

Of the quaint and artistic smaller

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cottage, two examples, most opposite in their *motif* and materials, yet both equally delightful in their architectural results, are seen in the house at Short Hills, N. J. [p. 12], built by Mr. Charles A. Rich, for himself, and the other in the suburbs of Cincinnati [p. 13], built by Mr. Trowbridge.

Of houses of greater pretensions the field is full. The Osborn house at Mamaroneck [p. 5] may be taken as an example of the best of this type. The approach is from the land side. The house is entered from a *porte-cochère* through its centre. The division of its features is in perfect sequence. All the living rooms and verandas are upon the water side; the offices and entrances upon the other. The home life is perfectly defended and protected. Architecturally the work is handled with great dignity and art. Its materials are rough granite and cedar shingles, and though born of a French *motif* it is the exponent of no style. It is moulded to the needs of its uses, and the result is a genuine American art creation, as good in itself and as honest in its purpose as any of its forerunners upon the borders of the Loire or among the hills of England.

The Megalithical houses, of which Richardson's famous Gate Lodge upon the Ames estate near Boston was perhaps the first example, appeal strongly to the original bent of the American mind. The Lodge and Keep at the main gates of Tuxedo are built of the mossy and weather-beaten rocks and boulders found upon the slopes of the park. These are set into the walls without tool marks or fractures, and the beds and joints chocked with rock moss. The house built at Boulder Point, upon Tuxedo Lake, is a fair type of this sort. The house stands upon a cliff projecting into the lake, and its walls are carried up with the same character of rock as the cliff. The starting-courses are of the largest rocks that could be handled, and above, they grow smaller as they approach the top. Great skill is shown in the execution of the work. The stones are all selected with flat faces and fitted one against the other with great patience and care, and the

English Suburban House.
(Norman Shaw, Architect.)

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House at Elberon, N. J.
(McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.)

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result is the appearance of cyclopean masonry centuries old. In arrangement, though the house is planned to overcome the many difficulties of its site, the principle of the separation of the approaches from the living quarters, etc., is maintained.

In the details of the interior of the house of to-day, the hall, and especially its fireplace, has received much attention. The "ingle-nook" has been taken up and treated in many ways, amply and beautifully, and the impression is current that with us it is entirely a modern idea. Such is not the case. In an old house in Maryland, built long before the Revolution, the hall was of unusual size —so large, in fact, that the owner boasted that he could (and on a wager, did) turn a four-in-hand in it. On one side was an enormous fireplace, with benches built out at the sides of the jambs, and large enough to seat quite a company. This fireplace was unique. It was built of stone, broad and deep, with a heavy lintel over it; above this lintel was a niche with a separate flue from it, and here in the evening, knots of fat pine were heaped and burned, and the great hall was by this means brilliantly lighted. The old house has long since crumbled and rotted away, but the ruins of the old fireplace still mark the site. This house had at the time the title of being the finest one in western Maryland. Its claims to distinction rested upon the fact that the ends of the logs of which it was built were sawed off, and its roof was covered with shingles.

Viewing American houses from a stand-point of style, there is as marked a character in the artistic handling as in the planning of them.

The most distinctive national suburban house is undoubtedly the shingle house; that is, the cottage, however great or small, built of frame and covered on sides and roof with shingles, plain or ornamented as the case may be. Next in importance is the stone or brick and shingle house combined; that is, the house with the ground story of stone or brick and the upper structure of frame and shingles.

The old colonial houses cannot be considered in connection with the shingle houses of to-day. The old colonial houses were in all the best examples built upon classic lines, with a classic base for all their details and a classic feeling in their outlines.

The shingle house, while it has been recently taking a decided old colonial form, both in general and in detail, and is very distinctive in plan, began in a picturesque desire to be novel and quaint, and aimed to impress the beholder with these qualities as well as its originality above everything. That it ran riot, and is still doing so, there can be no mistake. But out of it all there is a lot of splendid work. To enumerate it or classify it is not within the scope of this article, but I am impressed with the conviction and believe in the thought that in the planning, designing, and building of the moderate-cost suburban villa of to-day, the American architect has no equal. I believe his work is well above and beyond any period of the school anywhere. Of course, I mean his best work. There is much that is bad, very bad; there have been many conditions to make it so. Vulgar and ambitious clients, uncultivated draughtsmen, who, gifted with clever manual dexterity (and our draughtsmen are getting to be very, very clever as such), set up as architects; *nouveaux riches*, who gauge the beauty of their house by its cost; these and many other conditions produce inevitably their results. But when the client and his architect are in accord, the one to the manner born and the other a part of it, the results are noble and true.

Out of the abundance I select one house in particular, as the forerunner, to my mind, of the type of shingle houses that have since become so distinctively an American class. It must be now ten or twelve years since Mr. Victor Newcombe built his house at Elberon [p. 16]. It is certainly that long since I first saw it. I was driving from Sea Girt to Long Branch at the time, and, unaware of its existence, came suddenly upon it. The whole scheme, form, and treatment of the house were new to me, and I looked upon it with mingled feelings of surprise and pleasure. Mr. McKim has since done greater work, and others have done as good; for "Facilis est inventus addere,"

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and many have profited thereby. But when I saw it first it was new and stood alone, the first of its class; and that it was true, the numbers that followed it and went beyond it soon showed. I have passed this house many times since, and to me it is as good a piece of work to-day as when I first saw it.

But Mr. McKim was not the only one. Mr. Bassett Jones, fresh from the studio and influence of Norman Shaw, had built one or two lovely cottages on Staten Island. Mr. William Ralph Emerson had done likewise about Boston and at Bar Harbor. Mr. Jones's work was inspired by the Queen Anne revival then starting up in England, but so modified and adapted under his skilful treatment as to be distinctively his own. Mr. Emerson's work was more distinctive still, and went farther than either Mr. McKim's or Mr. Jones's in its individuality. While Mr. McKim, Mr. Jones, and others clothed their frame buildings with clap-boards to the height of the first story and shingled them the rest of the way up, Mr. Emerson started his shingles over the entire house at the water-table, and gained a step in repose that the other houses had not reached.

But the Queen Anne revival in England, from which all this work started, was so different in its motives, both in the use of materials and disposition of the plan, that the American cousin soon lost all family resemblance. One of the best examples of this English work, built from designs of Norman Shaw, is shown in the illustration of an English suburban house on p. 15. It is delightful in composition, is essentially a home, and meets exactly the English idea of one; raise it from the ground, put a veranda around it, and transplant it to New York, and its congruity is destroyed.

Under such conditions and aided in his work by the increasing knowledge and higher cultivation of our intelligent people in all matters pertaining to art, the American architect of to-day finds his great opportunity to found an American style. That the American country-house has become distinctive in becoming suited to our economies and habits of life is clear. Our wants call for new forms in plan and masses; our materials for new lines and textures in elevations; and with our national inventiveness fostered by the problem, our work becomes more and more national. All these conditions demand original thought and hard study; and bending the mind and talents to answering them must produce distinctive results.

The feeling of the old may survive, but the style of the prototype has been bent to the homes we live in, and in bending yields to a new form. The new form, begun in a friendly school, will often borrow from a sympathetic type, and the result, while neither of the two, yet is true to both; true to its new conditions and good withal. And so the American architect is passing into his incipient Renaissance, copying less from the masters he has studied and reveres, and dropping the word style from his practice. How that word rises up; a frowning spectre to some, a safeguard to many! How can the American practitioner be true to it? Will his client have a replica from Italy, from France, or even from England? Will he build and live in a Scotch fastness, with high, draughty halls, ill lit from narrow windows, flood his moat, haul up his bridge, and lower his portcullis with the chiming of the vesper bells? Will he plant his roof-tree upon the walls of a French *manoir*, give up his ground floor to carriage-drive and flunkies' quarters and live above stairs? Will he give up his shady porches, his wide verandas, his broad piazzas, and take the style he asks for in the literal truth of its examples? There are none of these, as he knows and needs them, in the great schools from which he would borrow a name for his cottage. True there are verandas in Italy, and *loggias*, too, in both Italy and France that lend ideas—and beautifully they have been used. But American life could not thrive—could not exist, indeed—housed in any of the buildings upon which these are found. American country life has marked out its current—broad, clear, well defined. It has its source in a thousand well-springs deep down in the national character. Hampered with no traditions, with a quick perception of his wants,

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an innate love of the beautiful, independent and practical, the American must inevitably show his national traits in his home. Scattered apart or grouped together, upon the hills, in valleys, and along the streams that wander through them to the ocean, or perched upon the bluffs and beaches that mark its boundaries, for encircling miles about our great cities, have sprung up, and are still rising, the true homes of the American of to-day. From them and to them a great tide ebbs and flows, and pours over the ferries, by the cars, and along the great water-ways every day. Never ceasing, this torrent pours in and pours out, stronger and greater year by year, giving to the life of the day one of its most distinctive features. In all the rush, in the marvellous phases that have marked the growth and progress of our wonderful epoch, there is nothing so impressive in the city's life as this daily coming and going throng. It is a vivid expression of that American trait which inspires every man, no matter how subordinate his position in the business world, to assert his individuality and independence by owning a home which is the outgrowth of his special tastes and needs. Amid the pretences and shams of which American life is often accused, this at least has the instinct of truth, and an honest purpose.

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE XIII.

TO THE FOUNT BANDUSIA.

[O fons Bandusiæ.]

Austin Dobson's Translation in Rondeau Form.—Reprinted by permission with Mr. Weguelin's drawing [frontispiece].

O Babbling Spring, than glass more clear,
Worthy of wreath and cup sincere,
To-morrow shall a kid be thine
With swelled and sprouting brows for sign,—
Sure sign!—of loves and battles near.

Child of the race that butt and rear!
Not less, alas! his life-blood dear
Must tinge thy cold wave crystalline,
O babbling Spring!

Thee Sirius knows not. Thou dost cheer
With pleasant cool the plough-worn steer,—
The wandering flock. This verse of mine
Will rank thee one with founts divine;
Men shall thy rock and tree revere,
O babbling Spring!

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JERRY.

PART FIRST (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER VII.

The steadfast silence that holds peace for wrong
Or love—that keeps the smile on quivering lips;
That holds the tears back from the brave, sad eyes;
That with a steady hand doth sod the grave
Of all its hopes, so none may know a grave
Is there!

A LONG, low, frame house, unpainted, and weather-beaten, standing a little back from the road that at this point turned, and became the one street of Durden's. A house without the very smallest attempt at beauty—that fulfilled but one end—a shelter.

The main shed, extending straight down from the apex of the roof, takes under its protection a broad piazza, in whose shadowy depths the doors and windows of the house open.

The windows are glazed, which is a luxury in the town of Durden's; but the doors and blinds are simply battened, like the rest of the houses.

Three chimneys come from the roof, one from either end and one from the middle; wonderfully square and ugly, but softened to the view on this cool September day by slender plumes of smoke. A thin rail extends round the piazza save where a clear space is left for the steps, at the corner of which stands a hitching-post for horses. The reddish-brown soil of the yard is baked to the consistency of brick, rising and falling in mimic ravines and hills as the rain is pleased to wash it. No sign of a fence—no sign of paint or whitewash anywhere—no vestige of any attempt at flower, or shrub, or grass—an ugly, barren, neglected place.

In a high-backed, splint-bottomed rocking-chair, with his feet on the hand-rail that goes about the piazza, a boy sits reading; delicately made and fair, and with a finish in his dress and bearing that shows familiarity with localities very different from Durden's. Indeed, he looks entirely out of place in this rough environment, and seems perfectly to realize the unfitness of things.

Evidently he is very tired; but only of himself and his book, for no work can ever have soiled his white hands nor hardened his delicate muscles; yet he yawns and stretches very wearily, clasping his hands behind his head.

"A beastly hole," he muttered. "I shall be cross-eyed if I read any more," but yet, for lack of other interest, he takes up his book again. The shapely head bends forward, the long lashes shade the girlish cheeks where a little flush has come from the exertion of the last yawn, and the boy is beautiful. No other word would describe him; indeed one would not be tempted to fit any other adjective to him.

And the doctor, riding up and tying his horse, thinks how different this face is from the other he left up on the mountain side.

The boy rises.

"At last!" he says, coming forward, "I thought you might possibly spend the night."

"Scarcely; I waited only to watch the case."

"And how is the case?" yawning again.

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"Progressing favorably."

"Unlike your humble servant," turning to follow the doctor indoors.

The doctor paused to hang up his saddle-bags and hat, then turned to look at the boy.

"You look in good case," he said.

"'My face is my fortune,'" looking up with a smile that made this same face brilliant, "but really, I am nearly dead of loneliness; and at noon a letter from mamma; a letter a month old, but telling of the most enchanting things; really, you know!" with an earnest, regretful look in his beautiful eyes.

The doctor listened quietly, watching the boy's face, that seemed to charm him against his will.

"It is very unfortunate," he said, gravely, then went into a fire-lighted room, where a table was laid for two, and a servant in waiting.

"Dinner at once," he said, "and a fire in the study;" then sitting down in the great arm-chair he turned to the boy, who stood near a window. "Is there any news, Paul?" he asked.

"Nothing, except no end of balls, and lunches, and lovely art exhibitions, and operas, and concerts, and everything that can make a fellow long to go home; and I go everywhere with mamma, don't you know; I wish you knew her," the boy added, slowly.

"Yes," and the doctor leaned his head back as if this precocious child worried him.

"Yes," Paul went on, drawing a letter from his pocket—"and she sends you a message."

The creamy paper rustled in the boy's hands; a faint perfume floated on the air, and the words came softly—"'I miss you more than I can say, and long for you with a longing that I hope you may never realize. Would it not be possible to persuade your guardian to come home with you some time this winter, so that I can see you?" pausing and looking steadfastly at the doctor; but there was no movement, and he read on—"'Thank him for me for all his care of you; I know he will do whatever is best for you, and, in the highest sense of the word, make a man of you,'"—the boy stopped, folding the letter slowly.

"Thank you," came coldly from the doctor, and he passed his hands wearily over his eyes.

"*Did* you ever know her?" the boy asked, hesitatingly, after a moment's silence.

"Yes."

Then the dinner and lights came in, and the conversation ceased.

The meal was rather silent, and afterward the evening in the book-lined study seemed rather cold and still. The lessons went on without much heart, dragging heavily; with cold patience on the doctor's part; with undisguised weariness on the boy's part, until the tasks were done.

"Now I will fly back with delight to my novel, of which I was so weary," and the boy rose and stretched himself; "to think I should be thankful to my lessons for anything," he went on; "to think that I should fall so low that one dulness is a boon because it makes the next dulness seem less dull."

"I am reading," the doctor said, not looking up.

"I beg pardon," hurriedly, and the boy, with the color burning in his cheeks, subsided with his book into an arm-chair.

But he did not read; instead, he watched furtively the man before him, wondering what was the point of his life. Why did he live in this lonely fashion, away off in these wilds; why study so diligently; why spend his time and his money on the poor creatures, the scum of the country, who gathered out in this region? Like to-day, spending hours over one little waif who was of no earthly use to anyone. Was he altogether right in his mind? He must be, Paul concluded, for he remembered quite distinctly his father's dying words about him—"I give him Paul as unconditionally as such a thing can be done, and charge him to be all to him that he would be to his own son." Paul remembered it all quite distinctly, and the last talk his father had given him. After that the long months when his mother pleaded not to give him up—the lawyer's protest, and the letters from this guardian, that had made his mother so ill; then his journey to this far Western region, his reception, and wonder at his surroundings. It was very strange; and with all

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his precocious, shallow knowledge of the world, he could make nothing of these facts that met him on every hand.

Now he found that there had been some acquaintance between his mother and his guardian; a new piece of knowledge that deserved much thought. Why not ask about this new puzzle? Why not, indeed! After that last snub, he would rather put his hand in the fire than say a word. No really harsh word had ever been said to him by this man, yet Paul would sooner have attempted to strike him, than positively to disregard one wish of his. He shirked his duty sometimes, when in a particularly rebellious frame of mind, and when his guardian was not at hand to look him over after a cool, calm way he had. Sometimes he longed to see him angry, to hear him curse and swear and storm as he had heard other men do; he thought it would be almost refreshing. This intense calm; this controlled stillness that nothing seemed to disturb, was frightfully monotonous, and the man must surely be devoid of feeling. And yet he helped all the poor and sick, and got no pay for it; certainly a strange man.

And this strange man sat in the brilliant circle of lamplight reading on and on; turning page after page as if nothing existed for him save that book. All day long he had been resting with no eye to scan his features—no keen curiosity to probe his self-control—all day he had been resting with only the wild creatures about him.

So they sat until the word came of a miner who had fallen and injured himself; then the doctor closed his book and ordered his horse, and telling the boy not to wait for him, rode away in the darkness to spend the hours of the night among the lowest of mankind—watching the death-struggles of the strong—the misery and desolation of the weak.

Aye, what did life seem to him? what use in all its toil and striving? what comfort for all its sorrow and suffering?

As well as he could he eased the agony of body, and comforted the heart—for he knelt and prayed for the passing soul—this strange man whose life had no visible point.

And riding homeward in the wild dawn he whispered once again:

"If God will ever forgive me!"

CHAPTER VIII.

And with no language but a cry.

JERRY sat in the low doorway very much as he had done on the spring morning before he left his home, with the sun shining all about him, finding out all the hollows in his small face, and showing the grave eyes grown larger and more wistful. His hopes had all failed him; the only object he had ever had was seemingly an illusion; a blankness had come to him that was strange and unaccountable, and he realized thoroughly but one thing—that he was sorry he had ever wakened from his sleep on the trail. He felt more lonely now that there was nothing to remind him of his past save his little bundle. His clothes were all new and warm; Joe had brought them from Eureka, whatever or wherever that might be. Red flannel shirts and thick trousers, and a thing Jerry had never known before in his short life—a pair of boots! In his recollection his father had possessed one pair; but further than that he did not know boots. Now he sat in the sunshine, thinking, as far as his half-awakened faculties could think. Heretofore his life had been but a dull routine, never reaching beyond the old rail-fence, of helping his mother with the scant crop, or picking berries that his father took away to "peddle"—which meant to Jerry that his father would return with a small store of provisions, but always whiskey. So his life had passed in ignorance and silence, with pain and hunger for variety. With his mother's disappearance came the first change and excitement. She had talked to him of the "Golding Gates," and then for the first time he had heard that there were such things as peace and plenty. After that his journey—the excitement—the failure—the long sleep and slow awakening to kindness and rest, and this strange blankness for which he could not account, for he

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knew his life was more full than ever before.

He sat in the sunshine, slowly revolving the reasons of things as far as he knew them, and gradually coming to the conclusion that he had missed the "Gates," because he had not his mother with him, and added to this was the hopelessness of ever being able to return and undo the evil done to his mother. He leaned against the doorpost sorrowfully. "I can't never git back," he muttered, "Joe 'llows as he dunno how I made out to git here; 'cause he 'llows I muster come from whar he come from, 'cause I talks like all his'ns folks; an' ther big water—I'm fearder that, sure!" He would not continue his wanderings, for he had no hope now, and one place was as good as another. Joe never beat him—Joe gave him food and clothes. There was nothing for it but to stay where he was; mind the house by day while Joe was gone; cut wood down among the pines, and have the supper cooked when Joe came home; this was the routine. "If I only hed Mammy," he would whisper in the long, silent days, turning his bundle over in his hands. But when Joe came home at night the fire was always burning, the supper ready, and the little face watching for him. And Joe felt he had done a good thing in taking in the little waif.

"He's sumpen ter say 'hardy' to when I gits home of a evenin'," he said to the doctor as if to excuse his weakness; and long before there was any chance of seeing his house, Joe would look up the trail and try to catch a glimpse of the open door and the little figure showing black against the firelight.

And when supper was despatched, and the house closed for the night, it was pleasant to feel that if he put down his pipe and asked a question there was a voice to answer him.

He often wondered over the child, and occasionally put a question to him; but the doctor had said to wait until the child was quite strong before he took his mind back to the things that had caused his illness. So Joe waited until one night, when the crisis was reached unintentionally.

Joe had sat silent for a long time, when, putting down his pipe and looking solemnly into the fire, he said:

"To-morrer pore 'Lije Milton is agoin' to be buried, Jerry, an' youuns kin go alonger me if youuns hes a mind thet way. 'Lije an' hisn woman come from home, too."

Jerry, squatting by the fire, was silent for several minutes, then looked up slowly.

"Buried?" he said.

Joe looked at the child in astonishment.

"Well, I reckon thet's what I said; buried," he repeated.

"What's thet?" very simply.

"My soul, boy!" in absolute wonder, "why, pore 'Lije is dead, dead as a cole stone, an' weuns is agoin' to bury him. Ain't youuns never been to a buryin'?"

"I dunno," hesitatingly.

"Ain't youuns never seen nothin' die?"

"I dunno," with a tone of humility added to the ignorance.

"Ain't youuns never broke a chicken's neck?"

"No, but I hev sawn it done," somewhat of confidence coming again into his voice.

"Well, when its neck's broke, an' it's a-lyin' thar rale still——"

"But it don't," Jerry interrupted, quickly, "it hops around powerful, it do, jest all over ever'thing."

"Thet's true," Joe acknowledged, seeing the weakness of his simile, but at a loss for a better, until after a little thought he looked up slowly, "but it do git rale quiet atterwards."

"Thet's so," Jerry allowed in his turn.

"An' cole, an' stiff," Joe went on, with superiority growing in his voice.

"It do," looking up.

"Well, then it's dead; it can't crow no mo', an' if it's a hen it can't cluck no mo' to its chickens; it can't eat ner nothin', an' it's dead," solemnly.

Jerry made no response, his little mind was far too busy, was groping too earnestly for him to make any sound; and Joe went on:

"An' thet's what's come to pore 'Lije Milton; he's dead, plum dead; he can't eat, ner talk, ner do nothin'; he jest

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lies thar stiff an' cole, an' youuns kin call him furever! Pore Mis Milton were jest a-howlin', but 'Lije never knowed it."

"An' what's buryin'?" Jerry asked again, in the silence that followed Joe's words.

Again Joe looked the child over from head to heels, as a naturalist would scan a totally new and unexpected development in some well-known species. This ignorance was something entirely beyond his experience—any extreme being beyond him—and he scarcely knew how to account for it; but with exemplary patience he tried to make it clear to the child.

"When folks is dead," he began slowly, "we digs a hole an' puts 'em in, and kivvers 'em good."

The child's eyes grew wider as he listened, and he fastened them on the speaker with an intensity that made Joe halt a little in his speech.

"They're 'bleeged to do it," he explained hastily, as if the child had condemned the practice.

"An' puts rails 'round it, an' bresh on top?" the little, anxious voice questioned.

Joe was puzzled for a moment, but he answered bravely, nevertheless:

"Sometimes they do when critters air roun'; they purtects 'em thet way."

"An' can't theyuns never git up no mo'?" with his pitiful eyes still on the man's face.

Joe shook his head.

"Not fur a long spell," he said; "an' I ain't rale sartain sure 'bout thet; but some preachers b'lieves it, an' calls it the 'jedgment day,' an' says as all folks as is dead gits up then; gits up a-singin' an' a-shoutin' to march to the 'Promis'-lan',' whar thar ain't no mo' sickness, ner nothin' bad. My Nancy Ann's gone—gone in at the 'Pearly Gates'!"

"'Golding Gates,'" the child interrupted eagerly, "the 'Golding Gates.' Mammy 'llowed she were agoin' thar, her did."

Joe looked at the child earnestly.

"Is youun's mammy dead?" he asked, too curious to remember the doctor's injunctions.

Jerry shook his head.

"I dunno," he answered, and all the light died out of his eyes, "I dunno; I dunno nothin'!" covering his face with his hands. "Mammy's goned away, an' I piled bresh on her, I did," the burden of his remorse breaking out in a wail, "an' some blossoms; but I never knowed—I never knowed!" rocking back and forth with the pitiful refrain coming almost hysterically from his lips—"I never knowed, I never knowed!"

Joe was startled, for he remembered the days when this cry never faltered until the voice was too weak to cry. Was the child becoming ill again? And in his anxiety he remembered the doctor's quieting words.

"It's all right, Jerry," he said, gently, "youuns done all right: ax the doctor when youuns sees him, he knows."

The pitiful cry died away and the rocking ceased as Joe went on:

"If youuns Par buried her——"

"The woman in the valley named it 'plantin' of her," the child put in wearily.

"Well," Joe granted, "some folks do name it plantin', but I don't 'llow as I like it; it soun's like weuns wus taters or corn, so I says buried, I do; an' if youuns' Par buried youuns' Mar, her muster been dead, sure; an' if youuns piled rails an' bresh roun' her, youuns done jest right; youuns purtected her, youuns did."

Jerry leaned against the chimney, silent; his remorse was being stilled, but his hopelessness was increasing with every word Joe uttered. He would never see his mother again unless what Joe only half believed should turn out true; the "Jedgment day," when all the dead should rise; and he looked up asking:

"An' when'll it come?"

"What?" in some anxiety lest his stock of learning should be exhausted.

"The day when all the folks gits up?"

"Thar ain't no man as knows," Joe answered, with reassured solemnity; "the doctor told my Nancy Ann as nobody knowed; he said the horn 'ud blow an' all 'ud rise; but some folks don't b'lieve it; pore 'Lije Milton never b'lieved it, 'cause he 'llowed he'd ruther never git up no mo'; he 'llowed he'd done lived in a mine as is a hole in the groun', and he'd jest as lieve stay thar;" then rousing as from a meditation, he turned to the

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child, "but youuns done right, Jerry, an' youuns pore Mar is a-resting' mighty easy, I reckon, an' youuns kin rest easy too;" with which grain of comfort the child went away to his bed in the corner; and Joe, feeling troubled about him, determined to tell the doctor of his perplexity, and ask his advice. He had done his best, but he was dimly conscious that his knowledge had run short under the child's questioning, and any further probings from this quarter would put him where he would have nothing to say. Besides, he was in some doubt as to the soundness of the child's mind; such dense ignorance puzzled sorely his own half-knowledge. He could not comprehend this extreme any more than he could realize the other, and he felt obliged to appeal to a higher power.

He would ask the doctor the next day, for of course the doctor would be at 'Lije's funeral.

CHAPTER IX.

Death endeth all;
And then?
The tears are dried—The dim hope fled,
Love lieth still, and cold, and dead—
Death endeth all;
And then?

A DIM, gray day, with the clouds drifting so low that they hid the tops of the mountains, and hung far down the sides like ragged curtains. No rain was falling, and the wind was still save now and then it rose in sudden gusts that tore the clouds to pieces.

Joe and Jerry set out on their way at an early hour, as the distance was not short, and the occasion one that demanded the respect of long and solemn waiting, especially from Joe, who had the honor of having come from the same county in Tennessee as 'Lije Milton. Many in the colony had come from neighboring States and counties, but Joe alone had come from the same place.

They had beaten their clothes clear of dust, had greased their boots, and scrubbed their faces and heads until the skin shone and the hair lay as sleek as wax. But it was a great day in Durden's, and one that required these rites and ceremonies. 'Lije Milton was a miner of high degree, indeed, a mine owner; and not only this, but one who had dared to go so far as to doubt the doctor's doctrine of a hereafter; one who had actually argued this point with the doctor, but who still loved the doctor, and had more than once declared his intention of knocking down anyone who agreed with him in his opinions against the doctor. He could not second the doctor in his views, but no one else should dare to take such a stand while "'Lije Milton hed a fist."

And 'Lije was held in most profound respect; he had killed a "grisly" with a jack-knife—he had knocked down a mule with his fist—he had discovered the new mine—he had scalped more Indians than anyone else had ever seen—he had been to more places, even to the end of the old mine, where everybody knew he would have to meet old Durden's ghost that lived there in peace and plenty.

All these things 'Lije had done; and all these things Joe poured into Jerry's ears, adding a full description of the awful terror of the black depths in "Durden's mine," where 'Lije had met and conquered the wandering spirit of the ancient possessor.

"Thar's water in thar thet never quits a-drappin'," Joe went on, "an' 'Lije kep' on a-hearin' it, an' a-hearin' it,' tell it jest wore him plum out, an' he 'llowed he'd go in thar an' see 'bout it; an' he did," pausing solemnly, "you bet he did; an' he were gone two days, he were; an' I tells youuns, Jerry," drawing a long breath that seemed to catch a little, "'Lije wornt never the same man sence; never, sure's youuns is born," stopping to put a fresh piece of tobacco in his mouth; "an' he never tole nobody what it was he sawn in thar, ceppen thet he hearn things a-cryin' an' the water allers a-drappin'; but he 'llowed as old Durden'd never pester him no mo'; an' now 'Lije is gone, an' ain't no better man 'an old Durden."

"Were old Durden buried?" Jerry asked, his mind occupied with these rites he did not understand.

Joe shook his head.

"I ain't plum sure," he said, "fur ole

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Durden were dead an' gone 'fore ever I come out to this place; but I hearn as he never wuz! He tumbled off some rale deep hole in the mine, an' nobody never knowed rightly whar it were; but nobody couldn't git no mo' men to work in Durden's mine." Then more meditatively, "I ain't never worked none in thar, but they do say as thar's mo' gole in Durden's mine 'an any man kin dig, they do."

"Gole?" the child asked.

Joe turned back in the narrow path to look down on him.

"My Lord! boy, ain't youuns got nary idee?" he said; "ain't youuns never seed no gole?"

Jerry shook his head, leaning humbly against an adjacent rock.

"I dunno nothin'," he answered, wearily.

"Ain't youuns never seed no money?"

And again Jerry shook his head. Joe was in despair almost; the child surely must be wrong in his mind.

"Well, Jerry," compassionately, "I mus' 'llow as youuns is a most onknowin' creetur; well, jest listen; money jest means ever' blessed thing an' creetur," taking his hands out of his pockets to emphasize his words; "money means mules, an' powder, an' shot, an' a house, an' ever' kinder truck; money means wittles, an' clothes, an' boots, an' hats; money means youuns is too good to do nothin'; money means terbacky, an' segyars, an' whiskey——"

"Dad hed whiskey all the time," the boy interrupted, quickly.

"Then youuns Par hed money," Joe finished, conclusively, "an' money air made outer gole, an' gole air yaller, an' shines; an' gole just lays roun' loose in Durden's mine!"

"An' gole makes the 'Golding Gates'?" the child queried, deprecatingly, as Joe was about to proceed on his way.

"You bet it do," he answered, "'cause the preachers says thar's riches thar as never fails—never!" and again turning from the child, he walked on.

Down, down, down to the funeral of this hero who had passed by the shining treasures of Durden's mine in order to do battle with Durden's ghost; but who had, nevertheless, come back a changed man.

Jerry listened and wondered, if the confusion of ideas in his mind could be called wonder. His pure and simple conception of the "Golding Gates" had become inextricably mixed with his father and the money that bought whiskey! *Could* it be the same gold?

His judgment wavered for a time; but before he reached 'Lije Milton's, it had settled to the conviction that the gold that bought whiskey, and so represented his father and all his misery, could not be the same thing that made the entrance to the wonderful land of which his mother had told him—the land where he must meet her. "Mammy'd never go no whars as thar wuz whiskey," he whispered to himself—"never, as sure's I'm alive." Still, this conclusion did not change the mystery; did some people like beatings and hunger, and so go to a place where all was gold, and so all was whiskey? 'Lije Milton was right; leave the gold, if gold meant whiskey.

Yet there was something strange about it all; Joe seemed to set great store by gold, but not by whiskey, for he never got drunk.

And Jerry was at a loss.

"I'll ax the doctor," he said softly to himself—"Joe says as he kin jest tell about ever'thing—I'll ax him," and he followed silently down the steep way.

The clouds came lower and lower over the rough land that was torn and rent in every direction by hands hungry for gold—the rough, red land, so dark and unlovely; with no exquisite coloring; no beautiful fresh greenness; no gorgeous autumn staining—poor, hard, rock-broken land.

But humanity did not seem to miss the soft loveliness that had spread about their paths in the far East; they did not ever think of the wind that sobbed among the black pines, and crept down the lonely gorges, as the same wind that swept across the green hills far away beyond the Mississippi. A little child listened to it because it sounded "like Mammy a-singin';" but that was all.

The people had come only for gold, and what use in listening to the wind, even if it did come from their old homes? All was equal out here in the West, and money was made more easily. In the

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East it had been long toil and little pay; riches and luxury were all about them, to be envied and longed for, but not to be won by them. What folly to listen to the wind—what folly to think of their old homes where their fathers had been content; the old men and women making their living so hardly—the old graves where so many had laid them down in weariness and hope. It had done very well for the old, who had been content to see others above them; but in this new West things were very different.

The wind was whispering very low today—and Jerry listened almost unconsciously; in his own home the clouds and wind came down just as they did here, and he felt less lonely when they closed about him, as he followed Joe in puzzled silence.

At last 'Lije Milton's house was reached; a frame house with an upper story, which, being the only one in Durden's, had caused much talk at the time of building. But 'Lije's wife, who had come out later than he, had made him build this addition, which his friends had criticised quietly. Criticised because they were friends, and quietly because 'Lije was not over-scrupulous about either words or blows.

There were curtains at the glazed windows, and a fence about the front yard, which last was more than even the doctor's house could boast; more than this, there was a horse-rack in front of the gate for the convenience of anyone stopping either at 'Lije's, or at any other house in the settlement.

Inside, all was in solemn order; a large fire burned in the broad fireplace of the best room; on the walls were frightful prints; a gorgeously painted clock ticked on the mantel-piece, flanked by two brilliant china vases; the bedstead in the corner boasted a feather-bed, a rare and costly thing in Durden's, and was covered by a patchwork quilt that would have defied any rainbow to a contest of colors. A rug of fringed woollen rags was on the floor in front of the hearth, and on the backs of the three cane-seated rocking-chairs were tidies of wonderful workmanship. Rows of medicine bottles stood on a table in one corner, to show that no money had been spared in 'Lije's illness; and around this gorgeous apartment—for it was gorgeous and luxurious for Durden's, and Mrs. Milton saw with much pride that all were awed by it—were placed benches and chairs for the accommodation of friends. They were pretty well filled now, and had been so for hours, by rows of women and children, with their long bonnets either pushed back from their heads, or held in their hands.

Near the fire, rocking slowly in the largest of the rocking-chairs, backed by the gaudiest tidy, sat the widow. Her straight, sandy hair was screwed into a tight knot at the back of her head; her dress, made of curtain chintz, was gorgeous in palm-leaves a foot long, but toned in front with large white china buttons, also a rare article in Durden's.

"'Lije never grudged her nothin', you bet!" and all the women moved their heads mournfully. "'Lije never grudged nothin', thet was sure," they said, then looked to where, on two rough carpenters' benches, rested the painted deal coffin, and in it all that remained of the hero of Durden's.

A powerfully made giant, now lying in unwonted quiet and unnatural neatness, arrayed in a suit of "sto' clothes" that proved more than anything the great wealth and importance of the man, and the calm disregard his widow had for money. "Thar ain't nothin' mean 'bout me," she had said, "an' 'Lije *shell* be buried in the best clothes thar is in Durden's, an' them is his own sto' clothes," and all the settlement agreed with her, and looked with much just pride into the eyes of the people who had come over from Eureka to the funeral.

Outside a group of men stood about the door and lounged against the fence; and inside, through an open door another group of men could be seen in the kitchen, where refreshments were being served by two or three women.

All had been in and out more than once, for it was not often that corn-bread and bacon, and whiskey and coffee were to be had without stint, and had with the choice either of "long" or "short sweetenin'!" But "there warn't nothin' mean 'bout Mrs. Milton."

No one went in as if they specially needed or desired the food and drink,

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but with an air of accommodation, as if they took it only to please their hostess and their dead friend.

So it all was when Joe and Jerry arrived; it took a little time to make their way through the group in the front yard, for everyone had some word to say to Joe about the boy. Gossip and news spread even in that wild country, and everybody knew that Joe Gilliam had found a boy and had taken him in; but more than this Joe scarcely knew himself. That the boy's name was Jerry—that his mother was dead—that he had run away from home and would have died in the attempt but for Joe—was all that Joe knew, except that the boy was hopelessly ignorant—might be considered even a little off in his mind. But Joe let none of this appear in his talk.

"Is thet your boy, Joe?" they asked.

"Thet's ther boy," looking down on Jerry, standing beside him with his hands in his pockets.

"Where'd ye' find him?"

"A-comin' down Blake's trail."

"He looks mighty skimpy."

"He do," Joe acknowledged; then a silence fell, during which all the group was occupied in looking Jerry well over, and no sound could be heard save the chewing and spitting of tobacco. This was the way of their kind, and Jerry, seeming to understand it, was silent under the scrutiny. Then Joe turned away toward the house, and Jerry followed him.

"Tuck off youuns' hat," Joe whispered as they entered, and the child obeyed.

All around the room his eyes wandered; over the rows of ugly, work-worn, stolid-looking women—wearing on their faces and in their eyes a sort of unquestioning stoicism. They knew all that life could possibly hold for them; they had solved, as far as they could hope to solve, or as far as they had realized them, all the mysteries of their days; they knew no higher desire than the bare necessities of food and clothing; their hopes were bounded by their actual wants; their sorrows, their joys, their pains, and pleasures were borne without any outcry; nothing but their fatalistic stoicism possessed any intensity for them, and from that they were seldom shaken.

A birth, a death, a beating came naturally into the day's work, and passed by with little comment.

Jerry looked about him now without any understanding of what this gathering meant. 'Lije Milton was dead, Joe had told him, and they had come to see him buried, or planted, whichever name one preferred using; and Jerry had come to see, and to judge and condemn, or exonerate his father; to satisfy himself as to his own action in piling the brush on his mother's grave, and then in deserting her. It was a thing of momentous importance to him, for either it would settle forever on his life the burden of remorse and pain, or it would prove to him that the burying of his mother was an absolute necessity, so leaving him no hope but the day of Resurrection, which Joe seemed to hold as very questionable.

It never occurred to him that the burying of his mother, right or wrong, would have deprived her of life, and so have exonerated him from all ill-doing; he felt only that either his father had buried her to keep her from running away to the "Golding Gates," or that she was really dead, and there was nothing in the future but the "Jedgment day."

Next to the long white box which Joe was now approaching, Jerry was the centre of attraction, for all were curious to see Joe Gilliam's boy.

Fortunately for Jerry, the curiosity of this class was not demonstrative; a fact satisfied them, and Jerry standing among them proved all the story they had heard, and the passing whisper that "Joe ain't found much," ended the matter.

But Jerry realized nothing after his first look around the room, save that Joe was standing, hat in hand, gazing into a long box that seemed strangely like one he had seen before. His patient eyes grew more wistful, and a look of pain and wonder came in them as he watched Joe.

He was afraid to go nearer, afraid of the certainty that would be his if he looked in that box. Almost it seemed as if he would again see his mother as he had seen her last, before his father had nailed the box up to put it in the

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ground. He trembled from head to foot as he stood looking up with eyes fixed steadfastly on Joe's.

"Yon's afraid," one woman said to another, and the all-important widow, hearing the words, looked at the child.

"Youuns kin look in," she said. "'Lije ain't a-goin' to hurt youuns; he never b'lieved he'd git up no mo,' an' I don't b'lieve it nuther," obstinately.

Jerry only half comprehended the words as he stood watching Joe, and had no thought that they were addressed to him; but Joe fully realized, not only all that was being said, but all that was being thought; and beyond this, the awful breach of funeral etiquette of which Jerry was now guilty. Not to stand and look mournfully at the poor lump of clay clothed in the mocking emblems of daily life—not to stand and think how "he'd falled away in his sickness," and how he looked "rale nateral"—not to make a close inspection of the defenceless fellow-creature so as to be able to describe and criticise for the benefit of less fortunate friends, was to show a decided lack of breeding, and mortally to offend all surviving relatives.

And Joe, not in the least comprehending Jerry's trembling terror, drew the child forward; drew him forward until the questioning eyes could not but look down to the dead for their answer. The gaunt, grayish-yellow face — and the great toil-worn hands crossed in unearthly quiet. There was no sound, no movement from the child; he stood and looked, while his heart seemed to sink within him, and the daylight seemed to fade from about him. His disconnected wonders were drawing together — his weary questions were finding answers.

He had done no wrong, had aided in no ill against his mother; he had been right to lay the rails about her, and to pile the brush there; and his running away was not leaving her.

White and still he stood, losing his ignorance—losing his fair hope of the "Golding Gates"—and with a loneliness sweeping about him even as the clouds swept down and clung about the mountain-side—a loneliness that grew and grew as the ceremonies of the day went on.

Every blow that drove the nails home in the coffin-lid seemed to echo back through all his useless journey, to his poor home among the far-off hills! Every dull thud of the clods as they fell from the busy spades, seemed to choke him, to fill him with a stifling, breathless horror, to separate him still more hopelessly from the only love his days had known.

What it was the doctor read, what it was the hoarse voices sang, what it meant when all stood bareheaded while the doctor looked up to the dull gray sky, the child could not comprehend; it was to him like a dream, and over and over he whispered: "I ain't got nobody, Mammy, I ain't got nobody."

All the way home he plodded silently after Joe; no words passed, only the whisper, soft as a breath:

"I ain't got nobody, Mammy, I ain't got nobody."

And when his scarcely-touched supper was over, he wrapped himself in his blanket, with his little bundle held close in his arms. Somehow he was less lonely while he could hold it close, could know and remember that his mother had worn that very apron, and had hung it on the very peg from which he had taken it. This was a comfort to him, for amid all the changes and wonders of the life he had lived of late, he seemed to be losing hold of the stolid facts that hitherto had filled his days. Things seemed strange and unreal to him, and the poor faded apron was something tangible that proved to him that his past had been more than a dream.

CHAPTER X.

The fair pure soul of a little child,
Opened wide to the light of day—
Looking away to the far Paradise,
Forgetting its roots are in clay.

"Mornin', doctor."

"Well, Joe."

"I'm done brunged him, doctor."

"Very well; where do you go from here?"

Joe turned his hat over in his hands once or twice, and threw his weight from one foot to the other before he answered, with a jerk:

"Eureky."

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"You work there steadily, do you?" gravely.

"Not percisely," giving his hat another turn, "but I makes a livin' fur me an' Jerry."

The doctor took his pipe from his mouth and blew out a wreath of smoke.

"What is your work?" he asked.

There was a pause, then Joe answered, slowly:

"It's hones' work, doctor, I promise youuns thet."

"The same work your wife used to cry about?" the doctor went on.

For one moment Joe stood irresolute, then he turned from the study-door, where he had been waiting.

"Jerry's out har," he said, and walked away down the hall.

"Very well," the doctor called after him, "send him in."

Coming from the glare of the daylight into the comparative gloom of the study, where the windows looked like holes cut in walls of books, Jerry was blinded for a moment, but in a little while it seemed more natural to him, for the sombre books seemed to shade the sunshine down to the likeness of the light up under the rocks where Joe's little house stood.

A bright fire burned, for the season was late autumn, and in front of it, in a long, low-hung smoking-chair, rested the doctor.

Hat in hand, Jerry paused just inside the door and looked about him.

Books were unknown to him, and the walls might just as well have been lined with stones for aught he knew. He did not look at them with wonder, even, nor at anything except the doctor looming like a shadow in the clouds of tobacco-smoke.

This man was a power to Jerry; a hero, a magician who could cure every kind of sickness; who knew everything; who could "bury folks," which was to Jerry the most mysterious of all his attributes.

So Jerry paused and looked at him with a deep, wondering interest, and some awe.

"Shut the door, Jerry," the doctor said, "and come here."

Slowly the door swung on its hinges, closing with an uncertain grating of the lock that betokened much hesitation, then the clumsy boots tramped heavily across the floor. Close up he came and stood looking down with much gravity on the doctor, who returned his look with corresponding interest.

"How are you?" he said.

"I'm well as common," Jerry answered.

"And Joe is good to you?"

"I 'llow he's rale good, I do," with a little more heartiness creeping into his voice; "he gin me boots, he did," looking down to where his trousers were carefully stuffed into the coarse, rough tops.

"Well, sit there by the fire," the doctor went on, pointing to a stool near the hearth, "and tell me all about it. I hear that you went to 'Lije Milton's funeral."

"Buryin'," Jerry corrected, taking his seat quickly. "Joe he names it a buryin', he do."

"Well, a burying if you like; Joe said you had never been to one before," the doctor went on, encouragingly. Joe had implored him to talk to Jerry on these subjects, as from Joe's conversation with him Jerry did not seem quite right in his mind; so the doctor, watching the child carefully, put his question.

"I 'llowed I never hed been to nary a-one," looking steadfastly at the doctor, "'cause I never knowed what it were 'tell I sawn it; but when I sawn it I knowed it," shaking his head like an old man, and turning his eyes from the doctor to fix them sadly on the fire.

"And did you hear the words I read, Jerry?"

The child shook his head.

"I reckon I hearn," he answered, slowly, "but I never knowed 'em—I ain't never hearn none like 'em."

"Can you read?"

A blank look came over the child's face.

"I dunno," he answered, without looking up.

"Could your father read? or your mother?"

"Mebbe," was answered, doubtfully, "but I never hearn nothin' 'bout it; an' I dunno nothin' nohow," putting his elbows on his knees, and his chin down in his hands. So much that was bewildering had come to him, that he felt weary and despairing when made to re-

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alize, however kindly, his ignorance. "I gits rale tired a-steddyin' 'bout things as I hears Joe a-talkin' 'bout," he went on; "I jest sets an' sets, an' keeps on a-steddyin' 'tell I'm plum wore out, I is."

"Tell us some of the things you do not understand," the doctor suggested, becoming more interested in the boy, about whom there was an air of such unspeakable loneliness; whose place in the world's general plan seemed to have been forgotten. No one owned him; no one cared especially for him; and having been instrumental in restoring the boy to life, the doctor felt in some sort bound to try to help him; and now the child looked at him gravely, asking:

"Do gole makes money as buys whiskey?"

"Yes."

"An' do gole make the 'Golding Gates'?"

"The 'Golden Gates'?" slowly.

"Thet's what I said," earnestly, "the 'Golding Gates'; thet's whar Mammy 'lowed she were a-goin, her did," solemnly, "an' her pinted straight out the winder to whar the sun were a-setting, her did."

"And they buried her?"

"They did, sure," then, with a little catch in his voice, "an' I piled bresh on her, I did," looking up wistfully.

"Well?"

"An' I were feared as she couldn't never git up no mo', 'cause of the bresh," speaking more rapidly as he touched the cause of his agony, "an' I hearn a woman a-sayin' as her were planted, an' I 'llowed as Dad hed kivvered her in so her couldn't run away to the 'Golding Gates'—an' I 'llowed I hed he'pped him, I did, but I never knowed—I never knowed!" putting his hands over his face.

"But you did right, Jerry," the doctor said; "the brush will protect the grave from washing."

"An' it kivvered the rails, it did," looking up anxiously, "I 'llowed as 'twornt a-tuckin' nothin' jist to lift a few rails from the fence; Dad 'll never know; but 'twornt a-tuckin' nothin'. Mammy tole me never to tuck nothin' as wornt mine, her did."

"And would not your father have given you the rails?" the doctor asked, more to draw the child out than to decide on the wickedness of stealing the rails.

Jerry shook his head.

"Dad never sot no store by Mammy, never, sure's youuns is born," turning his eyes once more to the fire. "Dad were a-goin' to bust my head agin the chimbly, an' Mammy ketched his'n arm, her did," his face lighting up and his eyes flashing—"an' Dad knocked her agin the wall, he did, an' chunked me a-topper her! It was in the mornin', an' the nex' mornin' thar were a-buryin'; an' then Minervy Ann Salter comed to live, her did," breathlessly, "an' her knocked me deef an' bline," pausing, "an' I runned away," with a fall in his voice and a change in his whole manner; the running away had been such an utter failure.

The doctor sat silent while the wretched story dawned on him; would it be merciful to open the child's eyes to all the story—merciful to make him understand all its bearings?

"But Mammy he'pped to split them rails, her did," the child went on, slowly, "an' I only tuck a few, only a few; an' I kivvered 'em good so Dad couldn't seen 'em; 'cause if he tuck 'em away ole Molly—thet's the sow," in an explanatory tone, "ole Molly'd a-rooted it sure, jist sure," meditatively, "fur ole Molly were the meanes' hog a-livin'; I 'llow Minervy Ann Salter's done kilt her by now, I reckon her hes," drawing his shirt-sleeve across his nose; "pore ole Molly, her were pisen mean, sure, but her b'longed to Mammy, an' I'd like powerful to see her onest more, I would—I ain't got nobody," putting his face down on his arms that were crossed on his knees—"I aint got nobody——" with a little cry that struck home to his companion's heart.

"And I too have nobody, Jerry," the doctor said.

The child looked up slowly.

"Not nary a soul?" he asked.

The doctor shook his head.

"My mother died when I was a little baby," he said.

"An' youuns' daddy?" interestedly.

"He married again."

"An' she beat youuns?"

"No, but she did not like me, and I lived with my uncle."

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"An' youuns never runned away?"

"No, but after I was a man my uncle died, and I came out here."

"What fur?" gravely.

"There are people here; people who get sick, and lonely, and tired, and I can help them; I can make them well, and help them to be good, so that they can go in at the 'Golden Gate' when they die."

"Does youuns b'lieve thar's a 'Golding Gates'?" wonderingly; for his own belief in it had seemed to fade from him in the presence of death and the grave as he had lately realized them.

"Yes."

"An' youuns' mammy is thar?" softly.

"Yes."

"An' my mammy?"

"Yes."

There was a moment's silence; then the thin little face was raised again.

"I comed a fur ways an' I ain't never sawn it."

"And I have never seen it, but I know it is there."

"Whar?"

"On the other side the grave."

"The grave?"

"Yes, where we will be buried."

"Like 'Lije Milton?"

"Yes."

The child turned away again to the fire that danced and flickered up the chimney, as if he saw some vision in the flames; and the doctor, thinking his own thoughts, almost forgot the child.

"But 'Lije Milton never b'lieved as he'd git up agin," came at last, rousing the doctor from his dream, "and Joe says as 'Lije'd jest as lieve stay in thet thar hole furiver, an' hisn woman tole me them same words, her did."

"Maybe he would," the doctor answered, "but that does not mean that he is going to stay there; you may be willing to sit by that fire forever, but that does not mean that you are going to do it."

"Thet's true as mornin'," the child said, slowly; "I'd jest as lieve stay har, but I ain't agoin' to; an' 'Lije will hev to git up?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"I do not know."

"Joe 'llows as it's named the 'Jedgment day,'" deprecatingly.

"Some people call it so," the doctor answered.

"An' what does youuns call it?"

"I call it going home," watching a wreath of smoke as it floated away slowly.

"To youuns' mammy?" the boy asked.

"Yes," and the doctor drew his hand across his eyes.

How persistently the child clung to the one love of his life; and he pictured to himself what a poor, draggled creature this mother had been, yet how divinely the child's love wrapped her in its beauty. Her life had been given for his; and some day he would know this. Then, with a sigh, the doctor roused himself.

"You must learn to read, Jerry," he said.

"Read?"

"Yes, like this," taking a book from a table near him, and opening it, "you see these little marks?"

"I do."

"Well, they are words, and a great many of these words put together make a book; a book like one of these," pointing to the shelves.

The child looked about him in wonder; on every side were rows and rows of these things called "books." What were they—what did they mean?

"And you must learn so that you can take one of these and know what is in it."

"What fur?" gravely.

"So that you will know everything without asking any questions," the doctor answered; "and there is a book that will tell you about the Judgment day, and about the home where your mother has gone, and about what you must do to get to your mother."

The solemn eyes opened wide, and the boy came close to this friend who would do so much for him.

"Show me it?" almost breathlessly.

The doctor took up a small Bible that lay near, and put it in the boy's hands.

"That will tell you all about it, when you learn to read it."

The child went back to the hearth, but not to the stool; the crowding emotions drove all unnaturalness from his

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mind, and he squatted down after his own fashion. He turned the book over and over tenderly, from time to time wiping his hands on his trousers; over and over, then he opened it—nothing but little black marks and dots—nothing he could know or understand; it was disappointing, and he shut it up again.

"It'll tell me the way to go?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Yes."

"To tuck me right straight to Mammy?"

"Yes."

"An' when I gits thar kin I tell her 'bout thet bresh?"

"Yes."

"An' 'bout ther big water I were feared on?"

"You can tell her everything, Jerry, but it will not be any use, for she knows it all now; she is always watching you, and is always near you; you cannot see her, but she is always with you."

"My Mammy!" looking quickly over his shoulder, with a sort of terror gathering in his eyes—"tell me agin, doctor, I 'llow I don't rightly on'erstan' youuns," dropping on his knees and creeping to the doctor's side.

"It will take a long time for you to understand, Jerry," looking pityingly down into the anxious eyes, "but you must believe what I say; believe that your mother is near you, watching you; and when you are good she is happy, and when you are bad she is sorry."

The child looked all about him where he knelt with the book clasped in his hands, and a whisper crept through the silence—

"Mammy!"

A mystery more strange than all others had come to him, which there was no hope of solving; this, however, made no difference, the doctor said he was to believe it, and his lonely heart had grasped it and was hugging it close. And the doctor watching him saw the little hand reach out with an uncertain, longing gesture—if only he could touch his mother!

And all the way home the happy thought went with him that his mother walked beside him. Almost he heard her footsteps, and would pause to listen.

CHAPTER XI.

And with small, childish hands we are turning around
The apple of life which another has found.

"I CLEAN furgot," Jerry said, slowly. He was squatting on the hearth, looking into the fire, with the book the doctor had given him held close in his hands. "I clean furgot 'bout the gole, Joe."

"Folks mostly 'members gole," Joe answered, packing his pipe carefully. "An' I 'llowed as youuns never knowed nothin' 'bout it, youuns'd ax the doctor."

"Ain't youuns got no gole as youuns kin lemme see?" the boy asked.

Joe stirred diligently in the fire until he found a coal to suit him, then picking it up deftly with his hard fingers, he dropped it on his pipe.

"Mebbe I hes," he answered, slowly, running his hand deep into his trouser pockets. "Mebbe I hes one piece as youuns kin see," and he drew out a five-dollar piece, old and dingy.

"Look at thet," he said, with some pride, "jest turn it over an' feel of it."

Jerry turned it over obediently, but no exclamation of admiration escaped him, no word of any kind, and a look of disappointment clouded his face.

"It ain't much purty," he said at last, holding it at a little distance; "it ain't much yaller, nor much shiny, it ain't."

"It's ole," Joe granted, "an' heapser folks is hed thet."

"What fur?" looking up simply.

"What fur! Lord, boy, sure ernough, youuns dunno nothin'! What fur? Great-day-in-the-mornin'!" bringing his fist down heavily on the table, "why, fur ever'thing, jest ever' blessed thing."

Again Jerry turned his eyes on the money that to him meant so little—good for everything.

"Good to git me to Mammy?" he asked, at last.

"You bet," Joe answered, hastily; "fur if youuns hev ernough, youuns ain't agoin' to cuss, ner sw'ar, ner steal, ner hev a-hankerin' atter other folks' truck; an' if youuns don't do noner thet, youuns kin git anywhars."

"Mammy never hed none," thoughtfully.

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"An' her never went no whars," Joe struck in, conclusively.

"Her went to the 'Golding Gates,'" slowly, "'cause the doctor says so," the doctor being overwhelming evidence.

Joe rubbed his hand all over his ragged hair; what could he say; his own knowledge embraced only barren facts and unproved beliefs.

"The doctor 'llows as she hev gone to the 'Golding Gates,'" the child repeated.

"An' I 'llows it," Joe answered; "an' I 'llows as my Nancy Ann—leetle Nan, I calls her mostly—hev gone thar too."

"An' her never hed no gole?" simply.

"Not rayly much," Joe answered, hastily; "but jest youuns rub thet gole in the ashes," he went on, changing the subject, "an' youuns 'll see jest how it shines an' shines 'tell it gits right in a feller's eye, it does." Then, more meditatively, "It seems like a eye don't rayly count, it gits holt of a feller all roun', it do."

And Jerry stooping, rubbed diligently first one side of the coin, then the other, in the warm soft ashes until the gold shone and glittered.

"It do shine," he said at last, turning it over in his palm, "folks oughter keep it a-shinin'."

"Folks hes too much to 'tend to, they hes," Joe answered, blowing clouds of smoke out in his satisfaction over having convinced Jerry of at least the beauty of gold; "they'll tuck thet to the sto'," Joe went on, instructively, "an' Dan Burk 'll give 'em a lotter truck; fur all he's pisen cheatin'!" again striking the table. "When I come har he never hed nary a thing, an' his'n woman tuck in what pore little washin' she could git, her did; an' now—God-er-mussy!—thar ain't nothin' good ernough fur her—nothin'; an' my pore leetle Nan air dead!"

Jerry sat silent, turning the gold over in his hands; he did not understand all of Joe's words, but being accustomed to this mistiness of comprehension, he said nothing.

There was a long silence, then Joe knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"An' the doctor wants ter see me?" he said.

"He do," Jerry answered; "he wants to see youuns 'bout sumpen, I dunno rightly what; but he says, says he, 'Jerry, tell Joe I wanter see him right pertickler,' says 'ee, an' I says, says I, 'Doctor, I will.'"

"Thet's cl'ar," Joe said, slowly, "an' I'll go to-morrer, I will;" then to the boy, "gimme the gole, boy, it's to buy wittles, it is."

And Jerry delivered up the money he had made to shine, the money he did not as yet know the meaning of, but that, nevertheless, had a mysterious fascination for him.

He had turned it over many times, had looked at it with a longing desire to know its full value and meaning; he should have asked the doctor about it, and must surely remember to do it the next time he saw him. He would go and see him again very shortly, for there was growing up in his heart an absorbing adoration of this man—this man who had first made him well, and had now made him happy. Had told him his mother was near him always—had given him a book to tell him the sure way to reach her.

"I loves him, I do," he said to himself, and Joe, hearing the indistinct whisper, roused from his revery.

"What's thet youuns says?" he asked.

Jerry looked up—

"I says as I loves the doctor," he answered, gravely.

"I 'llow I do too," and Joe rubbed his stubbly hair; "he's a rale gentleman, he is, ceppen he's mos' too hones'."

"I wonder!" Jerry said, slowly.

"It's so," Joe went on, "the doctor jist helps all the mean—pisenes' mean—trash thet comes to Durden's, an' he never axes a center pay, he don't."

"What's pay?" and Jerry pushed the fire that had fallen a little apart.

"Well," and Joe's tone was well-nigh hopeless, "if youuns ain't the all-beatenes' boy I hev ever saw! ain't youuns never done a job afore youuns leff home?"

"I hepped Mammy hoe the crap," Jerry answered, "an' I hepped her split rails, I did, an' I 'llowed I could tuck a few to lay roun' her, I did."

Joe was in despair almost; only one thought the child seemed to have—his mother, and the grave he had heaped

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with brush—how could anything be explained to him? And into Joe's half-developed mind crept the thought that whatever Jerry took hold of he would never let go—never. While the child's strangely simple question found him always without an answer, and about things he had thought himself in full knowledge of.

"Pay means to gie a feller pay when he works fur youuns," Joe began; "an' the doctor works on all the trash as gits sick, an' they never gie him a cent."

"Did youuns pay him fur a-workin' on me?" the child asked.

Joe shook his head.

"He 'llowed as youuns didn't rightly b'long to me nohow—an' he wouldn't tuck no pay; an' when Nancy Ann an' my leetle baby died he never tuck no pay nuther, 'cause he 'llowed as I were too pore, he did; but I'll pay him yit, you bet!" slapping his pocket, that jingled as if there were more gold pieces there like the one he had shown Jerry, "I'll pay him 'cause I loves him, I do."

"An' what kin I do?" the child asked, slowly; "I dunno nothin' ceppen to hoe, an' chop wood, an' to tote water."

"Youuns kin larn," Joe answered, comfortingly; "when I were a little chap I never knowed nothin' nuther, but I larned; jist keep youuns' eyes open, an' youuns' yeers open, an' youuns 'll larn a heap, you bet."

"An' I'll larn to read the book," Jerry added, taking his Bible from the floor where he had laid it while he rubbed the money, "an' I'll read it to youuns, Joe, 'bout how youuns mus' git to Nancy Ann," he went on, simply.

"I'm 'bleeged, Jerry," Joe answered, taking Jerry's offer as it was meant, "but I don't sot much store by larnin'," gravely; "but I reckon it 'll take all youuns kin git to git youuns along: folks as ain't got much natteral sense needs a heaper larnin', they do."

"An' I'll try to git it," humbly; "an' I'll ax the doctor 'bout gole, I will."

"An' I'll go to see him in the mornin', I will," and Joe began to bar the door and the window, and Jerry crept away to his blankets in the corner, and Pete to his leaves; and when all was still Joe made his usual rounds, and leaned his loaded rifle by the bedside.

CHAPTER XII.

"Nevertheless," continues he, "I, too, acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture; whereby we have either a doddered dwarf-bush, or a high-towering, wide-shading tree; either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible, luxuriant green one."

After Joe had been to see the doctor, Jerry had been told that he was to go there every day, that he might learn to read and write. There was no school in Durden's, and Eureka was too far for Jerry to walk there every day; so the doctor had agreed to teach Jerry, and the money Joe would have had to pay the school-master in Eureka, he was to give to some poor people in Durden's—families the doctor knew to be worthy of help.

"So I'm a-payin' fur youuns, Jerry, and youuns mus' try to larn," Joe had said; and Jerry, with a very humble and dejected mind, had promised to make every effort in his power. The feeling that he had to learn because he had not enough natural sense was dispiriting; but it was some comfort to know that the doctor had learned all these things, and if he had begun life with a deficiency of mind, Jerry felt there was hope. And he said mildly, in answer to Joe:

"The doctor jest knows ever'thing, Joe, an' I 'llow he hed to larn 'em; I reckon he hed mighty leetle sense when he started."

Joe shook his head.

"I dunno," he answered honestly, in spite of the point Jerry so unconsciously had made, "I dunno 'bout hisn sense; but if larnin' kin do thet much fur any pusson, then I says larn, I do."

"I will," Jerry had said, earnestly, and had trudged away down the mountain-side with determination in every step. It was all a great mystery to Jerry, and somehow, since he had learned what books were, and that they knew everything, he felt somewhat afraid of them, and looked at the study as an educated child would look on a haunted house. He dreaded the room, but overcame his fears sufficiently to stay there alone for hours when the doctor would leave him to go on his round of visits. He would endure everything in order

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to learn; his motives were simple, but, because of their simplicity, were strong; first, the doctor had said he must learn; and second, Joe was paying precious gold for his learning. But beyond all this, there was the longing to read the books that would tell him everything, and show him the way to his mother; and with these motives behind him he plodded patiently along the road to knowledge close at his master's heels. And the doctor had asked himself if he were wise in the course he had begun with Jerry; would not his own ignorant, narrow groove in life be happier for him?

Maybe; but it was right to lift, be it ever so little, every immortal soul. He had made a vow once to help in some way every life that came in contact with his own—more than this, to seek out lives and strive to raise them; a step might not be altogether clean, yet people could mount by it. He would raise the boy as high as possible; would give him as much education as he would take—this would be doing only his duty. The life of this poor little waif was as lonely as his own, and—what was marvellous for his class—feeling the loneliness. Usually, if they had enough to eat and clothes to cover them, this was sufficient; but this child, living in comparative comfort, knew there was something he missed, and was hunting for it vaguely, blindly. Only a spark of soul, maybe, but he would keep it alive, and perhaps light a life that would be a beacon to many.

And the possibilities that he was setting up a "will-o'-the-wisp"—could he overlook them? How many chances of inheritance were there against this boy—what lay behind in his blood? Still, he would try, for the child was surely above the average; already he had shown thought and gratitude; standing, looking up in the doctor's face, with his hands in his pockets, he had asked, gravely:

"Do gole keep a feller from cussin'?"

The doctor took his pipe from between his lips the better to see the sharp little face.

"Joe 'llows as gole keeps a feller from cussin'," the child went on, "and from stealin', and a-hankerin' atter other folk's truck; do it?"

And the doctor answered, slowly:

"Sometimes it does, Jerry," smoothing his mustache over his lips that were smiling.

"An gole gits a heaper truck?"

"Yes."

"An' pays youuns fur a-workin' on pore folks, an' sick folks, and pisen' mean folks?" eagerly.

"Yes."

"An' I can't pay youuns," wistfully; "but I kin chop wood, an' hoe, an' tote water, I kin."

"It does not make any difference, Jerry," was answered, gravely. "I was glad to make you well."

Then there was a silence while the boy, from where he stood, looked pityingly on the man.

"An' nary a pusson he'ps youuns," slowly, "'cause youuns is big an' strong, an' knows ever'thing," the child went on, as if to himself, "an' I can't do nothin', nothin' ceppen sot a heaper store by youuns; an' I do—'fore God, I do; jest youuns say, an' I'll do it sure, jest sure! Farwell!" and then the door was shut, and down the hall the heavy boots had tramped out of hearing; and the lonely man had listened and known that into his life a true love and gratitude had come—like a sweet, fresh rain falling wastefully on fire-hardened clay. True, still all that duty could do should be done for the child.

And Paul, coming in and finding Jerry's slate full of poor little efforts at writing, propped up on the table so that the fullest light fell on it, and knowing whose it must be, pondered on the meaning of this man's strange life. What was the point of this new freak that made a man like his guardian spend hours on this wretched little creature. He had better be a clergyman at once. And was this what his mother meant by being a man? Was this the hope entertained for him? A feeling that was hatred almost, came over him; and he swore a silent, angry oath that no such hope should be fulfilled.

But he had a curiosity to see this boy, and one day he waited for him, one day when the doctor was out. It was a crisp, cold day, with a thin covering of snow rounding all the sharp outlines about the country, and making the pine

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woods look like fairy-land. Very cold in the early daylight, when Joe went away to his work; and Jerry, as he put things to rights, whistled a straight sort of tune he had heard Joe whistle as he sat idle on Sundays—whistled on and on in calm contentment, not knowing that the day would mark a turning-point in his life; life was a good thing as it came to him now.

His work was soon done, and shutting up the house securely, he tucked his trousers deeper into his boots, tied his hat down over his ears with a woollen scarf, and put on a coat of Joe's which, if rather large, was warm.

A queer figure he made trudging across the white country, his long coat flapping against his heels, and occasionally sweeping the snow off some drift higher than the rest, and his sharply-cut yellow face looking out from the folds of his scarf. But the hollows in his face had filled out, the angles had rounded down, and the expression had changed in a way that was remarkable. His eyes were wistful still, but there had crept into them a keen, thoughtful look that asked a question at every glance.

Still whistling the straight tune, he steadily overcame the obstacles of the steep, slippery path; then out across the sweep of the valley, where the wind seemed to gather up its scattered forces and attack one on all sides, keen, bitter, merciless.

But the boy did not pause; steadily on against wind and snow until the road that formed the one street of Durden's was reached; then he slackened his pace, and even with this pause was almost breathless when he reached the doctor's house. Still the end was accomplished, and up the steps and down the hall he went, and in at the study door in perfect peace with himself.

Always reverent in his demeanor toward the study, yet this time he paused longer in his closing of the study door; a new presence was there, a person that in all his visits Jerry had never before seen. Fair and tall, but still a boy; certainly a boy, for his trousers were stuffed into his boots—but such boots! A round fur cap was set on one side of his fair head—a fur-lined cloak, held in place by a glittering clasp, was thrown back over his shoulders, and his hands, small and white, were stretched out to the roaring blaze.

Jerry paused inside the door and looked at this new person without any hesitation or expression of embarrassment; the same honest observation that would have been called forth by any unknown wonder, now came to the front in honor of Paul; for it was he who occupied Jerry's eyes and thoughts.

"Well," Paul said, slowly, giving the new-comer a stare quite as unmitigated as Jerry's own, "is your name Jerry?"

"It are," gravely, coming toward the fire.

"It are, are it?" Paul went on, with a mockery in his tone that was not lost on Jerry; "you must love lessons to come on such a day as this."

"I do," Jerry returned, beginning to divest himself of coat and hat, "an' I loves the doctor too."

"That is really wonderful, and your coat," slapping his legs with a riding-whip he held, "who made that?"

"I dunno," turning the clumsy garment over with recollection only of the great comfort he found therein, for what were cut and fit to Jerry? "Joe he gin it to me, an' its rale warm, it are."

"Rayly?" and Paul threw his hat on a neighboring chair, and his cloak on top of it. "Well, the doctor are gone out, he are," he went on.

"Doctor's mostly out when I gits har," Jerry answered calmly, but not without some appreciation of the sarcasm contained in Paul's English; for he was beginning to realize the great gulf that separated his language from that of his master, "an' I allers waits fur him, an' I steddys my book tell he comes."

"You don't say!" Paul went on, showing himself master of the vernacular; "an' when he comes do he say youuns is a good boy?"

Jerry shook his head quietly enough, but the color stole up slowly into his dark face.

"He says, says he, 'Does youuns knows yer lessing, Jerry?'" steadily—"an' I says, says I, 'I'm a-steddyin',"' taking his place on the accustomed stool, "an' then," with an expression of despair in his eyes that quite amuses

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Paul, "I tries to say it, an' I'm thet flustered I can't do nothin'."

Paul laughed with real amusement in his tones this time, and asked his next question with an honest desire for information.

"And the doctor looks like a meat-axe, don't he?"

"A meat-axe!" indignantly, "no, he don't nuther; he says, says he, 'Jerry, try agin,' ceppen the doctor he says 'agen,' he do."

"The mischief!" and Paul poked the fire viciously; "when I miss," he went on, "he's as mad as the devil, and does everything but fling the book at my head."

Jerry looked his companion over from head to foot, a look of scorn almost.

"I jest don't believe thet," he said, quietly; "I jest don't b'lieve it."

The quick color sprang into Paul's girlish cheeks—"The devil!" he cried angrily, looking down on Jerry where he sat in his favorite position, with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands—"I'll beat the life out of you."

Jerry shook his head.

"No, youuns won't, nuther!" a new light of defiance shining in his eyes, "and youuns jest better not try it."

Paul laughed lightly, already half ashamed of threatening such an enemy.

"You need not be so uppish!" he said, with great contempt; "do you suppose I would touch such a dirty little beggar as you are? You are a fool!"

The color deepened in Jerry's face, and slowly he rose from his place as the full meaning of Paul's words reached his mind.

"I ain't no beggar," and he drew his slim figure to its full height, "an' I ain't dirty; an' youuns kin jest take thet for youuns' lyin' words;" and before Paul could move to defend himself—could in any way realize what was coming—Jerry's rough hand struck him fairly in the mouth.

But that was all Jerry did, for in a second Paul's soft, plaited riding-whip was wrapping itself round Jerry's back and shoulders in quick, stinging blows, blinding, bitter blows that fell with bewildering rapidity!

It lasted only for a moment, then the smaller boy's arms, hardened by toil, were wrapped tightly about Paul's body, and Jerry, strong with rage and hatred, bore him relentlessly back, heedless of all obstacles, until Paul's spurs caught and he crashed down among the chairs and stools, and in an instant, before he could at all realize what was being done, Jerry was sitting on top of him.

"Now jest dar' to say ther doctor's a meat-axe!" he cried, emphasizing his words by tapping his finger on the end of Paul's nose, "an' jest dar' to say thet I'se a beggar an' dirty—jest youuns dar' to say it, an' I'll just gouge youuns' eyes plum out," giving Paul's nose a little tweak.

"I will kill you!" Paul cried, in a fury, trying in vain to free his arms from where Jerry pinned them with his knees; "damn you! let me get up—I'll tell the doctor—I'll have you put in jail—I'll kill you!"

"When youuns gits up," Jerry answered, quietly, his success having restored his temper; "but I'se agoin' to set right har atopper youuns tell the doctor comes, I is; ef youuns 'llows thet I'm agoin' to let youuns git up an' beat me agin, youuns is got the wrong pig by the leg, sure; I ain't agoin' to stir, I ain't."

"Let me get up, I say," and Paul's voice sounded constrained, for a dreadful thought had come to him—suppose the servants should find him in this horrible position! and his pride put its flag at half-mast: "I will not touch you, I promise," then one step lower—"I will pay you, Jerry, just let me get up?" pleadingly—"and I will never say a word about it."

"An' youuns'll take back what youuns cussed me?" gravely.

"Yes."

"An' 'bout the doctor?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't much keer," patronizingly. "Git up," and Jerry sprang nimbly from off his fallen enemy, "but don't youuns never furgit this dirty beggar," with stinging sarcasm; "an' thet trick of ketchin' a feller roun' the legs is a rale good un', you bet; a boy 'cross the mounting tole me thet; it's been a long time, but I ain't never furgitted it, an' to-day it come in rale handy;" but Paul had gone, in silent, unspeakable rage, slamming the door after him.

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What a black disgrace! How could he ever revenge it—how could a gentleman retaliate on this little vagabond—this vagabond he had waited to see? "But I'll pay him off if it takes my whole life," and locking the door of his room, he cast himself down on his bed and cried like a girl.

And in the study Jerry was putting the chairs straight, and shaking his head in a threatening way as he swept the hearth. He was too much excited to study, and at the same time very much pleased by the realization of his newly discovered strength.

"I gits it a-cuttin' wood," he said, feeling his arms, "an' I'll git some mo', cause it come in rale handy;" then he sat down with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, gazing into the fire.

What kind of person was this boy he had whipped? who was he? and where did he come from? and what made him so fine? He talked like the doctor, and his hands and his voice were like a child's—what was it that made them so different? they were both boys.

"An' he looked at me like I was a dorg, he did," the color coming into his face again, "but I punched hisn's nose good, I did; but he's rale purty—rayly purty," thoughtfully, as Paul's fair face came up before him. Still, he shook his head as he said—"It's rale purty, but thar's a leak sommers," and he could not like it.

CHAPTER XIII.

The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain—
For the reed that grows never more again—
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

And the doctor, coming in with an open letter in his hand, sat down as if worn with a weariness deeper than that of body, and closed his eyes with but one glance in the direction of the boy. Jerry sat quite still. What ailed the doctor? and anxiously watching him, all thought of Paul and the recent fray passed from his mind. Was the doctor sick? was he going to die like 'Lije Milton? and a great terror came over the child. To die like 'Lije Milton! The doctor die—then the wider question, must everybody die? It had never occurred to him before, this idea, and who would bury the last one? But the doctor, who saved everyone; what would become of all the people if he should die? Maybe he was dead now! And the boy was afraid to move, while his heart was rising up within him, swelling with this great imaginary pain.

"I'll jest die too," and in his preoccupation he said the words aloud, rousing the doctor, who opened his eyes with a sigh.

"What is it, Jerry?" he asked.

"I were feared youuns were dead," was answered, hesitatingly, "an' I 'llowed I'd die too."

"Not just yet for either of us," and the doctor held out his hand for the book. Then suddenly it came to Jerry's mind that he did not know his lesson, and he began to feel anxious about the affair with Paul—what would the doctor say?

"I don't reckon I knows it," he began, not for one moment doubting that confession was a necessity.

"Well."

"Well," slowly, "thar were a feller in here when I come—a rale purty feller," gravely, "an' he says, says 'ee, 'Does youuns love lessings?' Says I, 'I do.' Says 'ee, 'What do the doctor do when youuns don't knows 'em?' Says I, 'He says, Jerry, try agin.' Says 'ee, 'The doctor looks at me liker meat-axe,' says 'ee, 'an' mos' chucks the book at my head.' Says I, 'I don't b'lieve it,'" his face beginning to color with the recent excitement; "then I furgits rightly what comed next, 'cause I were so mad; but he cussed me a dirty beggar, he did," his fists involuntarily doubling themselves, "an' I ups an' knocks him in the mouth, I did, an' he licked me liker dorg!"

"What?" and the doctor sat up straight in his chair as the long story climaxed so astonishingly.

"Don't git skeered," and Jerry put his hand reassuringly on the doctor's shoulder, "I never hurted him much; I jest tripped him up an' sot on him, I did, an' I punched hisn's nose till he asked me please to git up, he did; but I never hurted him much."

The doctor was smiling now, a smile that broke over his face as the sunlight breaks through a cloud, and lighted up

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and transfigured every line of it, making it look as it must have done in his youth when all the untried, beautiful years and days lay before him where to choose; then his face became grave once more, and the lines about his lips hardened as the thought came to him, "Would Paul tell him of this difficulty?" He thought not, Paul told him nothing.

"I do not suppose that you did hurt him," he began, coldly, "but I do not like it, and you must not fight in my house; as long as you are here, Jerry, you must behave like a gentleman."

"What's thet?" quietly.

Again a smile flitted across the doctor's lips; the boy was so unconscious, and he answered: "I am a gentleman."

Jerry stood and looked at him with a curious wonder growing in his eyes.

"An' youuns 'llow as I kin be like youuns?" drawing a long breath; "nary time, an' it's no use a-tryin' it; youuns kin jest as easy make a hick'ry stick outer sourwood, jest as easy;" then more slowly, "but I'd like to," and his patient eyes looked wistfully at his friend.

"We must try, Jerry," and the doctor laid his hand kindly on the boy.

"I will," the narrow face lighting up in its earnestness. "I'll jest do ever blessed thing youuns says, I will," and a new future, a grand, overwhelming possibility, opened before the child.

To be like the doctor: a thought that had only dimly dawned on him when the question came up of his learning to read; that had never been a defined thought, but only a glimmer of light that for one instant had shone and faded. And now it had been put before him not only as a possibility, but as an expectation, and an end set for him by the exemplar himself. Jerry drew a long breath as he stood there trying to realize this great thing; stood there rough and untrained, ignorant and a pauper, and set this end before himself. Heretofore he had been one of many who only lived from day to day; to whom life is an accident that for some is smooth, and for some rough; now he had begun another journey with an end that seemed far more impossible to him than the "Golden Gates" had seemed. To try to be something, to try to rise, presented a far more vague and intangible outline to him than the effort to reach some place had done. A realization of this future was impossible, and he came back to the original suggestion as to something he could take hold of. He knew the doctor; every day he saw him, touched him, spoke to him; and he could grasp this first proposition of trying to be like him.

"An' I will," he said, speaking aloud as if he were alone, "I will if it kills me."

And that night, when the bitter wind howled up and down the mountains, driving the snow until it banked high against Joe's little house; and Joe in front of the roaring fire smoked, and told of dark danger in the heavy snows —Jerry sitting there scarcely heard, for he was looking at his future in the flames, and wondering. And in the midst of the most thrilling of the stories he got up from where he squatted on the hearth, and drew a chair forward.

Joe paused.

"I 'llows as youuns ain't a-listenin'," he said, in a rather injured tone.

"Yes, I is," and Jerry seated himself in the chair gravely, "but I 'llows as I'd ruther hev a cheer; the doctor don't never sit on the flo'; leastways, I ain't never sawn him a-doin' it."

"The Lord hev mussy!" and for many minutes Joe sat silent, regarding his small companion with doubtful looks. "Air youuns crazy, Jeremiah P. Wilkerson?" he said at last, "jest plum crazy?"

Jerry shook his head.

"The doctor 'llows I mus' be a gentleman," he answered, "jest like him ezackly; an' I will," nodding his head complacently, "I will if it kills me!"

"An' the doctor 'llows to give youuns a good buryin'?" Joe asked, with solemn sarcasm.

"I never axed him," Jerry answered, literally; and as he hitched his heavy boot-heels on the rung of the chair, a mild sense of self-approval swept over him that was like a breath of summer air; and he did not know that Joe's story remained unfinished, the narrator smoking slowly and in silence, only now and then glancing at his preoccupied companion.

"Thet boy air a cur'us one, sure," Joe's thoughts ran, "a reg'lar nubbin."

(To be continued.)

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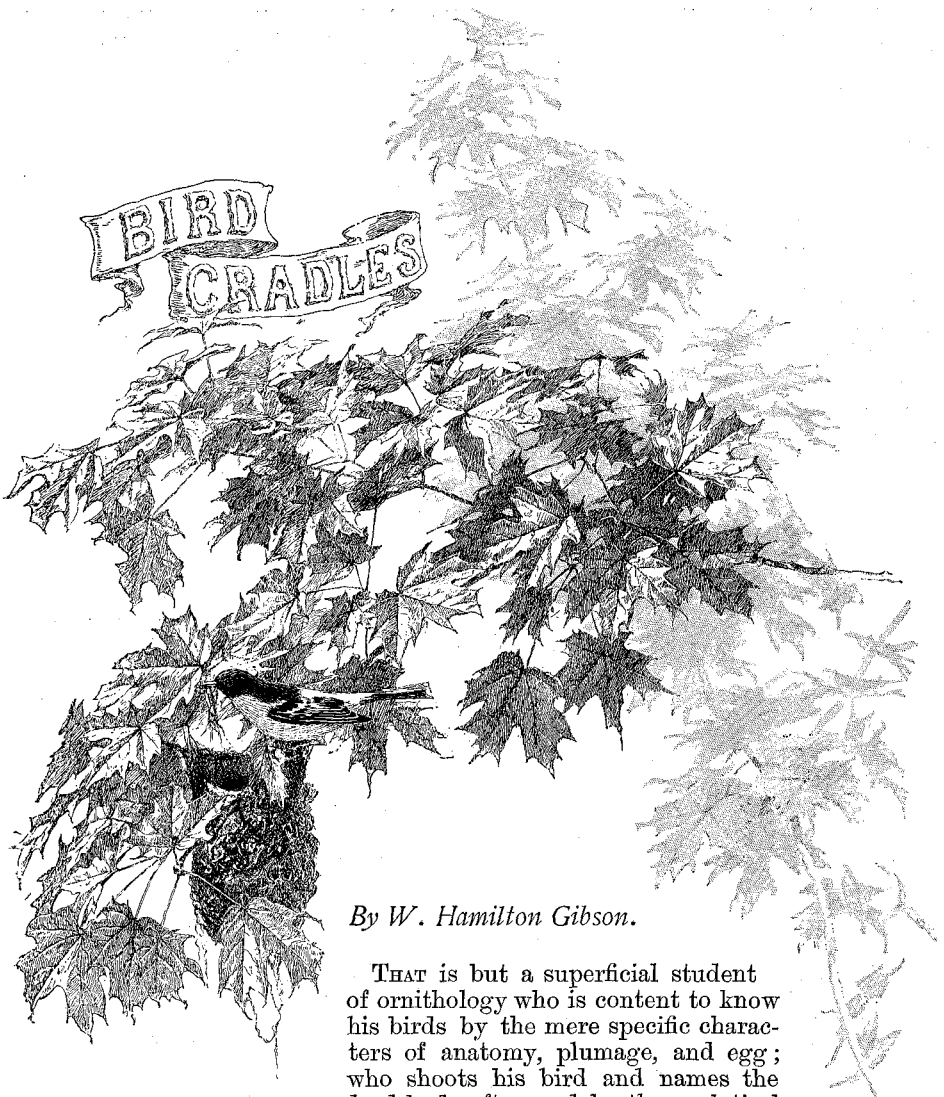

By W. Hamilton Gibson.

That is but a superficial student of ornithology who is content to know his birds by the mere specific characters of anatomy, plumage, and egg; who shoots his bird and names the dead body afterward, by the analytical key—a songless ornithology. Even though he shall name his specimen at a glance—Latin tag and all—he may yet have less *ornithology* in his soul than his unlettered country cousin—the old miller, perhaps, who will tell us that "the hang-bird has been there on such a morning, unravelling his bagging or stealing his tie string;" who will point out to us "the teeter-bird that picks the water-bugs from the wet stones for his long-legged fuzzy young 'uns;" or the "little brown chap with speckled breast that builds a nest jest like an oven, year after year, down yonder among the weeds below the mill, and calls '*queeche, queeche*' every time I look out of the window." Does he not *know* his birds, even though he might fail to identify their skins?

Even the amusing testimony of the savants of the French Academy who presented to Cuvier for identification a description of a certain "red fish that walked backward" is not without its distinct value. "Of course," replied the naturalist instantly, "you mean a crab, though it is not a fish, neither is it red, nor does it walk backward." The learned tyro would at least show his "fish" where he

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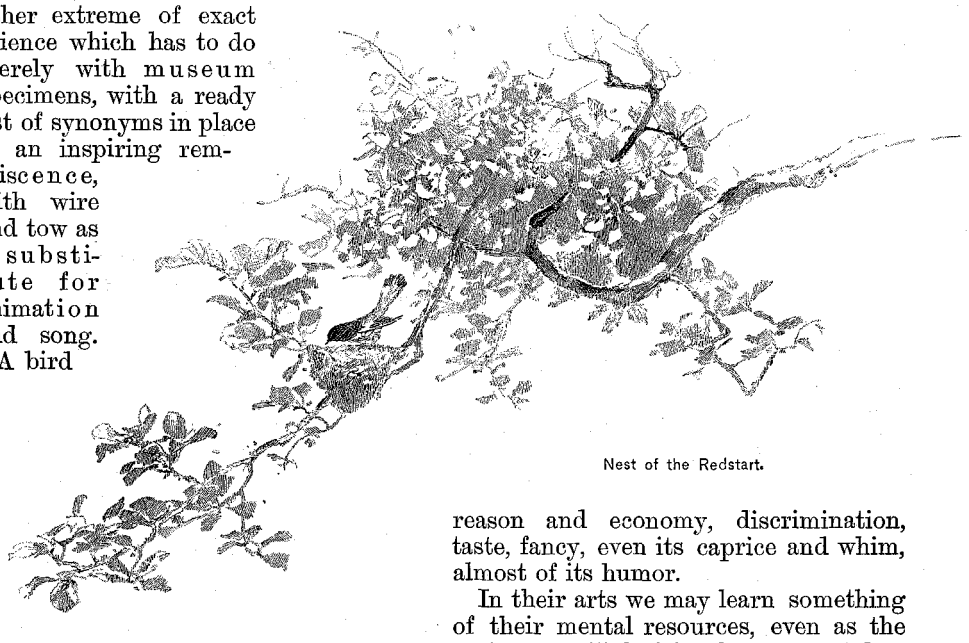
found it in its native element, and though his vision appears to have been somewhat askew, his was a worthier aim and attitude than the other extreme of exact science which has to do merely with museum specimens, with a ready list of synonyms in place of an inspiring reminiscence, with wire and tow as a substitute for animation and song. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" is a pagan motto for the ornithologist. "The bird is not in its ounces and inches," says Emerson, "but in its relations to nature; and the skin or skeleton you show me is no more a heron than a heap of ashes into which his body has been reduced is Dante or Washington." The true ornithologist knows his bird in the bush before he converts it into a specimen; and to truly know his bird in its bush he must have been admitted to its *home*. Neither the color of the plumage nor the shape and decoration of its egg, while so essential in the scientific classification of the bird, are any index to its conscious being—the true bird. Bobolink doffs his white cap, not from desire or volition, but because he can't help it. These functions are fulfilled in spite of the bird and are beyond his control, while even the finer attributes of habits and song may be said to be scarcely less spontaneous and automatic.



Nest of the Redstart.

Not so the nest—the home, the cradle. In these exquisite fabrics, materializations of the supreme aspirations in the life of the bird, we have at once a key to its mind, an epitome of its loves, its hope, solicitude, providence, its individuality, its energy, caution, intelligence, reason and economy, discrimination, taste, fancy, even its caprice and whim, almost of its humor.

In their arts we may learn something of their mental resources, even as the antiquary will find in the remnant decorated relics of an extinct people testimonies not disclosed by the mummy. To know the nidification and nest-life of a bird is to get the cream of its history. We may snap our fingers at vocabularies and synonyms.

Even an empty nest is still eloquent with interest. A few of them have been gathered about me as I write; and how beautiful they are! Here is one picked up at random. Not a rare specimen from the tropics, but an every-day affair of our country walks. What an interesting study of ways and means and confident skill! Hung by its edge from a horizontal fork of a maple twig, with a third of its circumference unsupported, it is yet so boldly wrought that this very span shall serve as the perch of the parent bird. Its edge is plainly compressed, though barely depressed, by evident continual use, and considering the nature of the materials at this portion its stability was perfectly insured. What nice discrimination in the choice of strands by which the nest is anchored to the swinging bough, its support being almost entirely dependent upon a cer-

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tain brown silk from the cocoon spider (*Argiope Riparia*).

Often in my rambles have I pulled this floss from its round tough cocoon suspended among the weeds, and wondered whether the loom might not yet prove its utility! And here it is, adjusted with artful design just where its need is most apparent, and its strength recommends it, lapping and overlapping the forks and extending across the span from twig to twig where it is interwoven and twisted with strong strips of bark and long wisps from the stalk of the milkweed, or similar hempen substance. The economy of this spider silk is manifest in all the five nests of this kind which are before me, and while it appears occasionally lower down in the structure, these outcroppings prove to be only the ends of the loops which encompass the twig and are securely anchored among the interwoven meshes of the fabric. The reliance of the bird on the strength of this material would seem perfectly plain, for in the nests wherein it is largely employed, much fewer strands of bark are passed about the twigs than when the inferior white cobweb is used at this point of support—a fact which I have often noticed.

The cobweb element forms an important amalgam in the nests of all the vireos, of which the above will be recognized as a specimen. Laid on in snowy tufts, or artfully twisted into fine threads—I cannot believe this twisting to be accidental—meshed about the basket framework or drawn across some precious bit of hornet nest or glistening yellow birch-bark or newspaper clipping, or hung below in fluffy tassels, it is a recognized badge of this particular tribe of feathered architects, whose pendent nests are among the most picturesque of all our birds. The hereditary art of nidification of the vireos has probably suffered little change through the ages. As a rule their nests, unlike those of other pensile builders, are wrought from nature's own raw materials, and, even as we generally find them, might have been constructed a thousand miles from the haunts of man or a thousand years ago. And yet, in one particular respect, it must be admitted the nest often betrays the degenerating human contact. It is an admitted fact that many of the vireos manifest a strange fascination for the newspaper, fragments of which are often a conspicuous contamination in their motley fabrics, composed most commonly of generous strips of white and yellow birch, hornet's nest, dried leaves, grape-vine bark, asclepias hemp, bits of

Allen's Humming Bird at Home.

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The Politician (the White-eyed Vireo).

wood and pith, and various other ingredients.

It was this well-known propensity of the bird that won it the name of "the Politician" from an ornithological friend of Wilson; an appellation especially given to the white-eyed vireo, although from my experience the others are equally deserving of the soft impeachment.

How often have I paused in the woods to study the strange ingredients of these vireos' nests, of which I have dissected at least a hundred, in many of which the newspaper had formed an element. And why is it that I am always led with such eager quest — yes, even at the risk of life and limb on one occasion — to scan these ragged, weather-beaten fragments of print, as though consulting the oracle! 'Tis true they usually disclose but little intrinsic reason for their conspicuous preferment, though I *do* remember one or two exceptional instances; once in my boyhood, when I enjoyed a great laugh at the disclosures of one such literary fragment, the precise nature of which has escaped me, save that it was an advertisement having a comical relation to the bird world. But my memory is distinct of having brought the editorial selection home in my pocket, where it was subsequently forgotten and reduced to pi among the jack-knives, buttons, jackstones, and other usual concomitants of the small boy's outfit. The nest I well remember. It was suspended in a small thicket and variously sup-

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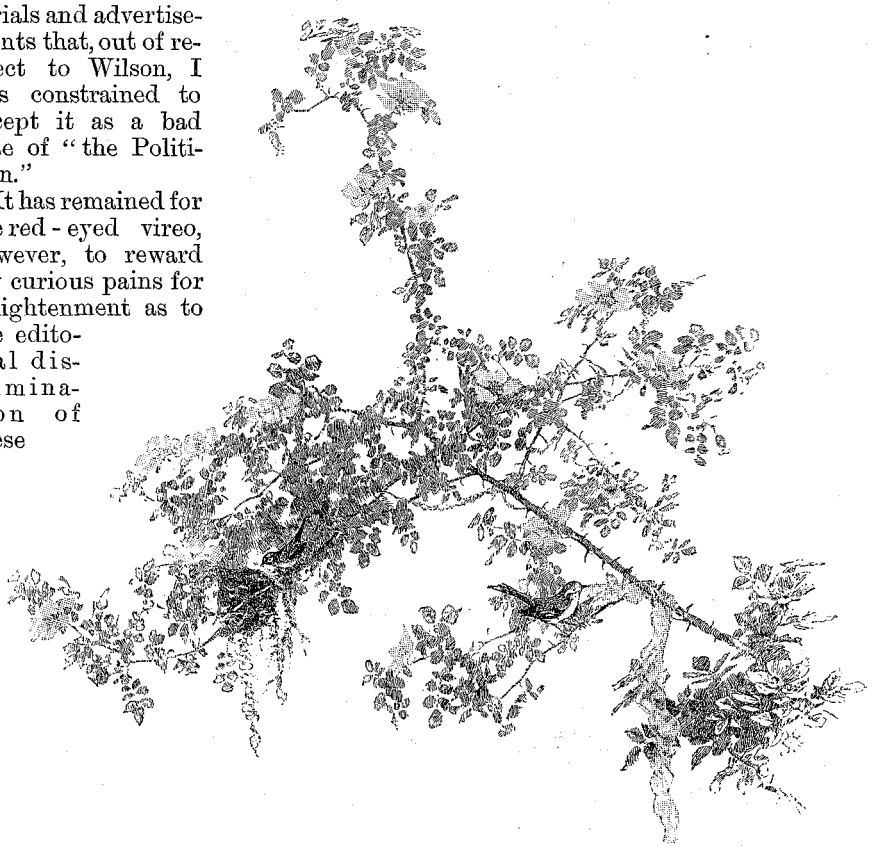
ported by the bend of a bramble and stalks of hard-hack and meadow rue. I did not see the birds, as the nest was abandoned, and though not a typical vireo's nest, it was so conspicuously decked out with editorials and advertisements that, out of respect to Wilson, I was constrained to accept it as a bad case of "the Politician."

It has remained for the red-eyed vireo, however, to reward my curious pains for enlightenment as to the editorial discrimination of these nests, and considering the popular name which Wilson has bestowed upon the bird, "the Preacher," from its well-known habit of launching precepts by the hour from its tree-top pulpit—the text from my nest would certainly seem to reinforce his happy title. In this nest are about six pieces of newspaper, of various jagged shapes and sizes; but among them all the only complete sentence anywhere to be discovered in the print—and this appearing as though obviously treasured — is the following: "*Have in view the will of God.*"



A Bit of Lace.

And yet I suppose there are those who would affirm that this selection was a matter in which the volition of the bird had no part whatever!

It has always been a favorite pastime with me, in my autumn walks, this dissecting of abandoned nests of all kinds, then disclosed to view in the denuded woods—this unravelling of the warp and woof of these nature-woven fabrics, extracting the secrets of the downy bed of warblers, analyzing the queer components in the hollow of a stump, picking apart the felted masses in deserted woodpeckers' dens, since plainly occupied by chickadee, creeper, blue-bird, nuthatch, or crested flycatcher, and disclosing by the aid of a magnifier a wide variety of curious textile elements. How endless and whimsical the choice of building materials for which nature has been laid in tribute by the bird, from the tree-top cradles of the orioles to the soft feather-

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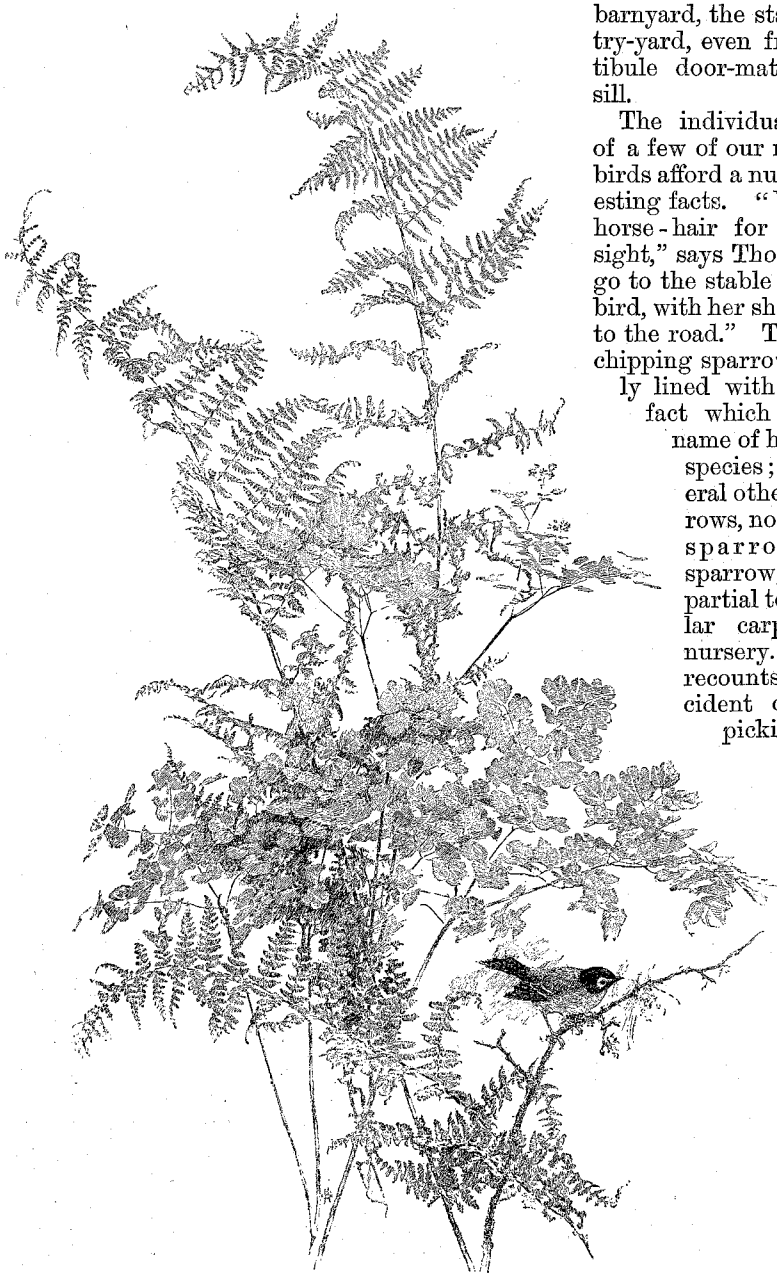
beds of the wrens, the curled-hair mattress of the chipping sparrow, the basket cribs of the starlings among the rushes, the mossy snuggeries of the oven bird, and the adobe of swallow, phœbe, and robin, with their various preferences of pine-roots, bark, strings, feathers, hornet's nest, caterpillar hairs, wool, skeletonized leaves, cobwebs, spider-egg tufts, fur of various animals, pappus of seeds of all sorts—dandelion, thistle, cat-tail willow—gleaned from the thickets, the trees, the air, the barnyard, the stable, the poultry-yard, even from your vestibule door-mat or window-sill.



In the Track of the Coon.
(A Vireo searching for hairs for nest-lining.)

The individual preferences of a few of our more common birds afford a number of interesting facts. "When I want a horse-hair for my compass-sight," says Thoreau, "I must go to the stable; but the hair-bird, with her sharp eyes, goes to the road." The nest of the chipping sparrow is commonly lined with horse-hair, a fact which has won the name of hair-bird to the species; although several others of the sparrows, notably the field sparrow and song sparrow, are equally partial to this particular carpet for their nursery. Burroughs recounts the bold incident of a sparrow picking a hair from the body of a horse. Who ever sees a coon-hair in the woods? And yet here is the solitary vireo that gleans in the crafty trail of that animal, through fern and brier and hollow logs, and rarely fails to feather her nest with the soft fur. What is the secret of this

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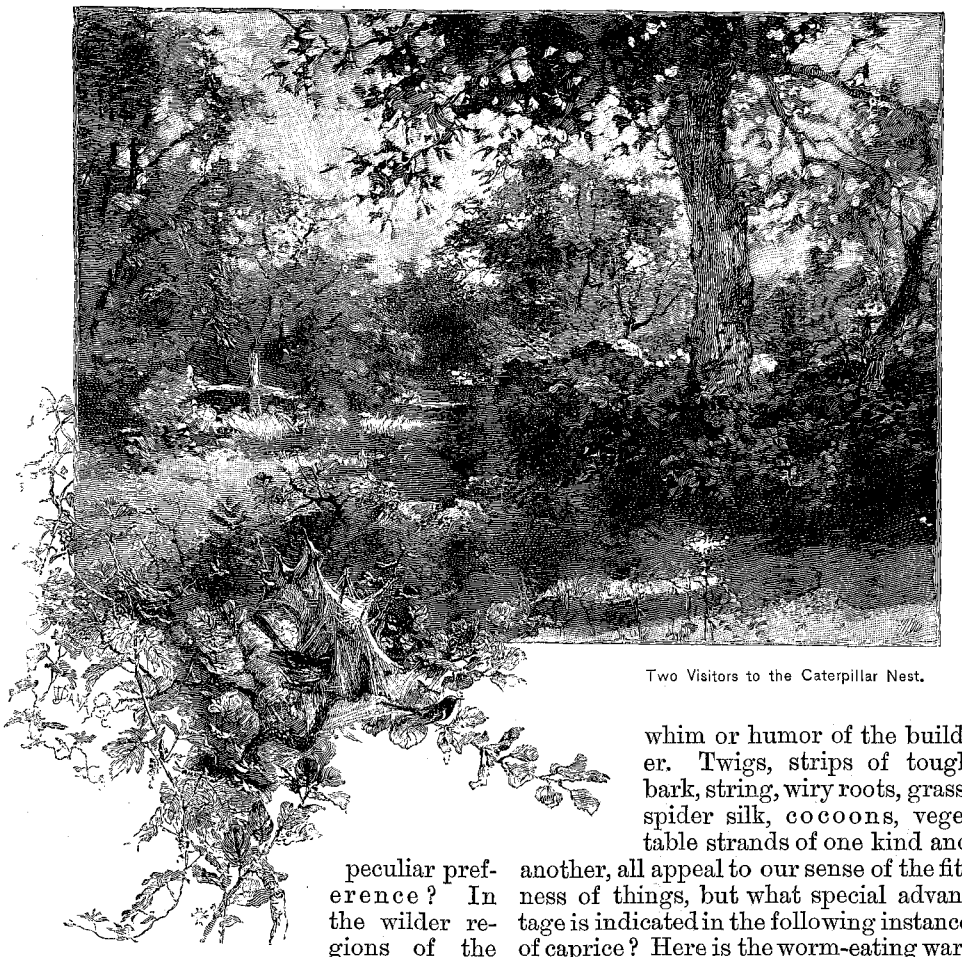

Two Visitors to the Caterpillar Nest.

peculiar preference? In the wilder regions of the country the hair of the deer is also said to be a common substitute or accompaniment. Certain observers claim that the red-eyed vireo has an occasional fancy for squirrel-hair, which is sometimes found in considerable quantities in its nest. I have found what I have assumed to be the abandoned nest of the solitary vireo, distinguished mainly from the others by the hairy lining and the employment of moss and lichen within the interior; one nest being plentifully lined with sheep wool from a neighboring pasture. The snow-bunting would be at a loss in its boreal nest without the fur of the arctic fox. Various of these cradle-building ingredients readily recommend their utility in the qualities of strength, pliability, warmth, etc., while others again are only to be accounted for on the hypothesis of the passing whim or humor of the builder. Twigs, strips of tough bark, string, wiry roots, grass, spider silk, cocoons, vegetable strands of one kind and another, all appeal to our sense of the fitness of things, but what special advantage is indicated in the following instance of caprice? Here is the worm-eating warbler, for instance, whose nest is seldom free from dried hickory and chestnut catkins. The oven bird's hut is generally intermeshed with fruiting stems of urn moss, with their dried spore-caps. The Nashville warbler is partial to a mesh of pine needles and horse-hair; while the purple finch considers hog-bristles and horse-hair a more suitable compound. The Kentucky warbler, and various other warblers, show a preference for the pith of weeds. Perhaps the prairie warbler has discovered some rare virtue in cast-off caterpillar skins that ordinary humanity cannot guess. Its nest, I am told, usually showing a penchant toward this singular ingredient.

But this bird is not alone in this odd choice, of which others of the warblers and the vireos occasionally avail themselves. In addition to spider silk, and

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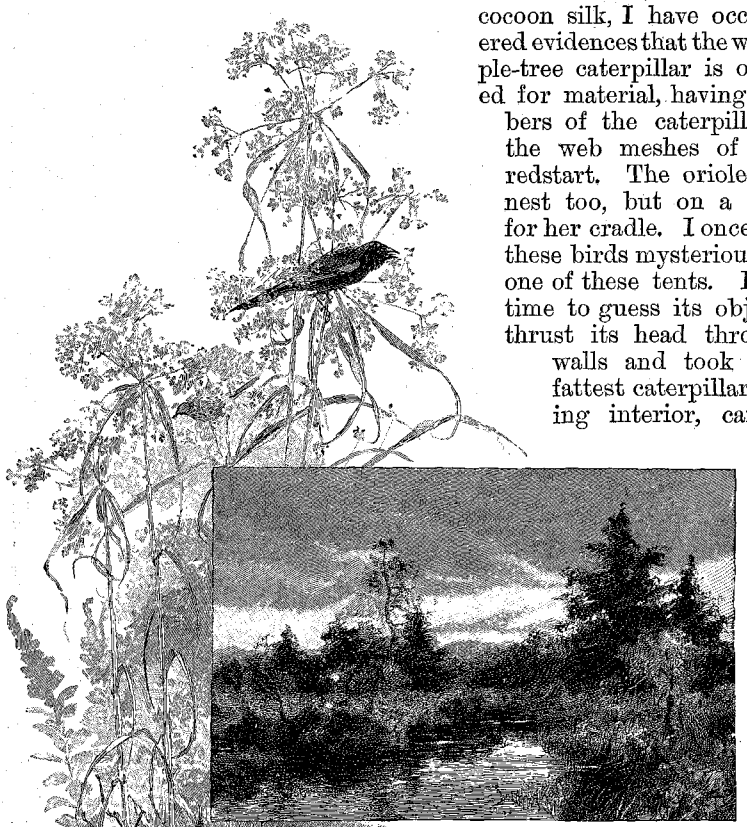

The Haunt and Home of the Redwing.

cocoon silk, I have occasionally discovered evidences that the web-tent of the apple-tree caterpillar is occasionally raided for material, having identified numbers of the caterpillar skins among the web meshes of the vireos and redstart. The oriole visits the web-nest too, but on a different errand for her cradle. I once observed one of these birds mysteriously prying about one of these tents. It left me hardly time to guess its object, but quickly thrust its head through the silken walls and took its pick of the fattest caterpillars in the squirming interior, carrying them to what it evidently considered as more appropriate surroundings in the hang-nest above. I once found a nest of the red-eye which exhibited a marked entomological preference, being composed largely of the hairy cocoons of the small tussock moth, and conspicuously decorated with a hundred or more of the black skins of the antiopa caterpillar, of all ages. What a singular waste of energy one would naturally think was here revealed in the search for a material which at best must be a rare ingredient in the wild gleaning. But the inference does injustice to the bird's intelligence. Assuming that there is an advantage in the material, and granting the bird even a school-boy's knowledge of the habits of a conspicuous insect, few substances could be acquired at a less expense of time than these withered skins; for the caterpillars of the antiopa live in swarms of hundreds, sometimes of thousands, in the elms and swamp willows, and leave their black, spiny, cast-off skins—of all their five periodic moults—attached to the denuded branches upon which the larvæ have fed.

In another amusing specimen I found a large piece of hornet's nest, four inches broad, arranged

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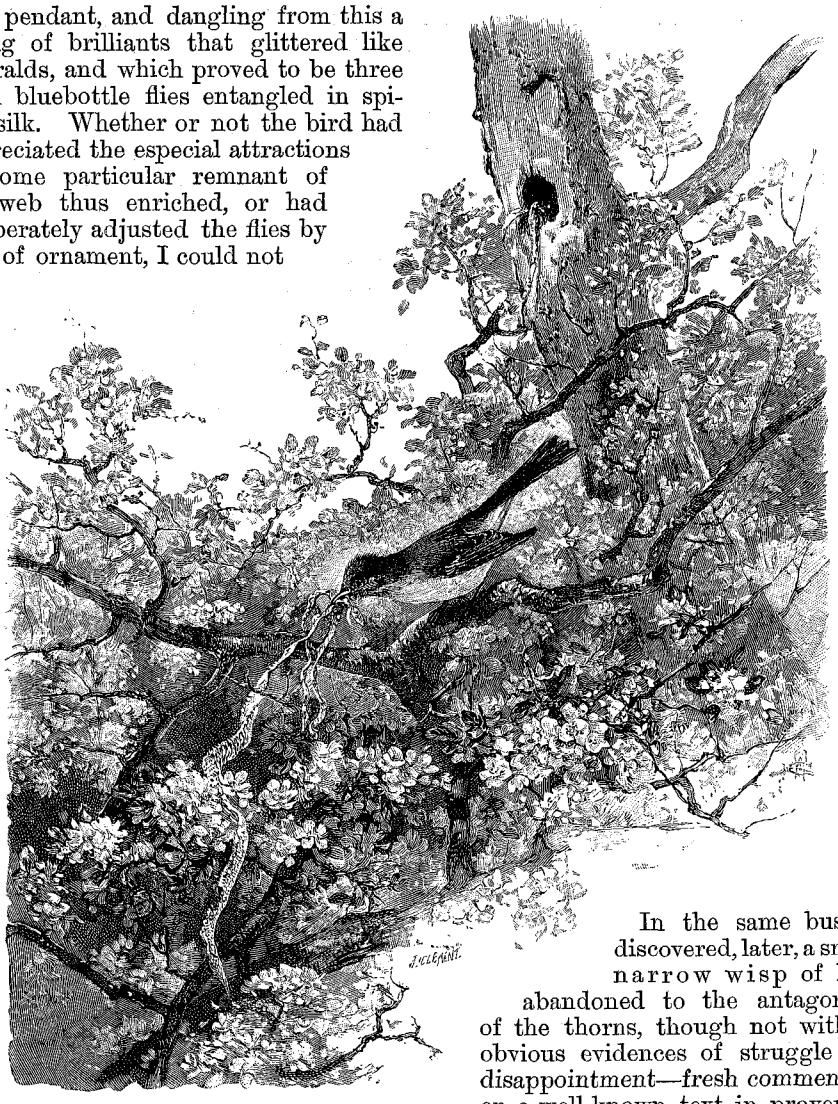
as a pendant, and dangling from this a string of brilliants that glittered like emeralds, and which proved to be three dead bluebottle flies entangled in spider silk. Whether or not the bird had appreciated the especial attractions of some particular remnant of cob-web thus enriched, or had deliberately adjusted the flies by way of ornament, I could not determine. But it is undeniable that a similar decorative sense is frequently displayed in their nests, certain rare treasures being held in reserve for finishing touches of adornment, even as I once actually witnessed the careful adjustment of a bright green iridescent feather of a peacock beneath a pendent nest in a rose-bush just outside the closed blinds of my room. What twitterings of congratulation, mutual suggestion, and experimental touches ere the dainty prize found its final setting!



A Specialist in Snake-skins (the Crested Flycatcher).

In the same bush I discovered, later, a small, narrow wisp of lace, abandoned to the antagonism of the thorns, though not without obvious evidences of struggle and disappointment—fresh commentary on a well-known text in proverbial philosophy.

There is obvious wisdom in the use of cocoons and hornets' nests, so much sought after by pensile builders—compact, tough fabrics in themselves, they are naturally chosen for their strength. But it is not easy to explain, on any grounds of utility, the uncanny discrimination of the great crested flycatcher, whose nest in the hollow tree would seem to demand no thought for other qualities than softness and warmth. Once, in my boyhood, while investigating the fascinating hollow in an old willow-tree, where I had once surprised a

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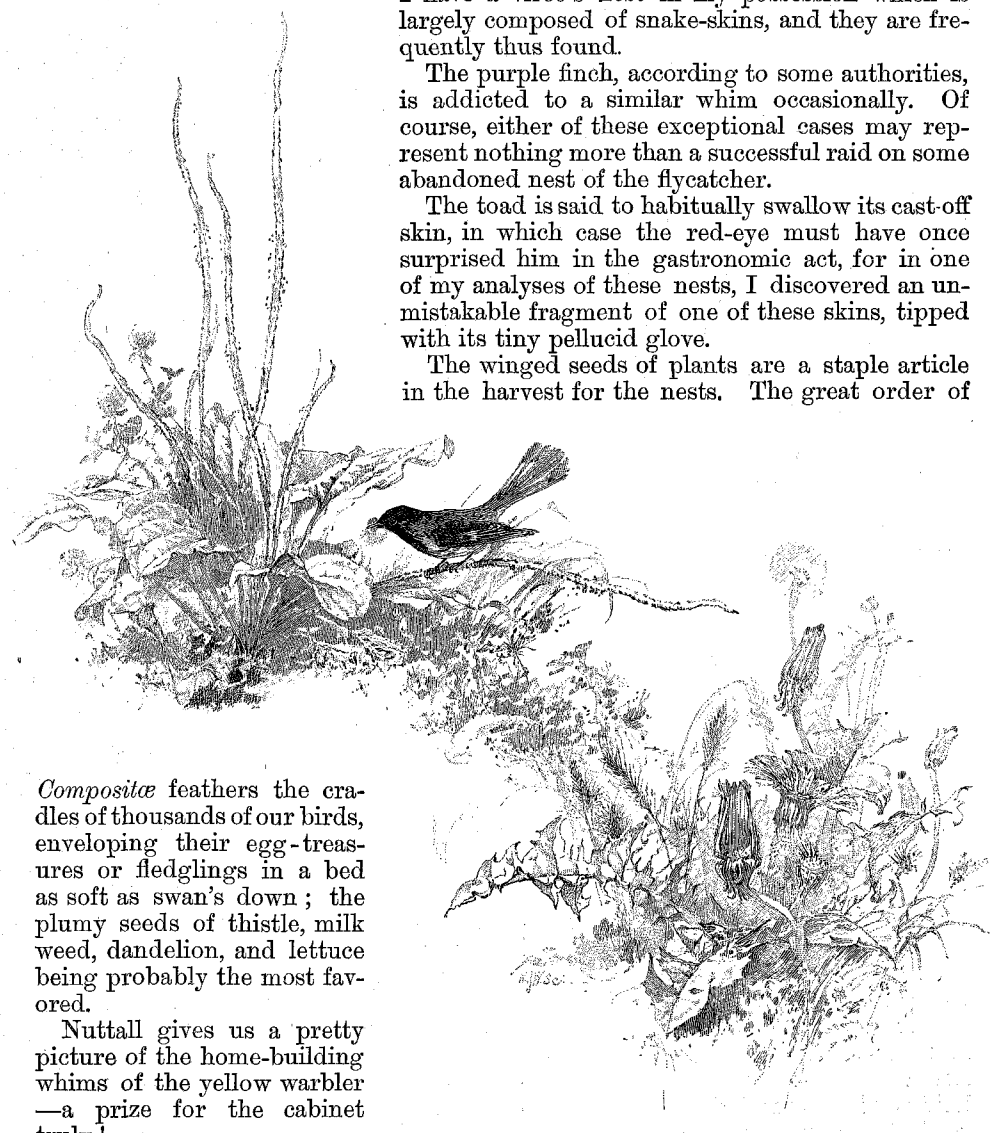
day-dozing owl, I found the familiar matted felt at the bottom largely intermixed with fragments of snake-skin. Knowing the habits of snakes in the casting of their skins, having once or twice found them in the grass, I fell to wondering whether it could be a common practice of the black snake or "racer," to climb a tree for the purpose of exuviation. Later on the mystery was solved, having learned in my ornithology that the great crested flycatcher considered the snake-skin the *ne plus ultra* of nest-linings. The nidification of this bird usually takes place in the deserted retreat of the woodpecker, and is seldom without its complement of one or more snake-skins, which are frequently interwoven in a bed of hog-bristles and feathers, rather indicating a peculiar fancy for *exuviæ*.

But here, again, who knows but what some stray vireo's nest—those catch-alls, samplers of nature's nest-textiles—may not have given the flycatcher the hint. I have a vireo's nest in my possession which is largely composed of snake-skins, and they are frequently thus found.

The purple finch, according to some authorities, is addicted to a similar whim occasionally. Of course, either of these exceptional cases may represent nothing more than a successful raid on some abandoned nest of the flycatcher.

The toad is said to habitually swallow its cast-off skin, in which case the red-eye must have once surprised him in the gastronomic act, for in one of my analyses of these nests, I discovered an unmistakable fragment of one of these skins, tipped with its tiny pellucid glove.

The winged seeds of plants are a staple article in the harvest for the nests. The great order of



The Dandelion Mystery Solved.
(A Redstart nest-building.)

Compositæ feathers the cradles of thousands of our birds, enveloping their egg-treasures or fledglings in a bed as soft as swan's down; the plumy seeds of thistle, milk weed, dandelion, and lettuce being probably the most favored.

Nuttall gives us a pretty picture of the home-building whims of the yellow warbler—a prize for the cabinet truly!

"The nest is extremely neat

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and durable; the exterior is formed of layers of silkweed lint, glutinously though slightly attached to the supporting twig, mixed with some slender strips of fine bark and pine leaves and thickly bedded with the down of willows, the Nankeen wool of the Virginia cotton grass (*Eriophorum Virginicum*), the down of fine stalks, the hair of the downy seeds of the buttonwood (*Platanus*), or the pappus of compound flowers, and then lined either with fine bent grass (*Agrostis*) or down and horsehair, and, rarely, with a few accidental feathers," presenting a fanciful bit of bird architecture as well as a keen piece of analysis, in which the erudite botanist is as conspicuous as the ornithologist.

A Good Place for a Wren's Nest.

One other "yellow bird," the goldfinch, builds a similarly exquisite home, but reserves its nesting till a much later season than most of our birds, a fact which has caused no little discussion among naturalists; the commonly accepted, though hardly satisfactory, theory having reference to a scarcity of the required seed-food for the young during the vernal months. In a similar vein of reasoning it might be claimed that the nesting was deferred to await the ripening of certain favorite plumy seeds of which the structure is usually composed. One theory is as good as the other, for both are somewhat shattered by numerous instances of nidification as early as the middle of May, in which the nest is of course composed of seasonable downy elements; for the willows and poplars then offer their silken tribute, and the dandelion balls cloud the meadows.

For some years I was puzzled to account for a certain mutilation which I had often observed on the dandelion. As is well known to some of my readers, the dandelion usually blooms three consecutive days; after which the calyx finally closes about the withered flower, and withdraws beneath the leaves. Here it remains for a week or more, its stem gradually lengthening while the seeds are maturing, until, on the fourteenth day from the date of first flowering, the smoky ball expands. For some days prior to this fulfilment the seeds are practically full feathered, the growing pappus having forced the withered petals from the tip of the calyx. On several occasions I have observed the side of their calyxes torn asunder and the interior completely emptied of its contents of a hundred or more winged seeds. I had attributed the theft to some whimsical caterpillar appetite, until one day I surprised the true burglar in the act. I observed a small black bird rummaging suspiciously in the grass,

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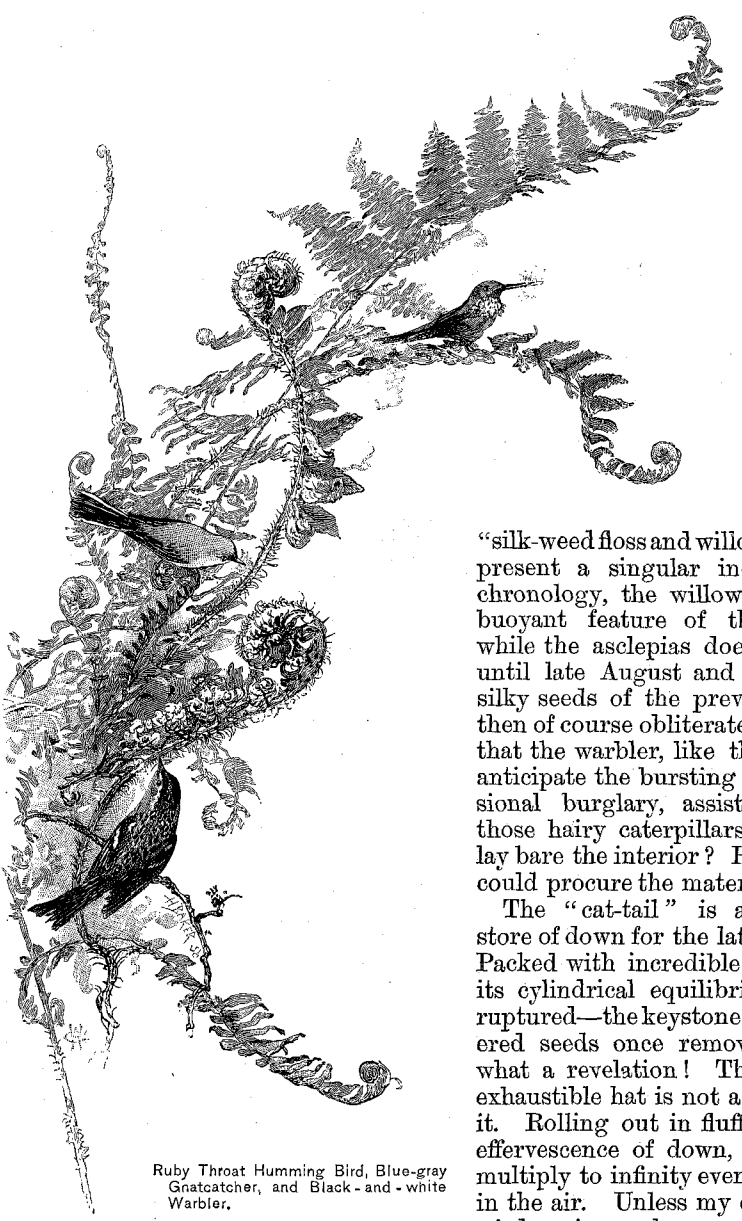
and suddenly saw him fly to a branch near by with a tiny puff in his bill—a downy tuft on one side and a bundle of seeds on the other—the spot from which he flew disclosing one of the tell-tale rifled calyxes of the dandelion. The bird, not immediately identified, soon



Ruby Throat Humming Bird, Blue-gray Gnatcatcher, and Black-and-white Warbler.

spread its name abroad in the rosy gleam from its fan-shaped tail—the redstart. I subsequently discovered the nest in a low-hanging fork of an apple-tree, and a dainty structure it was, exquisitely adorned with gray moss and skeleton leaves and in this case showing an unusual preference for dandelion seeds, with which its soft bulk was well felted. Inasmuch as there were thousands of the dandelion bulbs opening every sunny day this feat of forage was not one of anticipation of a natural harvest; rather a question of economy of labor—a whole dandelion ball at one compact pinch. Wilson gives the nest material of the yellow warbler as "silk-weed floss and willow cotton," which present a singular incongruity as to chronology, the willow cotton being a buoyant feature of the May breeze, while the asclepias does not take wing until late August and September, the silky seeds of the previous year being then of course obliterated. Is it possible that the warbler, like the redstart, may anticipate the bursting pod by an occasional burglary, assisted perhaps by those hairy caterpillars which so often lay bare the interior? How else the bird could procure the material is a mystery.

The "cat-tail" is an inexhaustible store of down for the later nest-builders. Packed with incredible compactness in its cylindrical equilibrium, when once ruptured—the keystone among the feathered seeds once removed as it were—what a revelation! The magician's inexhaustible hat is not a circumstance to it. Rolling out in fluffy masses, a very effervescence of down, which seems to multiply to infinity even after launching in the air. Unless my estimate of bird-wisdom is much overwrought, it finds its way into many a warm nest.

But it is not alone to the soft seeds

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of plants that the nests are indebted for their downy lining. Here is another picture of a dainty home, and one that may be verified in the woods if our eyes are only sharp enough. If the nest of the yellow warbler is a *chef d'œuvre* what shall be said of this, the work of the small blue-gray gnatcatcher, one of the most refined art-treasures among our native nests? It is usually hung among the twigs of a tree, somewhat like that of a vireo, though sometimes placed on a branch. The body of the nest is closely felted together with the softest materials of the forest bird scales, dried blossoms, vegetable downs, and the delicate cottony substance which envelopes the unfolding fronds of fern, with flexible skeletons of leaves as an external framework. The rim of the nest is generally contracted. But the most marked feature of the structure is its ornamentation; the whole exterior being closely thatched with small, brightly-colored, greenish-gray lichen.

The woolly, unrolling fronds of many of our ferns are a familiar feature of the spring woods, and offer at this season, and later, from the mature stems, a tempting crop to a number of our more diminutive birds, including the various warblers, the black and white creeper, and humming-bird, etc.

This exquisitely soft, buff-colored material, for convenience called "fern-cotton," however, is not all from the ferns. A close analysis with the magnifier discloses a diversity of elements. Some of it has been sheared from the mullein. The woolly bloom from young linden leaves and buds of white and red oak have already been identified in the substance, the stems of everlasting have furnished a generous share, and there are doubtless elements from a hundred other sources best known to the birds. Some of it, too, has already served in the winter snuggery of the horse-chestnut bud beneath the varnished scales.

I once observed a tiny bird, presumably a kinglet, gleaning among the opening leaves, now webbed and festooned with the liberated soft yellow down, that most beautiful of all the spring's revelations of bursting buds, so aptly figured by Lowell in the provincial tongue of Hosea Biglow:

> "The gray hoss-chestnut's leetle hands unfold
> Softer'n a baby's be at three days old."

How irresistibly does this recall that companion couplet in the "Pastoral line" from the same memorable paragraph, so true to the spirit of the vernal season:

> "In ellum shrouds the flashin' hang-bird clings
> An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock slings."

For the skilful nests of the vireos have yet their matchless pattern in the work of that prince of weavers, the "hang-bird," or Baltimore oriole, whose swinging, pendulous nest is a masterpiece, not only of textile art, but equally of constructive skill, whether from an engineering or architectural point of view. What sagacious perception of means and intelligent discrimination in their employment are here disclosed! The trite maxim that "the strength of a chain is only that of its weakest link" would seem, on a superficial glance at the nest, to be entirely ignored by the oriole, the attachment of the nest often seeming to exhibit a daring dearth of material and in singular contrast to the elaborate density of the weaving below. A closer examination, however, shows a most sagacious compensation in the economy of this apparently weak portion, for here it will be found in almost every instance the toughest fibre in the entire nest has been concentrated, in most cases that have come under my observation; and in three specimens now before me, consisting of remnants of strings, fish-line, strips of cloth securely twisted and looped around the forked or drooping twigs, the loose ends below being intricately interwoven among the gray hempen fibres of which the body of the nest is composed, the whole structure being literally sewed through and through with long horse-hairs.

Remembering Wilson's investigations into the similarly compact nest-fabric of the orchard oriole, from which he disentangled a strand of grass only thirteen inches long, but which in that distance was thirty-four times hooked through and returned in the meshes, the relation of which fact led an old lady acquaint-

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ance of his to ask whether "it would not be possible to teach the birds to darn stockings," I was led to test the darning skill of the hang-bird which uses the horse-hair in true regulation style. With much labor I succeeded in following a single hair through fourteen passes from outside to interior in the length of about ten inches, which I was then quite willing to assume as an average as to the total, which would doubtless have reached at least thirty stitches. When this is multiplied by the hundreds of similar sinews with which the body of the nest is compacted some idea may be formed of its strength.

Two types of the nest, both beautiful specimens, are now before me. One, a true example of the "hang-nest," being suspended from the tips of the long, drooping branches of an elm, while the other, more ample, is hung from a horizontal fork of a maple. It is larger at the mouth than the first, but like it is suspended from stout strings, twisted round and round the twigs and spanning the fork. For a long period the nature of this peculiar gray hempen fibre which forms the bulk of the oriole's nest was a puzzle. And even now that the tough material has been identified principally as the dried strips of the stalks of common milkweed, which Nuttall observed the bird to tear from the plants "and hackle into flax," I am not aware that the hint of the oriole, as to its evident utility as a textile for the spinning-wheel or loom, has ever been respected. A strip of this tough dried bark, even when drawn firmly across the finger-nail, separates into the finest of flax, almost reminiscent of the milkweed seed-floss in its white glossy sheen.

The oriole's nests are not all made in the same mould nor of the same material, but generally reflect the resources of the locality in which they are built. There are numerous instances of anomalous nests, in which the eager quest of the bird has been artfully humored by the housewife, or the ornithological curio hunter, resulting in works of questionable art sophisticated with all manner of contaminations—rags and ribbons, tape and lampwick, or perhaps patriotic pendants flying the national colors of red, white, and blue, in particolored zones and strips of red flannel. In contrast to these I cannot but revert with relief to that beautiful fancy which Chadwick has woven into one of these beautiful nests, and in which the intertwined golden and silvery locks of childhood and old age tell a pathetic story.

In one case at least the hint of the oriole would appear to have been appreciated, his nest having first introduced to the public the utility of the black flexible compound which is so common an ingredient toward the centre of our costly "curled-hair" mattresses.

During a recent Southern trip I noted one or two of these pendulous mattresses of the oriole, their black color giving little hint to the observer of the gray Southern moss of which they are really constructed. In the Long Island Historical Rooms there is a specimen of one of these Southern nests, fully eighteen inches long, composed entirely of this glossy black fibre — a veritable piece of hair-cloth to all appearances, no single thread, I believe, showing its familiar gray complexion, the entire material having been presumably abstracted from the drying-poles of the "moss gatherers," beneath whose arts the Southern moss is converted into "genuine curled hair" by the rotting and subsequent removal of the gray covering, leaving only the black shiny core, which is duly shipped and subsequently sold and "warranted" at fifty cents a pound.

In strong contrast to the foregoing products of warp and woof is the humbler art of the plastic builders — the adobe-dwellers among our birds. Of such are the robin—true child of the sod, with its domicile of mud and coarse grass—and the thrushes generally, the phœbe, pewee, and the swallows. Solid and substantial fair-weather structures, they are yet far inferior in the scale of architectural intelligence; for while in the textile nests even a drenching rain serves but to amalgamate the mass, the mud-builders are often at the mercy of the storm; a possible fate which is not always anticipated in the selection of a building site. In the case of the swallow beneath the eaves, and the phœbe under the bridge, the home is safe, but the robin occasionally pays a heavy penalty for the daring exposure of its

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nest, the fair structure of the sunshine literally melting away in the rain. During the past wet season two such mishaps occurred upon my lawn, the nests having disentangled and fallen in a shapeless mass, scattering the egg contents upon the ground.

Recently I chanced upon another reckless nest, that of the yellow-billed cuckoo, or rain-crow, in the top of an apple-tree, if, indeed, the loose pile of sticks could be dignified by the name of nest at all, being more suggestive of a gridiron, through which the outlines of the head and the long projecting tail of the bird were distinctly perceptible against the sky. As I climbed the tree the bird flew to the neighboring branches, uttering an occasional hoarse croak in its familiar tone, obedient as it were, to a periodic pumping stroke of the long tail. I found the nest occupied by a single fledgling, and was moved to congratulate the remnant for having managed to reach his pin-feather days without tumbling out of bed, which I fancied must have been the fate of his presumably former bed-fellows, for the edge of the open pile of sticks was lower than the centre whereon he rested.

Examples of this sort of nest-building are happily not common, and in the case of this bird, a near congener to the European cuckoo, though entirely without its parasitic habits, it would seem to have a somewhat parallel sin of shiftlessness. In all the four nests of this bird which I have found, this contributory negligence toward the destruction of its offspring has been manifest. My fancy has sometimes suggested the query whether this may not be an example of the process of evolution from a lower parasitical to a higher state, the dawning intelligence in the art of nest-building.

The turtle-dove is accused of a like carelessness in the construction of its nest. The night-hawk and the whip-poor-will, though building no nest at all, are more considerate of their babes, at least assuring them against the fate of the cuckoo's brood by nesting on the ground.

Last summer I was favored with a rare neighbor in the shape of a red-headed woodpecker, not a common visitant in Connecticut, at least in the section familiar to me. Remembering that this was the bird whose flashing plumage and flaming scarlet head kindled the ornithological fervor of Wilson, which led to his subsequent fame, my visitor came doubly recommended. The nest was excavated on the under side of a large branch of an apple-tree near the house; and even though naturally safe from observation, the bird seemed little desirous of concealment, pirouetting about the elm trunk close by the window and speeding like a rocket directly to its nest.

At first thought the peculiar conditions of the woodpecker's nest would appear to offer advantages of safety above those of other birds, as in truth it does, being at least secure against the hawks and owls and foxes. Yet it is by no means invulnerable. The black snake has a well-known fancy for young woodpeckers, and has often been surprised within the burrow, to the horror of the small boy oölogist, perhaps, who is thinking only of the rare white eggs as he feels the depths of the hollow. The birds are also an easy prey to the murderous red squirrel, one of the arch enemies of our nesting birds. Last year two of my woodpecker fledglings fell his victims, and only a few weeks since a whole family of flickers, which built in a large neighboring maple, were well-nigh exterminated by the same brigand. Two fully pinioned fledglings were found dead on the ground beneath the hole, each with an ugly gash at the throat, and one of which the squirrel was observed dragging by the head, while endeavoring to ascend the trunk—treating birds like pine-cones—dropping his cone first to enjoy it at his leisure. But one survivor of the brood was seen later, and this doubtless followed the fate of the others. The woodpeckers, in addition to serving their own ends, are also pioneers for a number of smaller fry among the birds, the deserted tunnels being in great demand for apartments, and often a prize won only by supreme strategy or victory among the bluebirds, nut hatches, creepers, wrens, and chickadees, though the last has been known to excavate its own domicile. Indeed, to the wren a hole of any kind possesses great

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attraction, it "will build in anything that has an accessible cavity, from an old boot to a bombshell," says Burroughs. But whether a palatial tin box, a post-hole, a tin oil-can, auger-hole, pump-spout, pocket of an old coat, wheel-hub, or tomato-can, the interior is always brought to the same level of luxury in its copious feather-bed.

I remember once, in the days of my early ornithological fervor, discovering a wren's nest in a shallow knot-hole of an old apple-tree. The bird scolded and sputtered at the entrance like a typical setting hen, and even suffered herself to be poked from the hole; and if there be those who think that birds cannot swear, they should have witnessed the subsequent vocal exercises. The feather-bed disclosed twelve pinkish eggs by actual count, for I remember in humiliation my scandalous pride at having "eleven duplicates for trade."

There are a number of especially well-known favorites among the nests which should be mentioned, either one of which is a sufficient quest for a summer's walk.

There is the grass hammock of the indigo bird, so artfully swung between two or three upright branches of weed; the skilfully woven basket of the red-wing blackbird in the bog, either meshed within its tussock, twisted into the button-bush, or suspended among the reeds. Then there are the quaint covered nests of the oven bird at the edge of the brook, the bee-hive of the marsh-wren among the sedges, or the Maryland yellow-throat in the swamp, and the rare snuggeries of the golden-crested wren and blue, yellow-backed warbler — the former a tiny hermitage, built on the branch of an evergreen, composed of moss and lichen, with only a small hole left for entrance, and the interior lined with down; the latter a dainty den, constructed, according to Samuels, of the "long gray Spanish moss (lichen?) so plentiful in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. The long hairs of the moss are woven and twined together in a large mass, on one side of which is the entrance to the nest—a mere hole in the moss. The lining is nothing but the same material, only of finer quality." I have seen but two specimens of this nest—one composed entirely of the long gray lichen which beards the patriarchal trees of our Northern forests and the other of a shorter species found on fences and rocks.

The nest of the blue-winged yellow warbler is really worth a search. Few of our ornithologists have found it. According to Wilson, it is usually placed in a bunch or tussock of long grass, and is in the form of an inverted cone or funnel, the bottom thickly bedded with dry beech-leaves, the sides formed of the dry bark of strong weeds, lined with fine dry grass. These materials are not placed in the usual manner, circularly, but shelving downward on all sides from the top, the mouth being wide, the bottom very narrow and filled with leaves.

Nor must I forget to mention that curious and anomalous three-, four-, and once I believe five-storied nest which occasionally rewards the search of the persevering oölogist—a true piece of architectural art, each compartment perhaps with its single repudiated speckled egg—a monument as it were to the intelligence and indefatigable pluck of the yellow warbler in overtopping the wit of the parasitic cow-bird, each story of the curious domicile being erected over the insinuated portentous egg, and sufficiently separated therefrom to insure against its incubation, when the bird shall at last have exhausted her adversary's resources and nestled in peace on the summit of her lofty pile, an apt, if facetious embodiment of "Patience on a monument."

We have already alluded in superlative terms to the nest of the blue-gray gnatcatcher, but even that artistic production must yield to its easy rival and model of the humming-bird, in truth the prize among all our nests. Well does the ruby-throat deserve the golden medal which he wears upon his breast. From picture or cabinet specimens this beautiful mimetic structure saddled on its branch is familiar to most of my readers, few of whom, I am sure, will ever have disclosed it in its haunts, even though the eye may have rested on it a dozen times. The construction of this nest, barely an inch and a half in diameter, is well described by Wilson: "The outward coat is formed of small

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pieces of bluish-gray lichen, that vegetates on old trees and fences, thickly glued on with the saliva of the bird, giving firmness and consistency to the whole as well as keeping out moisture. Within this are thick matted layers of the fine wings of certain flying seeds, closely laid together; and lastly the downy substance from the great mullein and from the stalks of fern lines the whole. The base of the nest is continued around the branch, to which it closely adheres; and when viewed from below appears a mere mossy knot or accidental protuberance."

I have found but two in my lifetime, but am confident that a systematic search among the orchards in the glittering trail of the bird as he leaves the trumpet blossoms, would reveal one or two more. For there is a strange inconsistency in the bird, which, in spite of its secretive art work, does not hesitate to reveal it by her tell-tale actions, hovering about an intruder's head like a sphinx moth in the twilight, and, far from decoying one's attention away from her treasure, like other birds, deliberately settling herself thereon in preference to alighting elsewhere—a conscious jewel that would seem to know its most appropriate setting.

The United States is favored with but a dozen species of the humming-bird, only one of which is found east of the plains. But what glints and gleams and scintillations and spangles among the flowery tropics! where the hundreds of species of these sun-gems sport among their suggestive legion of companion orchids, each feathery atom with its especial whim of nest, here suspended among waving grasses, there hung upon a tendril or poised upon a leaf, or perhaps glued flat upon its swinging, drooping tip. But there is a choice even among diamonds, and it may be doubted whether even the famed tropics afford a more unique example of artistic refinement than this of our native Western humming-bird, described by Dr. Brewer, a species only recently discovered by Mr. Allen, whose name it bears.

"This nest is of a delicate cup-shape, and is made of the most slender branches of the hypnum mosses, each stem bound to the other and all firmly tied into one compact and perfect whole, by interweavings of silky webs of spiders. Within it is finely and softly lined with silky vegetable down. Even in the drawer of a cabinet, without its long natural framework, it is a perfect little gem in beauty. What, then, must it have been in its original position, with the graceful, waving leaf of the maidenhair fern for its appropriate and natural setting. It was fastened to the fern not two feet above the ground, and to this frail support it was secured by threads of spider-webs so slender as to be hardly visible."

We know not what other nest-treasures yet await us in the woods. There are many rare finds yet in store for the ornithologist in the long list of bird-species, well known by their skins, and even by their songs, but whose nidification is wrapped in mystery — dozens of the warblers, sparrows, flycatchers, and vireos, and others yet awaiting their true historian.

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THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

IV.—TO HIS OWN REPUTATION.

By E. L. Godkin.

THE first condition of all permanent associations of men, however primitive, is that each member should, in a greater or less degree, enjoy the confidence and good opinion of his fellows. No social organization, however rudimentary, could hold together for any great length of time unless the majority of those composing it were satisfied that they had in common certain ideas about the things which most concerned the safety and welfare of the community. This common stock of ideas need not be, and, as a general rule, has not been, what civilized men call morality. Civilized notions of right and wrong may have but little, if any, place in it. But it always imposes certain obligations in the matter of fidelity to custom, and of mutual help and succor in times of danger, necessity, and tribulation, the nonfulfilment of which calls forth some sort of social penalty. In all pursuits of tribal life, whether the particular undertaking be war, or hunting, or marauding, or merrymaking, or marrying, the savage is expected to behave in the manner prescribed by the customs and traditions of the community, so that his fellows may depend on him. No man in the tribe can keep his social place unless the other members are able to foresee how he will act under any given set of circumstances. This is the necessary basis of all gregarious existence, even that of animals. Buffaloes or wild horses could not live in herds, or wolves hunt in packs, or wild geese fly in flocks, without some sort of general understanding or agreement as to gregarious conduct, violation of which would entail death, or expulsion, or desertion.

Darwin and Spencer think that out of this gregarious sympathy and co-operation grew civilized morality, as a necessary result of the working of the social instinct. Whether this view, or the opposing one that morals are the creation of the Divine will, be the correct one, makes little difference for my present purpose. What is certain is that the need of mutual help, on which gregarious existence depends, created the very first form of individual property, the earliest of individual belongings, in the shape of social repute. No matter how far we go back in the earlier forms of society, even in those in which individual ownership of material things can hardly be said to exist, in which lands are held for the common tribal benefit, and even game is turned into the common tribal stock, we find that there is always one thing which is each man's *peculium*, which, though of no use to anyone else, is to him the most valuable thing on earth, namely, the estimation in which he is held by the other men of the tribe with regard to the principal social virtue.

I say "the principal social virtue," because every community, civilized or uncivilized, arranges social virtues on a scale of its own. At the top of the list it places the virtue which it considers most important to its own existence and prosperity. In barbarous or military communities physical courage naturally occupies this place. The highest honors are reserved for the successful fighting man, and the deepest scorn heaped on the man who shrinks from fighting. Courage was, in truth, the only foundation for respectability all over Europe in the Middle Ages, except in the commercial Republics, where it was supplemented, if not supplanted, by financial probity. To-day it has sunk into a very secondary position in all commercial communities, and has been almost lost sight of in others, as is shown by the disappearance of the duel. In the former, in order to be respected by his neighbors, a man must, as a gen-

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eral rule, be peaceable, or what is called "law-abiding;" that is, not only slow to quarrel, but ready when he does quarrel to have his dispute settled by the courts. He must be truthful, that is, must be a man whose account of what he professes to know or have seen, and whose promises with regard to what he will do in future, may be relied upon. His domestic life must be pure, that is, he must be the husband of one wife and live with her in amity. If he has children, he must make such provision for their wants as his means will permit, and give them a decent education. If he is engaged in a trade or profession, he must carry out his contracts faithfully, and answer all expectations for which he has given reasonable cause. If he is an employer, he must treat his workmen with consideration and pay them their wages duly. He must, too, be ready to bear cheerfully his share of such burdens, whether in money or labor, as sudden or unforeseen occasions, whether of good or evil fortune, may impose on the community to which he belongs. He must, furthermore, be what is called "a good neighbor," that is, be ready to interchange with those who live near him not only the small courtesies called for by mere propinquity, but the larger offices of charity created by sickness or misfortune.

It will thus be seen that as civilization has advanced the conditions of respectability have multiplied. At the beginning valor constituted a sufficient claim to social consideration. As the arts spread and the social organization grew more complex, and opinion became more powerful, a man had to increase the number of his titles to the esteem of his neighbors. But there never has been any period when these titles were not among his most valuable possessions, or in other words, when what people thought of him was not, almost as much as tangible property, or even more than tangible property, necessary to the comfort and happiness of his life. Shakespeare's—

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed—"

is but the poetic expression of the idea of all societies, savage or civilized, that have ever existed, that a man's social standing was the particular kind of property most necessary to his enjoyment of life, the loss of which would greatly impair, if not destroy, the satisfaction derivable from all other kinds.

Now, where does the value of this social consideration to the community lie, apart from the satisfaction which it gives to each man's own self-esteem? In other words, why had he at one time to defend it himself with the sword, and why does the community now undertake to defend it for him through the courts? The first reason is, that the love of reputation is the most powerful motive to good conduct—perhaps the very strongest guarantee the community has for the good conduct—of the citizen. The approval of a man's own conscience is, of course, also a powerful one, but that it acts with anything like the same force on the great bulk of any community, we have not and cannot have any proof. What the power of conscience is in any individual case, nobody knows but the man himself. For the state of his moral nature, we have to trust entirely to his own story, and experience justifies us in refusing to pay much attention to this story until it is supported by a long course of visible good works. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is as sound a rule of jurisprudence as of moral philosophy.

Practically, it is to the desire of social approval, and the corresponding fear of social reprobation, that every community owes most of its protection from disorder and fraud, and most of its improvement on the moral side. No legislator depends on the courts and police for more than a very small part of the public peace and progress. Nearly the whole of that portion of every population to which the State looks for its general welfare and security—that is, the intelligent and industrious portion—are acted on strongly by the desire for the applause and good will of their neighbors, comparatively very little by the fear of the penal code. Outside

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the class in which crimes of violence are commonest, the ignorant, the vicious, and disorderly, the largest part of the penalty, even for violations of the law of the land, is the keen suffering which comes from the social disgrace which they entail on the offender and his family. For offences which do not entail such social disgrace, like those committed, as it is said, for conscience sake, such as succoring fugitive slaves in this country, or the refusal of Anglican clergymen in England to obey the civil courts in matters of ritual to-day in England, the jail has no terrors whatever. A very large part of our immense structure of commercial and financial credit is maintained by the same sanction. Of course, the fear of business ruin, which would follow failure to keep positive engagements, is the greatest support of financial fidelity and exactness; but for protection against that great mass of trickery and sharpness which is possible without absolutely putting credit, in the strict technical sense of the term, in peril, society has to rely in the main on the general love of approbation.

The purity of the sexual relation is largely preserved in the same way. The law in some countries punishes adultery; it punishes bigamy in all; but it punishes unchastity in none. It is the testimony of all competent observers that the penalties directed against adultery, where they exist and are enforced, have little or no deterrent effect, owing to the difficulty of proof, and the unwillingness of the injured party to appear as a prosecutor. In practice, the only legal defence of the marriage relation is divorce, which is, in nine cases out of ten, something which the guilty party desires or, at all events, does not fear. The most effective deterrent from matrimonial infidelity, next after consideration for the children, is fear of social reprobation. This is the one terror of the dissolute, or depraved, or light-minded, and thus does most for the maintenance of the family bond.

Many, however, who acknowledge that legislation in defence of domestic purity is useless unless supported by a strong public sense of its value, forget that this public sense of its value must, in order to act as a sanction, pass out of the stage of simple appreciation, or admiration, and take the form of judgment on conduct; that is, it must take the form both of praise and blame of individuals. It must be converted into positive approbation of the good husband or wife, and positive and expressed condemnation of the unfaithful husband or wife. It is this sentiment in this form which, more than any marriage vows, or any form of legal penalty, keeps down matrimonial irregularities, and compels large numbers of persons to support matrimonial infelicity with patience and resignation. It will thus be seen that the interest of the State in keeping alive the love of social approbation is immense. The dangerous men, whether high or low in every community, are the men who do not feel it, or feel it only in a very slight degree.

Next we may ask, what does social consideration or reputation do for the individual? What rights, privileges, or immunities does it procure him, apart from the satisfaction it may give his vanity or self-esteem? It gives him in the first place the comfort which comes to every man and to his family from the knowledge that his neighbors think well of him. The extent to which this enters into a man's happiness, of course, varies in individuals, but next after assured subsistence, it forms, to nine men out of ten, the chief reason for loving life, for clinging to one's own birthplace and country, and for reluctance to emigrate or fix one's abode among strangers, whose opinion of one has still to be formed. A disgraced man is, to all intents and purposes, a man beginning a life of exile, and one of the sorrows of early struggling youth lies in the fact that people have not yet formed any estimate of the young man's character or capacity. Reputation, in fact, surrounds a man with an atmosphere of peace and hopefulness which he enjoys unconsciously, very much as he enjoys health in bright, clear weather; and his family live in it and benefit by it hardly less than he does himself.

In the next place, it gives weight to his opinions in all matters in which he shares his interest with other people.

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A man of good reputation is listened to with a deference which nothing but actual power can procure for a man of poor reputation. His advice, too, is taken with a readiness which his ability or experience may not always warrant, because there is a strong disposition in human nature to infer wisdom from goodness—a conclusion which is generally true in spite of the contempt often felt and expressed by "practical men" for the opinions of moralists, like clergymen and philosophers, and in spite of the frequent exhibitions of incapacity in ordinary affairs of life made by men of undoubted purity and simplicity of character. Influence, of course, follows power, whether it be the power of wealth or of office, without much reference to the character of the holder; but it is enormously increased and strengthened by popular belief in a man's sincerity, kindliness, and honesty, and may, by the same help, survive the loss of both fortune and place.

Though last, not least, reputation in trade and business takes the place to a large extent of capital. Every man whose character is held in high estimation by his neighbors, can always command more credit than his visible means will warrant; that is to say, he can borrow to an extent which a mere examination of his assets would not justify. His promises are treated as if they were cash, although the manner in which they can be converted into cash may be unknown to those who trust him. In fact, if reputation were taken from under the fabric of modern commercial credit, the result would be an immense financial collapse. The larger part of it is built up on the assumption that the word of certain men is literally "as good as their bond," or, in other words, that they feel moral obligations more strongly than legal ones. Illustrations of this proposition can be found in nearly every pursuit and calling. A lawyer's professional value is greatly increased by public confidence in his character; so is a doctor's, or architect's, or engineer's. The value of this confidence from a purely commercial point of view can hardly be estimated until a man loses it; then, and then only, can it be seen how much it had done for him. That particular men have been and are able to achieve worldly success in certain occupations without it, is doubtless true, and a matter of common observation; but it will be found in nearly every such case that the absence of reputation has been compensated for by some rare peculiarity of mind or temperament. To illustrate or enforce this theory by examples would be easy, but it would carry me into personalities which would hardly be warrantable in a paper of this sort.

The value of reputation to the individual, and the importance to the state of having him estimate it highly, being made clear, it remains to consider what does, can, or might the state do to protect him in the enjoyment of it. The reluctance of the state to do anything whatever, has been one of the most curious facts of modern history. It is only since the invention of printing that libel has become an important subject to the legislator or jurist. Spoken slander, in the days before pamphlets and newspapers, was of trifling importance, and the punishment or repression of it was left, as attacks on property were at a still earlier period, to the victim himself by means of the duel or single combat, or some sort of corporal chastisement. The idea that this class of injury is most appropriately punished by personal violence has in fact survived down to our own day. There still lingers in the minds of the public, even in this country and in England, where the duel has died out, the notion that, though one ought to rely exclusively on the police and the courts for the protection of one's goods and chattels, yet there is certain peculiar fitness in protecting reputation or privacy against libel or intrusion by the cudgel or the horsewhip. That there is a certain pusillanimity in seeking redress for such wrongs in the courts only, has only very recently wholly disappeared from among us, and the public "thrashing" of libellous editors has been witnessed in New York within the present generation.

There is, too, a very remarkable survival of this idea in the theory on which the common law first based its procedure in the criminal prosecution of libel. That theory was that the state was only called in to concern itself with libel

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or slander as a criminal offence, because it was likely to lead to a breach of the peace. Out of this grew the apparently absurd, but really perfectly logical, dictum, "the greater the truth the greater the libel," because the truer it was, the more likely it was to lead to what Southerners call "a difficulty." It was, in short, only when the person libelled seemed likely to seek redress *vi et armis*, that the law felt called upon to interfere; but this was a distinct advance on the earlier view that the law need not concern itself at all with such quarrels. It fell a long way short, however, of the more modern and more civilized view that it is as much the duty of the state to provide security for reputation as for property, and that it is, moreover, the interest of the state to do so, a man's regard for his reputation being one of the chief guarantees of social order and progress.

This duty of punishing slander as a crime exists apart from, and is independent of, the duty of furnishing the citizen with means of recovering from the libeller pecuniary compensation for the injury done, when the extent of such injury is ascertainable in terms of money. There are certain cases in which damage computable in money is presumed by the law to have resulted from the slander, as when a clergyman is accused of intemperance or profligacy; a lawyer of dishonesty; a merchant of insolvency; or a doctor of ignorance. In all such cases it is not necessary for the plaintiff to prove any loss resulting from the slander. The law says loss *must* have resulted from it, and the only question the jury have to pass upon, the utterance of the slander having been proved, is the question of amount. In other cases, where damage is not presumed, the plaintiff has to prove his damage, but the jury are allowed a large discretion in the matter of estimating it. They can take into account his mental suffering, or the frequent repetition, as an aggravation; or they may, on the other hand, treat an apology, or the absence of malice, a good intention, as a mitigation of the damage. In fact, the whole matter of libel and slander is in the hands of the jury. The law, as laid down by the judge, has now very little control over it. The juries are to-day the true and untrammelled protectors of private reputation and, it may be said also, the true censors of the press. It is they who really decide what may and may not be written or said about a man's reputation.

Cases of real slander, however, now very seldom come before them. Actions for words spoken are now almost unknown in the United States, although in the earlier history of the country they occupied a good deal of the time of the courts, even in the remoter districts. There are two probable reasons for this. One is that local life is now much less isolated than it used to be. Even the inhabitants of farms and country villages are in much closer communication with outer world and much more occupied with large external events than formerly. They are, therefore, much less concerned about each other, and pay less attention to each other's sayings and doings, and are less sensitive to unkind or malicious speeches. The other reason is that, when anyone wishes seriously to damage reputation nowadays, he inevitably seeks to put it in a newspaper, as the channel through which he can obtain most publicity, and make his attack most seriously felt. Consequently, it is newspaper libel which furnishes nearly all the cases on which juries are required to pass. In one way this makes their task easier; in another harder. In actions for oral slander there was always a good deal of trouble in getting at the words actually spoken, owing to the defective memory or bad faith of witnesses. In cases of printed libel there can be no dispute about the language constituting the libel.

But the question of libel in newspapers is attended with a difficulty of another sort, and a much more serious one. Newspapers are not only collectors of news in the ordinary sense of the term, they are also the channels through which the citizen gets nearly all his knowledge of the working of his government, and of the character, aims, and deeds of the men who carry it on, or seek to influence it. This fact generally increases the responsibility of juries, by the importance it gives to the

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question of "privilege." As an English writer on jurisprudence * has well said: "A notoriously bad man has not a legal right to be respectfully described in speech or writing as a good man has. A man doing an important public act, or addressing a literary treatise to his fellow-countrymen, has no right entitling him to shut the mouths even of harsh and severe critics, even though their general intention be unkindly, but not accompanied by that vehement desire, or distinct consciousness of doing evil, which alone the law denounces. For general public reasons it may be, that no man has a right entitling him to close the mouths even of the severest critics of his conduct in the course of his administration of public justice; in that of the deliberations of the Legislative Assembly, or in certain other more private circumstances, as in the course of tendering confidential advice with respect to trustworthiness for important employments."

When we add to these considerations another and most important one—the extent to which the government, as well as those large quasi-public enterprises, the railroads, is carried on or regulated by discussion, mainly through the newspapers, it is easy to see how difficult is the task imposed on jurors in our day of defining the exact limits of individual right in the matter of security for reputation. And it is also, for the same reason, easy to understand the confusion and uncertainty which exist in the public mind as to what is libellous and what is not. No two juries are likely to take the same view of any case of libel. This is notoriously true, when the libel has any relation to politics, or when the decision in it is likely to have any political influence or effect. It is then of the most importance, to either plaintiff or defendant, to have the jury composed, wholly or in the main, of persons of his own way of thinking on public questions. Nothing is more striking in the way in which men judge newspaper criticism, than the difference it makes, whose ox is gored. Whether condemnation is too severe, or whether the limits between public and private character have been overstepped in any particular comment on a man in public life, is apt to be decided by most men under the influence of party predilection. A low view of one's opponents, personally as well as politically, seems an almost inevitable result of active participation in, or strong interest in, party politics. It grows up imperceptibly, and often becomes incapable of eradication, and is a strong stimulus, and sometimes a powerful protection, for newspaper attacks on reputation.

But perhaps the most powerful agent in instigating such attacks, and securing for them a certain indulgence or impunity, is the increasing importance of elections in those States which have adopted universal suffrage. Not only is the mass to be moved much increased and increasing in bulk at parliamentary or presidential elections; but the interests dependent on the result of the election are increasing in the same ratio. The effect of this is to give to electioneering, as has been often remarked, the unscrupulousness of actual warfare, and to create among partisans on both sides a strong disposition to connive at, or at all events to condone, any excesses however great which seem likely to influence the issue, for this result is now tremendous. A general election in France, England, or the United States to-day, may transfer to fresh hands the control of some hundreds of thousands of office-holders, the command of great fleets and armies, and the spending of revenues which would, even a century ago, have seemed fabulous in amount. The chief engine in effecting this transfer is the press, for even orators now reach the public through the press, and of course, the pressure to resort to any assertion or insinuation which can by any chance influence even a hundred votes, is very strong, in many cases overwhelming. The defences which in ordinary times surround private character, or separate public from private life, are apt in the midst of a political canvass to be treated as of no more account, by the directors or managers on either side, than the paling round a private garden by the commander of a battery going in to action in a real welfare.

* Amos's Systematic View of the Science of Jurisprudence, p. 293.

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The countenance given to forgery of documents, or—if this be too strong a phrase—the easy acceptance accorded to suspicious documents for the purpose of blackening the character of political opponents, within recent years, both in England and this country, is a striking illustration of the fierceness of political contests, and of the readiness with which any means of influencing public opinion may be resorted to at critical periods. Legal prevention of this is difficult to furnish as long as, under our jury system, the jurymen have to be partisans who have themselves been taking part in the fray. At present there is no punishment for forgery which does not aim at the transfer of property, or at the escape from pecuniary liability. But forgery which has for its direct or indirect object the deception of voters at an election touching the character and aims of a candidate, is fully as great an offence against the community at large as fraud committed for the purpose of pecuniary gain. It can only be repressed, however, by making those who use a forgery without reasonable exertions to ascertain its real character, share to some extent in the responsibility of the actual concoctors of it. This latter is apt, in most cases, to be a paltry person, who has little or nothing to lose in money or reputation in case of discovery, and yet it is he only who now has, in case of discovery, any legal penalty to fear. Everybody who turns his labor to account in the press or in the platform ought to be exposed also to criminal pursuit. There is nothing more important to the state than that the voter should have accurate knowledge as to the character and history of the men whom he puts into important official places; and attempts of any kind to prevent his getting it, or to furnish it to him in a spurious condition, are quite as fit objects of punishment as attempts to prevent his voting according to his conscience through corruption or intimidation.

Finally, there ought to be provision made for the more speedy trial of libel cases, because slander is the one form of personal injury the consequences of which gain in severity by mere lapse of time. After a robbery or a physical assault, the victim, if the injury be not fatal or he is not stripped of everything he possesses, begins to recover more or less rapidly. But a wound to the reputation not only does not heal, but grows deeper every day which goes by before the appearance of some formal and public refutation of the slander. Each day adds to the number of those who hear it and believe it, and for the same reason, to the number of those whom the refutation of it cannot reach. It is, therefore, of the last importance to the injured person that the means of redress should be easily attainable in point of time; but it is also of importance to newspapers that these means of redress should not be so easily attainable pecuniarily that they should offer temptations to blackmailers, or to excitable or morbid persons, to begin proceedings which the courts are sure to treat as frivolous.

One of the facts of human nature which all legislators dealing with the question of libel have to take into consideration, is its greater readiness to receive and circulate stories detrimental than stories creditable to reputation. The saying that "a lie makes its way across lots, while truth has to go round by the dirt road," is more applicable to calumnious attacks on character than to any other form of falsehood. A piece of news which throws some kind of disrepute on a person, particularly if he is well known, or occupies a place of any prominence, although it may not be generally believed, is diffused much more rapidly than one which would raise him in popular esteem. Rochefoucauld's well-known saying that, "we take a secret pleasure in the misfortunes of our best friends," has been explained, by those who acknowledge its truth, by the general desire for superiority, no matter how acquired, with which we are all consciously or unconsciously animated. The love of scandal has possibly the same source. It for the moment raises the narrator above his victim, or at all events pulls the victim down to his level, by revealing some great or small imperfection. The old *scandalum magnatum*, or libel on peers and other great personages, of the English law, although an absurdity in modern democratic eyes,

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did recognize the fact that the highly placed furnish calumny with a shining mark, and that the dragging down of the mighty has been not unpleasing sport to the natural man in all ages. Consequently, a disposition to attack reputation is the form of lawlessness which survives longest in all civilized communities, and is most difficult to deal with by legislation.

Closely allied to it, and in fact growing out of it, is the disposition to intrude on privacy. Privacy is a distinctly modern product, one of the luxuries of civilization, which is not only unsought for but unknown in primitive or barbarous societies. The savage cannot have privacy, and does not desire or dream of it. To dwellers in tents and wigwams it must always have been unknown. The earliest houses of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors in England, even among the Thanes, consisted of only one large room in which both master and mistress, and retainers, cooked, ate, and slept. The first sign of material progress was the addition of sleeping-rooms, and afterward of "withdrawing-rooms" into which it was possible for the heads of the household to escape from the noise and publicity of the outer hall. One of the greatest attractions of the dwellings of the rich is the provision they make for the segregation of the occupants. All of the improvements, too, of recent years in the dwellings of the poor, have been in the direction, not simply of more space, but of more separate rooms. The old proverb which says that "Poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows," is but the expression of the universal desire of civilized man to have within reach a place in which he can, when the fancy seizes him, be alone, and out of the reach of society. In no way does poverty make itself more painfully felt by people of refinement or cultivation, than in the loss of seclusion and the social promiscuousness which it entails. To have a house of one's own is the ambition of nearly all civilized men and women, and the reason which most makes them enjoy it is the opportunity it affords of deciding for themselves how much or how little publicity should surround their daily lives.

The famous dictum of Coke, "A man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium*," "his castle and fortress as well for his defence against injury and violence as for his repose," is but the expression in terms of politics of the value attached by the race to the power of drawing, each man for himself, the line between his life as an individual and his life as a citizen, or in other words, the power of deciding how much or how little the community shall see of him, or know of him, beyond what is necessary for the proper discharge of all his duties to his neighbors and to the state. And this recognition by law and custom of a man's house as his *tutissimum refugium*, his place of repose, is but the outward and visible sign of the law's respect for his personality as an individual, for that kingdom of the mind, that inner world of personal thought and feeling in which every man passes some time, and in which every man who is worth much to himself or others, passes a great deal of time. The right to decide how much knowledge of this personal thought and feeling, and how much knowledge, therefore, of his tastes, and habits, of his own private doings and affairs, and those of his family living under his roof, the public at large shall have, is as much one of his natural rights as his right to decide how he shall eat and drink, what he shall wear, and in what manner he shall pass his leisure hours.

Of course, the importance attached to this privacy varies in individuals. Intrusion on it afflicts or annoys different persons in different degrees. It annoys women more than men, and some men very much more than others. To some persons it causes exquisite pain to have their private life laid bare to the world, others rather like it; but it may be laid down as a general rule that the former are the element in society which most contributes to its moral and intellectual growth, and that which the state is most interested in cherishing and protecting. Personal dignity is the fine flower of civilization, and the more of it there is in a community, the better off the community is. It is the only form of self-respect which does not "take on airs," and which is constantly compelled to justify itself by suitable living. But

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without privacy its cultivation or preservation is hardly possible. It is not one of the incidents of life in a camp, or a barrack, or in a man-of-war, or in a tenement-house, or a caravan. It can never become a social force without putting within the reach of those who seek it or care for it, the means of defending it.

The chief enemy of privacy in modern life is that interest in other people and their affairs known as curiosity, which in the days before newspapers created personal gossip. As soon in the progress of civilization as men left the tent, or wigwam, or tribal dwelling, and retreated into private houses, a desire on the part of their neighbors to know what was going on in the private houses sprang up rapidly, and has flourished ever since the world over. There is a story of the traveller in the hotel in the Western mining town, who pinned a shirt across his open window to screen himself from the loafers on the piazza while performing his toilet; after a few minutes he saw it drawn aside roughly by a hand from without, and on asking what it meant, a voice answered, "We want to know what there is so darned private going on in there?" The loafers resented his attempts at seclusion in their own rude way, but they did it under the influence of a feeling which runs through all social life in our world. Curiosity, in its larger and nobler aspect, lies at the root of Western, as distinguished from Oriental, civilization. In its smaller, pettier, and more ignoble shape, it became the passion of the Paul Pry and the scandal-monger. Everybody who feels this latter, or social curiosity, as we may call it, is more or less ashamed of it. Nobody quite likes to confess that he is eager to know all he can about his neighbor's private life, and yet the private lives of our neighbors form the staple topic of conversation in most circles in the absence of strong intellectual, political, or commercial interests. This eagerness may be defended on the ground that the love of gossip is after all human, and that everything that is human concerns us deeply. The most absorbing topic for the bulk of mankind must always be other men's doings and sayings, and it can hardly be denied that there is some substance in this apology. But as long as gossip was oral, it spread, as regarded any one individual, over a very small area, and was confined to the immediate circle of his acquaintances. It did not reach, or but rarely reached, those who knew nothing of him. It did not make his name, or his walk, or his conversation familiar to strangers. And what is more to the purpose, it spared him the pain or mortification of knowing that he was gossiped about. A man seldom heard of oral gossip about him which simply made him ridiculous, or trespassed on his lawful privacy, but made no positive attack on his reputation. His peace and comfort were, therefore, but slightly affected by it.

In all this the advent of the newspapers, or rather of a particular class of newspapers, has made a great change. It has converted curiosity into what economists call an effectual demand, and gossip into a marketable commodity. The old Paul Pry whom our fathers despised and caricatured, and who was roundly kicked and cuffed on the stage for his indiscretions, has become a great wholesale dealer in an article of merchandise for which he finds a ready sale, and by which he frequently makes a fortune. In other words, gossip about private individuals is now printed, and makes its victim, with all his imperfections on his head, known hundreds or thousands of miles away from his place of abode; and, what is worst of all, brings to his knowledge exactly what is said about him, with all its details. It thus inflicts what is, to many men, the great pain of believing that everybody he meets in the street is perfectly familiar with some folly, or misfortune, or indiscretion, or weakness, which he had previously supposed had never got beyond his domestic circle.

It is no defence for this state of things to say that the passion for notoriety of any kind has been fostered to such an extent by this wide diffusion of printed gossip, that there is a large number of people who do not dislike it, but on the contrary put themselves in the way of having their private life explored by the press. They are a small minority at best, and their taste must be recognized

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as a depraved one, which even if the legislator does not discourage, he is not bound to take notice of at all, or to make its gratification easy. But it is not easy to say in what way a legislator could protect privacy, or prevent any intrusions into it, which do not plainly tend to bring a person into contempt or ridicule, or in other words, which do not amount to what the law defines as libel. Press laws, more than any others, have to be supported not simply by the opinions but by the manners of the community. One of the effects on manners of a free and unbridled press, and of a great multiplicity of newspapers, is undoubtedly to lessen public sensitiveness to spoken or printed ridicule, or abuse, or depreciation, and consequently to lessen popular sympathy with the victim of it. In France a man can legally prevent or punish the mere mention of his name in any disagreeable connection, if he be not in political, literary, or artistic life. He can at once stop newspaper gossip about him, even though it be harmless gossip; that is, he can forbid the publication of information of any sort about himself or his affairs. But in France the law on this subject is supported by a sensitiveness to ridicule or insult which has probably never existed in any Anglo-Saxon country, and if it ever existed here in any degree, has been destroyed by the number and enterprise of the newspapers and the extremely democratic condition of American society. To provide legal protection for those who still retain it would, therefore, in the absence of popular sympathy, be very difficult. Juries, as I have said, are the real censors of the press, and juries are apt to be made up of men who, though they will punish actual damage to a man's reputation, are not disposed to make much account of mere wounds to his feelings or his taste. The influence on manners, too, of the eagerness of notoriety is inevitably great in a society in which there are no distinctions of rank and no recognized social grades. To be widely known for some reason or other, or for any reason, is the one distinction which seems within every man's reach, and the desire for it is sufficiently widely diffused not only to diminish popular sympathy with people who love the shade of private life, but to some extent to make this particular state of mind somewhat incomprehensible.

In truth, there is only one remedy for the violations of the right to privacy within the reach of the American public, and that is but an imperfect one. It is to be found in attaching social discredit to invasions of it on the part of conductors of the press. At present this check can hardly be said to exist. It is to a large extent nullified by the fact that the offence is often pecuniarily profitable. It is frowned on severely by society at the outset, before it has fairly begun to pay, but as soon as the offender is able to show that it is bringing him in a large revenue, it is rapidly condoned or overlooked, and he takes rank among the successful business men of the community, and finds his claim to whatever honors wealth brings with it; if not universally acknowledged, acknowledged sufficiently to more than compensate him for any previous discomfort. This amounts to saying that the responsibility for the excesses of the press in this direction, must fall in the last resort upon the general use of the money as the sign of success in life, and the possession of it as, to some degree, a justification of the means employed in acquiring it. As long as the money-getting talent holds the field against all other competing talents, in the race for distinction of every kind, we shall probably not see any great change in the attitude of the press on this subject. This supremacy of the pecuniary reward over all other rewards, as an incentive to exertion, can hardly be permanent, but it is one of the phenomena of the present day, which cannot be overlooked in any discussion of the defences thrown by law or opinion around the reputation or privacy of individuals.

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UNDER FIVE SHILLINGS.

By Octave Thanet.

SIR CHRISTOPHER PULLEN, the new lord of Audely, and the Lady Agatha, his wife, had nearly ridden down Goody Bassely Crawme, as they crossed the common on a gallop.

Lady Agatha reined in her palfrey, frowning and silent; but Sir Kit (so they called him in the village) apologized, using more courtesy than was common in the days of King Edward VI. between his degree and hers.

"'Tis naught," muttered a deep, stern voice, while the old crone pursued her way, omitting the decent reverence to a superior.

"Saw ye the uncivil body?" exclaimed Lady Agatha, with a curl of her handsome lip.

"Ah, well, sweetheart," the pacific Sir Kit answered, "'tis an aged soul and faithful, and the world hath gone ill with her masters."

The knight's wife looked at him fondly. He was no hero; she knew that better than anyone; but Sir Kit had a lovable side to his character which she appreciated keenly, although she could jest at it as she did this moment.

"I have no such evil-willer in the world as that old age," said she, "but I perceive 'tis easy for you to forgive her."

Sir Kit was smiling. "Nay, wife," he answered; "but I consider her hard conditions. And, in good sooth, I be so well content, nowadays, that I can find it in my heart to be noisome, wittingly, to no man."

The face which was turned on Lady Agatha, while he spoke, beamed with a deep and strong emotion. It was a face to please a woman's eye—refined in mould and coloring, with a humorous shrewdness invigorating the sweetness of the mouth and twinkling in the gentle, large, blue eyes. His mouster-deviler-colored silk hose and velvet doublet revealed a graceful, well-knit frame, and he managed his spirited beast with the ease of long practice.

Nevertheless Sir Kit looked the scholar rather than the soldier, and scholar rather than soldier or man of action he was, in spite of some bold service in the wars; a gentle-natured observer, a not unkindly critic of the bitter passions and frantic follies of his time, incapable of fanaticisms or arrogant enthusiasms; it may be, equally incapable of a noble resistance; yet, all in all, a good man, of pure life, and a large humanity. Sir Kit was not noble by birth. He was the second son of a great London goldsmith, Sir Gyles Pullen, alderman and knight. Kit as a lad was destined for the cloister, the natural place, people thought, for a delicate boy with a turn for letters.

At that time, you may be sure, there was no talk of Sir Gyles, knight, and there was a healthy, high-spirited elder brother in the world, to the bargain. But Master Pullen was knighted, and the elder brother died unmarried; therefore it came to pass that the name of Christopher Pullen appears among

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those young monks who were permitted (before the general dissolution of the monasteries) to resume their secular habits and return to the world.

Certain scandalous chroniclers of the time will have it that the real motive for the young monk's acceptance of the king's grace was neither his sense of filial duty nor a change in religion. They tell that he had fallen in love with his fair penitent, Lady Agatha Neville. It was a derogation on the part of an earl's daughter to marry a commoner of mean birth, apart from the stain on such "monkish marriages" in good Catholics' notions; but the earl was poor and Sir Gyles was rich, and young Kit distinguished himself in the Pilgrimage of Grace, at the head of a troop raised and paid by his father. In consequence not only was he knighted by the king, but he received a handsome estate from the delighted Sir Gyles, and "at the end," says one old gossip of the day, "the Lady Agatha had her will."

The marriage was an exceptionally happy one, although there had been one sore disappointment—no children were born to the house of Pullen. Hence a cruel whisper among their tenants of the old faith: Behold a righteous punishment for the married monk!

No tongue wagged more glibly or scattered more venom than old Bassely's; and if a great lady may stoop to hate a poor body, the Lady Agatha hated Goody Crawme.

I daresay now she threw a smouldering backward thought on the enemy too low to strike. Such stir of the mind would be of a cast to heighten the brilliancy of a beauty which surviving portraits image stately and calm.

Doubtless it painted her fair, fresh-colored face with a brighter cheek, lighted a liquid sparkle in her deep, dark eyes, and curved the swan-like neck more majestically. Perhaps there was a little hardness about the features (they were large, of the type that we call Roman), but no man on whom Lady Agatha smiled ever thought her face hard.

She smiled, now, at the admiration in her husband's eyes.

"I would I could content Sir Gyles so easily as I can thee," she said.

"Nay, thou dost; 'tis I miscontents my father," replied Sir Kit, quickly, "he deemeth that I bear me too gentle toward evil-doers. He hath it in hand to settle himself at the Abbey, but he feareth to leave me lord of the manor. Yet, methinks, he will go. Then shall we be alonely, dear heart."

Their eyes met, and Lady Agatha forgot Goody Crawme.

The old woman's figure, by this time, was only a black silhouette in the distance, backed by the green fields and the rich August sky.

She was an erect and sturdy old woman, whose gray hair was thick above her wrinkled forehead, and who carried a stick for no need of her limbs, but, I fear, solely to menace divers "waccabones and lotherers," who were used to assail her for the sound and plausible reason that they were zealous Protestants, and she had been wife to the Catholic lord's cook.

The cook and all his children, three stout boys, had followed the old lord, Marmadace Audely, into the insurrection of 1547. Master Crawme was so happy as to be killed in battle; and so were Lord Audely and his elder son; but the younger Audely and Dame Crawme's boys perished miserably in the legal carnage that followed.

Of the children of Audely there remained only a little blind lass, too young to realize her desolation. Old Bassely gave her master's darling a home. They lived, on sufferance, in a poor hut of mud and sticks, on the edge of the village. Goody Crawme kept a cow, and geese, and chickens; and having a good skill in her husband's craft she contrived to earn a humble livelihood as helper at feasts and weddings among the richer sort. Privately she was considered a good deal by the old tenants. But there were many stings. It was a fall in the world. Goody Crawme had been Dame Crawme, a personage in the household, who had her own comfortable timber and plaster house, and rode her own palfrey. Now she lived in a hovel and must go afoot.

But far, far more pain to the loyal old soul was it to watch the bright creature that she loved growing up in poverty. And there was a fear, beside, which stung her anew at every sight of the Lady

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Agatha. To-day she cursed the married monk and his wife. "Never to thee will I give my lamb," shrieked she. "'Tis not for long to bide quiet. God's hand is on the king; the Lady Mary's day will come, ye murdering thieves!"

She choked down the climbing passion in her throat, there was no time for grief or fury, she had business in hand, and here was the village.

The Signe of the Egle (thus is the inn of Audely written in the county history) stood cornerwise on the curving village street, pushing its gabled shoulders out of a ragged line of thatched roofs. Already lights and fires made a ruddy glow behind round arched windows; and the shadows were beginning to huddle under the copse sides and in the corners of the court.

If by no other token, you might be aware of approaching nightfall by the ever-deepening clamor of voices in the porch.

Goody Crawme grunted in huge scorn, recognizing a familiar note. "Tom Hawarth prating o' Joan Boacher's burning, still! Oh, ye weary swell-pate! And me which seen a man boiled alive ne'er did brag twice on't. By God's wounds, did ye get your desarvings, for the pestilent heretic knave ye be, we could see a burning i' our own market-set, nor need to gape furder!"

Grinning malignantly at her vision of the good Protestant's fate, she went into the inn. She had seen the person whom she was seeking. He stood in the centre of the tap-room listening to the talk with a satirical smile. He was a middle-aged man, of a fine shape, a swarthy countenance, and a quick, bright black eye. His dress was grave but handsome; a short gown of "chanabulle" or changeable silk, the main hue being a shade of cinnamon, "purfled" (that is, edged) with minever fur, and lined with blue taffety, with blue silk hose and a jewelled velvet cap. On the strength of his costume he might have passed for a man of rank; he was really a London physician. Perceiving Dame Crawme he disengaged himself from the crowd. The two left the house and drew apart a little, out of ear-shot. She had been fumbling all the while in her leathern bag.

Finally she pulled out some pieces of silver, saying: "Here be the sum, four and twenty testons.* Pleaseth you, worshipful sir, come quickly to my lady!"

The man raised his eyebrows as with a long forefinger he pushed the coins about on her palm. "Nay, Goody," said he, "here are bare sixteen shillings; I said twenty-four."

"The shilling equals ninepence," cried the old woman, all the swift suspicion of the poor in arms; "a murrain on the base money! But here be thirty-two shilling. I had the last, yestreen, of the king's purveyors. They drave a hard bargain wi' me, too. They telled me the king hath called down the shilling to ninepence, and ye call it sixpence."

"Even so, dame," said the doctor, dryly, "by the king's own proclamation, which I did hear read this day at the cross in the market-set."

The old woman hardly seemed to hear him; she was too busy with her own anxiety. "Master Langdon," said she, "when ben ye here last?"

"It may be six months agone."

"Yea, sir. And ye did say ye cold cure my lady's eyes. I ha' worked and starved to gather the fee since that day. How be I to win eight shilling mo'? And ye go to-morrow! How long or ye come again?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders; he had no idea; belike never.

The shillings jangled in the old woman's hand. "God's curse on them that strip the poor!" cried Goody Crawme.

Even as she spoke she was pushed aside by a vehement new-comer in livery, who bade the doctor follow him; Sir Gyles willed his attendance.

"But my lady—" pleaded old Bassely.

"For God's pity—ye did promise!"

"Tush," answered Dr. Langdon, but not unkindly. "I like not to fish and catch a frog! Fet me *twenty* shillings to-morrow, and we will see. Have with you, good fellow!"

Sir Gyles's retainer hurried the physician away.

Was he a physician, or was he a quack? There were insensible gradations between the legitimate school and the pretenders, those days; but Dr. Langdon's

*A teston equalled a shilling.

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cures were considered wonderful; at any rate, poor Bassely believed in him. Her heart swelled with an intolerable pain. She could see behind the round oak tops the ancient Norman towers of Audely. There lay her nursling's rightful heritage, and the king had wrenched it from her to bestow on a "clerking knight," a "forestaller" and "regrator," a goldsmith who lent out money at usury.

There was a savor of hardness of heart and unchristian-like dealing about all interest to Bassely's generation. Dame Crawme was sure that Sir Gyles was the wickedest and cruellest man in England, which he was not by any means.

And he and the minion, his son, could order the great doctor about like a serving-man; while the rightful lady of Audely must lose her chance to know the sun for the lack of a few shillings!

Four shillings—four shillings before to-morrow morning—why, they were as much beyond her reach as four hundred!

A merciless thought kept goading her. "No, no," she moaned, answering it, "better blind than bred by her father's foes!"

She could see the child's little face, such a patient, merry, loving face it was. Bassely had prepared a humble feast, which was luxury in their bare living, to do honor to the doctor. Mildred did not know the object of the doctor's coming; but, child-like, she was delighted with the supper; and Bassely was listening to her laughter now.

She wrung her hands and groaned aloud. Just at this moment it was the lamentable fortune of Bassely Crawme to perceive something glittering at her feet.

She had gone some considerable way on her road and was traversing a field of the manor.

A foot-path and stile belonging to this field had been free to all, in Lord Audely's time; it was one of the village grievances that Sir Gyles should fussily interdict such passing. For that very reason the spiteful old woman always went by the path.

She regarded the object before her. It was a scarlet hood of fine Flemish cloth, embroidered in seed pearls and gold. Bassely knew it well. Once the property of Lady Audely, it had passed with the rest of the wardrobes and household goods to Sir Gyles, and Sir Gyles, a widower of rigid life, had given it to his daughter-in-law. Many a time had she seen the scarlet folds fluttering against Lady Agatha's black hair. She glowered at the radiant spot of finery. All at once her eyes flashed. "Why not?" she was thinking, exultantly, "the man will make more o' the gaud than four shillings!" She knew something of Dr. Langdon's morals, which were not cut on Sir Gyles's pattern; and she smiled grimly. "The Lady Agatha hath spoiled it for an honest woman's wearing, I trow," was her cruel word. "And he will go away and say naught. By Saint Stephen, 'tis safe enow!"

No scruple of honesty assailed her conscience; why should it? She did but take back her mistress's own.

Casting one swift glance about her, she snatched up the hood and rolled it under her long cloak.

"One good thing done this day," quoth she, piously crossing herself; "now, blessed St. Stephen, help me bear this matter to the end."

To St. Stephen she prayed because he was the Audelys patron saint to whom they had erected a fair abbey. This, also, had fallen into Sir Gyles's hands, being converted by him into a dwelling-house. He had spent great sums thereon, and it was rumored that Sir Gyles proposed to retire to the abbey, leaving Audely to the young people.

St. Stephen, anyone can see, had plenty of reason to assert himself.

"Now, worthy Master Stephen, be my good lord," prayed Dame Crawme. "I'll e'en fare me home to my mess o' sodden chickens and bacon and a pottel o' ale."

Meanwhile Sir Kit and his wife had ridden to their journey's object. They had discoursed of many things—their own plans, the "troublesome unquietness" of the realm somewhat, a little sadly of their childless state, a good deal of some thefts in the village that had sorely vexed Sir Gyles, and then, by a natural transition, of the dead lord of the manor and his daughter. There was a long-standing desire of Lady Agatha concerning this child, to which she always returned, as she did now.

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"Dear heart," said her husband, gently, "were there no other impediment, Sir Gyles——"

"He hath consented this very morn," replied Lady Agatha—and there was a show of triumph in her eye and cheek, if not in her voice—"so the damsel will take the name of Pullen. Then will he crave the king to grant her back her demesne of Gatherock, which," she added dryly, "he hath long coveted."

"Oh, sweetheart, sweetheart," Sir Kit laughed, "thou canst play on the strings of the heart like a lute. Even Sir Gyles cannot withstand ye."

"Ye make sport of me, Kit. Nay, husband, I do long to make the poor, fond maid mine own. Thou wilt come to love her too."

"The mother been dead, methinks," said Sir Kit, studying his horse's mane, "when my lord went to the wars. He did give the wench, being then six years of age, to this same Dame Crawme, and signed a paper to make her guardian because of her approved trustiness."

"Fy!" interrupted the lady, testily, "be we not large enow to overcome one hard-necked, railing old woman?"

"Ay, wife," Sir Kit answered, very gravely; "we be strong, but I mind me of the tale Nathan storied unto David, and the one ewe lamb."

The lady's eyes widened and sparkled, but she checked the retort on her lips. Sir Kit, like most gentle people, could be "marvellous obstinate;" all she said was, "Well, 'tis an old woman. An Goody Crawme did die, thou wouldst not withstand my suit, Kit?"

"By my faith, no, sweetheart," said Sir Kit, heartily.

To this Agatha made no reply. They rode on in silence until the lady pointed ahead, saying: "I did want to show ye the cottage—lo, yonder it stands."

The house was a wattled hut of two rooms, its thatched roof dipping over the crooked doorway like a shaggy eyebrow. The forest curtained off the horizon to the right, on the left was the village common. Sheep grazed over the sleek pastures, their white backs rimmed with the sunlight, for the sky was kindling above the tree-tops; and in the little garden the herbs and "salats" and waving cloud of asparagus, bathed in that soft effulgence, glowed with the most vivid tints of green.

A slim girl, in a blue Peneston frock, came to the doorway. Her yellow curls were blown about her sweet little face. Anyone ignorant of her affliction would have said that she looked down the road, with so much seeming intelligence and vivacity did she turn her head in the travellers' direction.

Neither would the ignorant observer have detected any blur or sign of infirmity in her mild violet eyes. Her light, strong, young figure, her eager young face, showed as little trace of the melancholy which is expected to accompany her condition; on the contrary, her entire person—excepting only those soft eyes—seemed to diffuse energy and child-like grace and a sparkling cheerfulness. The truth is, Mildred, poor, orphaned, blind, was as happy as any ten-year-old little girl in England. She had been too young to realize the tremendous catastrophe that had blotted out home and kindred and place in the world for her, and, never having seen, she felt no hardship in her blindness. She could be cheered by the sun which she could not see; she sang like a bird, and no doubt had a bird's poignant joy in singing. Every day her quick mind mastered some novel charm or thrilling secret of nature. There was old Bassely to love her, and the ploughman's babies, and the lambs, and Fangs the dog ("the towardness o' that doggy sure you did never seen!"), and an ugly cat, quite as dear to the affectionate little soul as could have been her beautiful catship that favored the Marquis of Carabas. Mildred would have demanded what should a little girl need more!

The riders drew rein before the pretty picture in the doorway.

Lady Mildred did not seem puzzled by their greetings, but called them by name, courtesying properly to each, as became a child, and always bending her small body in the right direction.

Her demeanor and her smiling face were a marked contrast with Dame Crawme's churlishness. Either the elder had not tried to infect the child with her venomous prejudices, or she had failed. Lady Agatha used to wonder how it was.

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She could not resist calling Mildred nearer, in order that she might stroke her soft cheek.

"I did fet thee a gift, child," said she; "in good sooth not quite a gift, since 'twas once thy lady mother's. I am rue that it slipped from my saddle-bow and is clean lost!"

"My mother, she is dead," said Mildred's tender voice. "Bassely telled me. Had you ever sight of her, madam? I often wonder was she like you?"

Lady Agatha winced. Sir Kit came to his wife's rescue, with a twinkle in his eye. The late Lady Audely, a most virtuous and high-born dame, had not been a beauty. Sir Kit, however, answered decorously that there was a likeness, and then, diverting the subject, promised another hood.

"'Tis rare kind o' your ladyship to remember me," Mildred said, gratefully.

"I cannot forget you, child," said Lady Agatha, with an impatient sigh. "Tell me, be ye not wearied, alonely here so much?"

Mildred looked amused.

"Nay, madam," she said, "I have a sight to do; and there be Fangs, and Grimsey, the cat, and Dace, and little Anne, and plenty mo'. And granny ever cometh at night."

"What canst thou do, little one?" Sir Kit asked, playfully, interested in this artless prattle.

She began, with an important air, to number her accomplishments on her fingers. "There be the sewing, I ha' made me a shift, mainly, and the sleeves o' two night rails——"

"God-a-mercy, maiden, *how!*" cried the knight.

In spite of the reverence due the high company, a little ripple of mirth escaped Mildred's pretty lips; it always affected her as a rare jest that people should be so confounded by the easy things which she did; to her mind they placed a ridiculous value on their eyes. "'Tis simple enow," said she; "Bassely doth crease the line, and I sew therein. I can cook, likewise, and I holp Bassely make rare fine cates and simnels and fritters; and all alonely I can make jussel.*

"Sure ye be the best housekeeper of a little maid in the county," laughed Sir Kit.

Lady Agatha looked on well pleased (sure that the marvellous quickness of apprehension which had won rugged Sir Gyles could not fail to affect his son's hospitable and inquisitive mind), while the flattered child picked out, unerringly, every utensil or piece of furniture that Sir Kit named, to display her knowledge of the room.

All at once she ran to the door. Her little figure grew rigid, her merry face stiffened with an expression of intensest attention. "'Tis granny," cried she, "but who else? There is a rowte of others."

Husband and wife exchanged glances of amazement; Goody Crawme did indeed approach, and at such a distance that it seemed impossible for any ear to detect a footfall. Behind her (in bare time to save the people with eyes who would have denied their presence) three men came over the crest of the hill. They were running.

They got abreast of Goody Crawme just as she reached the hut. She turned on them with a scowl. The men doffed their caps to the dignitaries. They were all of the village: Jock Miller, who kept the mill; Tom Hawarth, the constable; and poor Will Lack-Wit, who was esteemed little better than an idiot. All three breathed heavily, like men that had strained their lungs. "Pleaseth your worship," cried Hawarth, with his first clear breath, "we 'rest this woman for theft!"

Therewith he plucked Goody Crawme's cloak violently aside, and snatched the scarlet roll.

By now it was too dark to distinguish more than the color and shape; but Lady Agatha claimed it as her hood. She would have taken it had not the constable refused to yield it, saying that it was now evidence in the possession of the law and must be guarded. So he wrapped it up and tied it impressively, under the admiring eyes of Jock and Will.

"Ye wicked old age"—he addressed Goody Crawme as he worked—"I warrant ye done the thieving i' the village, too. We'll look i' your den, ye she-wolf!"

* From juscellum—broth or pottage.

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Like a she-wolf Goody Crawme glared at him. Not a sound did she make; but her lips twitched when the miller joined the cry: "Jesu, mercy, dame. 'A would ne credit it o' my old godsib. I gi'en Will the lie i' his teeth. 'A onely come t' make sure ye beant haired out o' your patience and led to railing, and had to prison for abusing o' authorities. But ye *done* it! Lord! Lord!"

Mildred had flown to her nurse. Instead of crying, as an ordinary child might do, her eyes flashed and she stamped her tiny foot. "You be false scurril knaves and very wicked men," she shouted, "to so entreat my grandam! She is good. She is no thief!"

The knight interfered. He demanded what was all this coil? Let the woman speak, mayhap she had but picked up the toy in the road and purposed to return it.

"Holy St. Stephen! Why not?" bawled the miller, his honest brow clearing. "A like hap mote come to any man."

"Not to her," the constable retorted. Did not the miller remember how Will Lack-Wit, asleep and out of sight under the hedge-rows, had been awakened by her passing, and seen her run and pick up the hood and conceal it under her cloak? Yea, and did she not vehemently deny having aught, when the said Will made inquisition of her? wherefore he had run back and found them to pursue her. "And your worship knows," concluded Hawarth, stolidly (with a glance of contempt at his weak volunteer deputy), "there did been a power o' picking and polling i' the parish alate, a vamous deal o' stuff lost, and great shame!"

"Ay, a parlous shame!" repeated the idiot, chuckling.

Now, in fact, this same imbecile, Will Lack-Wit, had done all the stealing himself, but he was not discovered until long afterward; while Goody Crawme, old, sour-tempered, an assured papist and suspect witch, was the most natural person in the world to accuse. She did speak at last. As to the thefts in the village, she solemnly avowed her innocence; as to the hood, she but took back her lady's own. Then, with mounting indignation, she poured out the story of her failure to move the doctor, inveighing against the base money; and she admitted candidly that in her desperation she had taken the hood, esteeming it rightfully her lady's own.

The miller's face worked nervously; he could feel the bite of part of her argument, having lost by the money and the forced prices. No doubt he wished himself well out of the affair, especially when Mildred broke in, piteously: "Oh, granny, 'tis so *easy* to be blind. I be not rue at all. Oh, kind sirs, she doth not know how easy 'tis, and ever maketh moan for me; and 'twas all for me she did it. Do not hurt her! And no harm be done, ye have the hood again."

"Why, so indeed we have, Tom," urged the miller, in a perspiration. "God's name, let's make no more ado 'bout it."

"Ay," said Sir Kit, mildly, "no mischief be done, and ye wot, Hawarth, 'tis robbery of a dwelling-house ye would make it; a felony, no less, punishable, if above five shillings, with death."

The old woman's ruddy color slipped out of her cheeks, and Mildred turned her blind face with a pathetic bewilderment from one voice to another. The constable's dogged face gave no clue to his thoughts.

"'Tis on my conscience," said he, sullenly, "to bring this fact afore Sir Gyles, that is a just and painful magistrate. Sure am I he will use his customable gentleness."

It was not for Sir Gyles's son to controvert this, whatever his private qualms. He had nothing more to offer. But old Bassely was not cowed, she burst out, shrilly: "Hark to him crack! *His* conscience! Zounds, I mind me how I got him whipt in the time of the lord that dead is, for deceiving of Luke Bennet's wife. The first strake he did curse, but after he did howl and skip till I was fain to laugh. Lord, miller, ye mind that sport!"

"Nay, dame, leave off railing," the knight interposed; "'tis now too late to call yesterday again."

The constable, scorning retort, bade her make ready. Dame Crawme loosened the slender arms about her neck. She addressed Lady Agatha. "Will ye take her?" she said, in a steady voice.

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"Yes," said Lady Agatha, as calmly, but she flushed red over cheek and brow.

"Hath *she* practised with these against thee, grandam?" said the child; "is *she* cruel to thee?"

The old woman struggled against some powerful emotion, while Lady Agatha watched her coldly.

The words, when they did come, surprised the lady: "Nay, my lamb," Dame Crawme answered, "that she did not. 'Tis a great noble lady, and thou must be guided by her and obedient unto her. Promise me that. And do ye not fret nor lour, for that will hurt me sharpest o' all."

"But will ye not come with me, granny?" cried the child; "will not the lady free thee from the cruel bad man?"

"I shall be clean free i' a few days, dearling lamb," said Bassely, steadily. There was something in the tone and her calm face that made the worthy miller more uncomfortable than ever. He was glad to be told off to search the house (where of course he found nothing), and he relieved his feelings a little by giving Mildred, who helped the searchers, a bright new sixpence, some very serviceable nails, and a saffron cake stuffed with raisins.

Bassely had a motive in sending Mildred into the house; she thus could speak more freely to Lady Agatha. The constable frowned and gnawed his lip when she stepped to the lady's rein, praying a word aside; nevertheless he did not venture to interfere. Sir Kit maliciously took care that he should not overhear the conversation, by questioning him briskly about the late thefts.

It was brief enough, this conversation. Dame Crawme said: "Ye have conquered, my lady. I ax ye not to spare me, that ben a vain quest."

"And out of my power," added Lady Agatha, quietly.

"Cake bread and loaf bread be all one wi' me, now," Bassely said; "cannot or will not, 'tis no differ. 'Tis not o' me I wold speak. Look you, I ha' made the path straight for ye wi' the child. I ha' never telled her evil o' ye, for I ben enforced with heaviness of heart for a great while, lest peradventure ye get her away, and if she be turned against thee, lo! how much the worser for her! Well, ye ha' gotten your will; and me"—she gave one passing glance of inexpressible bitterness at the cottage—"but for—*that*, I ben so tossed and turmoiled, I be not loath to quit this world. But, because that I defamed ye not, grant me this suit; deal ever gently with the wench! 'Tis a good wench, and loving and obedient, but there be sparkles o' the Audely fire. Ye shall better lead than drive. But I fear me not i' that point."

"God, he knows ye have no need," said Lady Agatha.

"I think mo' on a nodur matter. Rive not all the child's kindness for her own away. Let her remember somewhat her own house. Regarding of religion, the holy saints must e'en boggle for themselves the best they can," said the practical old cynic, "ne'er a one lifted a finger for me this day, and I be not going to make a blowe for them! Well, that be nigh all. She hath an ill throat some days i' the wind, ye will needs wrop her straightly. Ye will find all her cloathes in the big chest; they be not fitten for her quality, but I done my best. I ax ye not to see Master Langdon, for your own sake ye will do that."

"I shall not stick at anything ye would have," said Lady Agatha. "God so deal with me as I deal with this, my daughter."

Dame Crawme set her teeth, half with hatred, half with anguish, at that last word. "Yet why not?" muttered she; "better that than to beg. Better the big wolves than the little." She spoke aloud: "I hate ye right well, but I trust ye. Look ye, but one suit mo'. Ye will not let her mistrust what falleth on me till—till it be clean done and ended?"

Lady Agatha promised. I think that she was moved to add a kinder word, to express a cheering doubt as to the peril of the case, but pride and embarrassment bound her tongue; in the event, she did not speak at all.

Often, in subsequent times, the miller used to describe the parting; how the brave little creature dashed the tears from her eyes, and smiled and pressed her flower-like face lovingly to the wrinkled brown cheek, and promised to be

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good till her granny could come to her again.

"God help us," said the honest fellow, "Tom himself had not t' heart t' tell un t' trowte. So she fared to the castle, mistrusting naught, wi' our lady; and Tom and me fet the old dame; Will Lack-Wit, he ben no good."

Sir Gyles's malady admitted of no intrusion of business that night. Consequently old Bassely was locked up in "a strong chamber" to await her trial in the morning. Sir Kit could think of no more effectual comfort than a generous supply of food and wine.

. . . . . .

Lady Agatha sat in her chamber. The tapers in their silver candlesticks shed a pleasant, dim light. A bright fire burned in the fireplace, striking out splendid gleams from the gold-embroidered flowers on the great canopy of the bed. A richly carven arch was the entrance to an alcove in which had been placed a smaller bed. Lady Agatha, in her rocheted chair, with her needlework in hand and the candle-light on a paler cheek than common, looked strangely gentle. When she glanced toward the alcove her eyes would soften and brighten. Sir Kit had his book, but his own eyes strayed from the clumsy pages to search the dimness of the alcove, or to rest, half sadly, half humorously, on his wife's face. He was pained for many reasons; but, as always with many-sided temperaments like his, there was a little thread of amusement running through his pain.

It was he that spoke first, after a long silence. "The little maid was not troublesome; but did you note, when we left her alonely, she fair wept herself to sleep?"

"Yet with ne'er a sound," said Lady Agatha; "'tis a courageous wench, Kit."

"I mistrust me she will take the old dame's death hard"—Sir Kit flung his book aside to jump up and pace the floor—"an' they send her to the assizes, the quest will sure cast her of felony, to be hanged. 'Tis robbery from a dwelling-house, and over five shillings. Wife, can'st thou not be her right friend with Sir Gyles? He hath been monstrous out of frame, alate, because of his sickness and the thefts. He wold onely flout me! But thou canst spin a fair thread, as the saying is, and he loveth thee right well. Ye may bring him to a good trade."

Lady Agatha shook her head dubiously.

She was not afraid of Sir Gyles like Kit, but she knew just how stubborn and tempestuous were his humors. At this time, too, when he was meditating such a splendid gift to them, it seemed both ungrateful and foolish to risk angering the choleric old man. And for what? for the most malignant and bitter scold in the parish.

Like enough the interferers would have a wind of hard words for their pains, and do no good on earth to their client. Sir Gyles prided himself on his administration of justice, his maintenance of order, his wholesome severity with evil-doers.

"Kit, 'tis a hard saying," said Lady Agatha, "but I perceive no remede. Sir Gyles is ireous when he be ill, and he be singular wroth about these thefts. An I entreated him, I mote be irk of mine own importunity. Nay, husband, 'tis best we meddle not withal."

I am not Lady Agatha Pullen's judge, nor will I pretend to weigh her motives. She had hated Bassely, she coveted the child. The age was not one of squeamish mercy; and there are traditions of the Pullen family wherein Lady Agatha makes very short work with obstacles and opposers.

Still I fancy that she did not abandon Bassely without compunction. Somehow the snarling, curdled-natured old woman whose gossip was always snapping at her heels—and could hurt, low as it was—had touched the great lady.

Bassely's stoical courage, her heroic loyalty, awoke a kind of reluctant admiration in her mind. Agatha was brave and loyal herself. She thought: "Had you been my servant I cold have loved you, and you wold have gone to the death for *me*."

She could appreciate Bassely's trust in herself, but it did not move her; what did move her, to an extraordinary degree, was the old woman's devotion to the child. I do not believe that she had ever before considered Bassely's affection for little Mildred, except as a hin-

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drance to be swept aside; now it was revealed to her in a new aspect. Bassely loved the child even as she herself loved her. Bassely could sacrifice hatred and prejudices which were throbbing through her strong as her heart's blood, because so she would make Mildred's happiness safer. What better could Agatha Pullen do?

No, I am convinced that Lady Agatha felt compassion for her defeated enemy; and that the reason why she had shown no more sympathy was that she foresaw her helplessness and her decision of to-night. Besides, there remained the child. Sir Kit never would allow her to keep the child from Bassely, did Bassely live. Yet every mother instinct in Agatha Pullen clung to the little, soft, brave, helpless, female thing. "My little daughter," she repeated, "ah, I cold make thee so happy! Why, 'tis clean against nature to suffer thee go back to poverty!"

She rose and paced with her stately deliberate step into the alcove, her purple damask gown trailing on the oaken floor and richly painted by the fire-light. She stood a long time, sombrely watching the sleeping child.

What her decision cost her, who, with modern lights and ideals, shall compute? Some harsh pang she certainly felt, to grow so pale, as she said, firmly, "Nay, right or wrong, I cannot do it."

. . . . . .

Sir Gyles awoke in a bad humor. The pain was abated; but Dr. Langdon's mediæval anodynes were like our present pain-dullers in the discomfort which they bequeath to the next morning. Vainly, however, did Sir Kit, hoping for a more propitious mood, beg his father to defer Goody Crawme's examination.

"Do thou learn, sirrah, that a right man can put his dolour and heaviness aside more easier than his duty!" This was all that Sir Kit got for his good-will, except a few pungent criticisms of the rising generation, such as the departing generation always has had in store.

"I trow ye be like all the rest—slothful, lazy lubbers, wastethrifts and squanderers, swimming in soft living"—poor Sir Kit liked a good dinner—"caring for naught but to go gay in new-fangled, fantastical coats, and be trimmed up with all manner of fine raiment! Mincing and pranking more like puppets than men!"

So Sir Gyles grumbled on. Of course he demanded what merry England was coming to, and he drew a lively picture of the simple and virtuous youth of his own day; to all of which Sir Kit listened respectfully. He helped his father down-stairs and settled him in his chair of state in the great hall.

A noble old hall it was, and is—since to this day the visitor admires the grand timber ceiling with its thwarted arches and pendants, its vast, traceried Tudor windows, and the lawless splendor of its carved wainscoting. During Sir Gyles's occupancy the walls bristled with armor, which he never wore, and weapons of the chase as foreign to him as to any man on earth. But then he was accustomed to say Kit was the fighting man of the family; and he liked to recount (being secretly mighty proud of the son whom he was always abusing) Kit's exploits in the two rebellions, and his vigorous pursuit of certain malapert outlaws who had harried the king's lieges of Audely for a space, but had been captured by the son and promptly despatched by the father, to the joyful contentment of all honest men.

It was quite in the manner of the time to commemorate Sir Kit's valor on the arras which decked the north wall. There was a portrait of him, in armor, as well as a portrait (by no less a painter than the great Hans himself) representing Sir Gyles in his corporation robes, and a family group of Sir Gyles, the late Lady Gyles, and the two boys. These glowing figures had displaced the dusky canvases of the Audelys.

Between Sir Gyles and the fire was a "travers," a movable screen, covered with "cloth of gold baudekyn," the weft of which was gold and the woof silk with embroidery. Carved benches of oak, not so dark by many degrees then as now, were ranged about the hall.

The principal other article of furniture was a long rectangular table, such as appears in all the prints of the time. Sir Gyles was enthroned, so to speak, behind the table. Sir Kit acted as clerk, having a pile of law books, and another pile of quills, almost as high, near the

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huge "ink-horn." To further aid the smooth working of the scales of Justice, divers silver cups of sack glittered on the board.

Doctor Langdon was in attendance, on the general ground that he was a learned personage. He viewed the spectacle with the same ironic smile which he had given to Hawarth's horrors the day before.

Sir Gyles's rubicund and clumsy features were drawn awry by a peevish scowl. His gray beard was sunk in the collar of his furred robe.

"I pity the poor miser *you* will judge," thought Dr. Langdon.

Blacker and blacker grew the justice's frown over the constable's charge.

In truth, it was a lame recital. The zealous guardians of the law had been warmly greeted by the steward, and detained over night by the blandishments of good fellowship and prime ale. The mirth, in fine, waxed so loud that it had summoned my lady herself. She reproved them sternly for riot which might disturb Sir Gyles, and bade them lay the constable—by this hour quite past speech—on some sheep-skins in the dye-house, where he might sleep himself sober. By morning neither the miller nor the steward was the worse for excesses so common at the time; but poor Tom's head was spinning as if from raps of the quarter-staff.

"More shame to thee, guzzling and swilling!" his unsympathetic comrade of the mill told him, "and my lady sending thee a fair silver cup o' canarie from her own table, for grace!"

"Well she mote," retorted Tom, "I ha' rid her slick o' a thorn i' her side. But I wold she ha' filled it wi' honest ale. A plague o' them foreign possets, say I, my head and stomach be all hurly-burly!"

He cursed them the more heartily when Lady Agatha herself entered the hall, serene and haughty, and returned an icy greeting to his obeisance.

Well, it was some amends to handle old Bassely roughly. He hustled her into the presence. Once she stumbled, whereupon he jerked her furiously backward by her cloak-strings, choking her.

To the miller's remonstrance he answered: "I warrant the hangman will hurt her mo'!"

But Jock Miller swore a good round oath, in a whisper; and, at the same time, said a rough word of comfort in her ear. Until this the staunch old hater had not changed countenance, but now her eyes grew wet.

Some of the old servants of Audely who were in the hall could not dissemble their pity; indeed, the women's sniffs were loud enough to reach Sir Gyles.

"Why do the wenches blubber so?" growled he.

Sir Kit explained that they pitied Goody Crawme, the accused, who had been kind to them in her good days.

Thereupon he handed Bassely a chair. "She is debile and weak," he apologized, "pray you let her sit!"

"Umph!" snorted Sir Gyles, "ye be soft like milk." But he motioned her to take the chair.

Kit stole a glance in the only quarter where he hoped for understanding. Lady Agatha did not return his look. She wore an inscrutable air, observing Bassely with a kind of cold interest. Even so, thought Kit, who was learned in the classics, must the cruel Roman dames have studied the gladiators in the combats. Sir Kit's heart felt sore. "I' faith, women, for all their soft eyes, be harder than we," he said to himself.

Sir Gyles called on him to read the accusation.

Dame Crawme pleaded "Not guilty." Following the miller's whispered advice, she added: "'T ben a worthless gaud. Pleaseth your noble worship, so the value be under five shillings 'tis no felony."

"Will ye teach me the law, woman?" said Sir Gyles, sourly. "Constable, where be the said hood?"

Hawarth pulled off the wrappings from his bundle, and swung out the hood with a flourish. The result was astounding.

Hawarth could not restrain a furious exclamation. Old Bassely turned white as ashes. Sir Gyles swelled with bewilderment and anger; while his son glued his eyes to his book, twirling his fair mustache—the miller swore afterward that he thus smuggled away a smile. Dr. Langdon also smiled. He had guessed the motive of the theft, and was rather pleased to have the woman acquitted.

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Only Lady Agatha guarded her indifference. On all the other spectators' faces were painted the varying emotions which attended their sympathies.

For, plain to see, the gorgeous scarlet and gold, the delicate embroidery of pearls were blotched with great black burns, as if the cloth had been rolled in the coals. It had been a gentlewoman's hood; it was an unsightly rag.

"What mean ye by this jest, constable?" Sir Gyles rapped out. "Ye said a fair hood; here be no fitten garment for wearing!"

Hawarth stammered that there had been some foul trick played on him. He could show by witnesses that it was a costly hood yesterday.

His witnesses, however, failed him flatly. Sir Kit could not see the gaud, "it been too dark."

The miller followed in his lord's wake. 'Twas main dark and he had noted nothing. Will Lack-Wit, scared by Sir Kit's sharp questions, made a sad mess of his evidence, which Sir Gyles cut short in an access of disgust. The Lady Agatha was the constable's last hope, but she did no better for him. Questioned, on oath, she deposed that the hood was hers and that she had lost it yesterday. Yes, it was in mean good reparacion when she did see it last. She could not on her oath say where she did lose it. She assuredly should call the hood worthless now.

At this point Sir Kit ventured to whisper his father that the constable had an ancient grudge against Goody Crawme; belike he did take this chance to feed it fat. His charge that she was the author of the thefts in the village was clean out of reason. The house had been searched and naught found. She bore a right good name i' the village of all who knew her.

Sir Gyles pondered. He was a believer in "the terribleness of punishments"—it was the belief of his age; but he had a robust sense of justice, and was not unmerciful by nature. He concluded to call witnesses respecting Dame Crawme's character. Thanks to the miller, they were at hand, and emboldened by Sir Kit's "aimiable and comfortable countenance," they spoke frankly in her favor.

The clerking knight summed up the case to himself, during a painful silence. He took a deep draught of wine.

"Prisoner," said he, then, "ye be quit. But I warn ye, trespass no more on others' lands! Had ye been walking i' the highway, as behooved ye, this mischief had not befallen ye. I pass that, this once. And leave ye your neighbors' goods alone; though they look worthless they may chance cost ye dear. As for you, constable, know that the law be to shield the innocent effectuously, as to punish evil-doers. Therefore be not cock-sure and overhasty."

On the whole Sir Gyles acquitted himself very well with the scales and sword. And there was a real enthusiasm in Sir Kit's compliments.

Now, rough-tempered, domineering, blustering Sir Gyles secretly valued the opinion of his calm son. He thawed into a wintry good humor; that very day is the date of his deed of gift of Audely to his beloved son, Christopher Pullen.

He sent a purse after Bassely. By good luck the miller was near, whence it happened that, in place of flinging it in the messenger's face, she kept it and returned (in the miller's person) a most fitting, humble acknowledgment.

Previously Dr. Langdon had been consulted by Lady Agatha concerning Mildred's eyes. He pronounced them capable of cure; and, indeed, he proved himself as strong as his boast. During the whole interview he was thinking, "'Twas sure this lady bore the matter in hand—but why?"

Another man wondered in the same strain, but his answer was ready.

No sooner were Sir Kit and his wife by themselves than he embraced her, lovingly. "Sweetheart," he whispered, "I cold kneel down and kiss your foot because that I wronged you so. I am assured 'twas thee contrived this ending."

"Jock Miller and I," said Agatha, happily; "'tis a faithful knave was in my father's train. A word was enow to him."

"And the silver cup? I marvelled ye shold do the bandog such grace."

"I crave thy pardon, Kit, for my se-

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crecy. But I wold not tangle thee in my naughty facts. 'Twas a posset o' Dr. Langdon's for sleepless night. 'Twold do no harm, he saith."

"And after, when I did miss ye for a little space——"

"I fear me, Kit, I been a robber myself, albeit I did give back the property —and 'twas mine own."

"And yet," said Sir Kit, slowly, "you coveted the child!"

"That property, too, must be restored," she said, sorrowfully; "but—but thou wilt not liken me to David, or the wicked rich man——"

"I will liken thee to nothing on earth, for there is no woman so noble!" cried her husband, ardently.

How it happened I am not able to say, but the story of the lady's action must have reached old Bassely through some channel (perhaps the miller), because when the young Lady Mildred, laden with gifts, was returned that same day to her, it is on record that she forthwith trudged her back to the castle.

"'Tis my lady's fitten place," said she.

"But how can ye bear to part from her?" said Sir Kit.

"I mean not so to do," replied the old woman, composedly; "how chance I may not stay here to serve ye withal? I be a main better cook than your Master Jack, the French fellow."

So the matter arranged itself; Dame Crawme rose to a high position in the household, and served Lady Agatha and Mildred Pullen, Countess of Audely and Gatherock, until the day of her death.

It may be supposed that so stanch a partisan and so stanch a Catholic as Bassely had some wrestling of soul regarding her new masters, Sir Gyles, the usurer, and Sir Kit, the monk. Not she; discovering Sir Gyles's munificent intentions toward Lady Mildred, she promptly dismissed all the scandal as "cursed lies;" she declared, truly enough, that the Pullens had been no party to her dear lord's destruction; and was not Lady Mildred (through them) coming to her own again? Sir Kit's marriage she viewed with the same philosophy.

"Mayhap his saints bewrayed him, like St. Stephen done me," Bassely would say; "sure I wunnot blame him. And at leastways 'twas on his bishop's head, not his, poor seely lad. I warrant me that wicked bishop will burn for unfrocking a monk; but Sir Kit, it ben his bounden duty to obey. Nay, he be no mo' a monk nor you, Miller. The scurril knaves put me out o' my patience wi' their clatter; an I ben my lord, I wold hang them up by the heels i' the pillory!"

TO THE CRICKET.

By A. Lampman.

Didst thou not tease and fret me to and fro,
  Sweet spirit of this summer-circled field,
  With that quiet voice of thine, that would not yield
Its meaning, though I mused and sought it so?
But now I am content to let it go,
  To lie at length and watch the swallows pass,
  As blithe and restful as this quiet grass,
Content only to listen, and to know
That years shall turn and summers yet shall shine,
  And I shall lie beneath these swaying trees,
  Still listening thus; haply at last to seize
And render in some happier verse divine
That friendly, homely, haunting speech of thine,
  That perfect utterance of content and ease.

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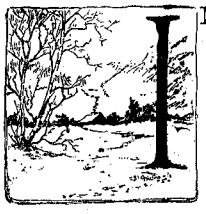
IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE STRANGE USES TO WHICH REVENGE MAY BE PUT.



IN after times, when it could do no harm to tell this story, people were wont to regard as its most remarkable feature the fact that we made the trip from the Oriskany battle-field to Cairncross in five days. There was never exhibited any special interest in the curious workings of mind, and conscience too, if you like, which led me to bring my enemy home; some few, indeed, like General Arnold, to whom I recounted the affair a fortnight later when he marched up the Valley, frankly said that I was a fool for my pains — and doubtless many others dissembled the same opinion. But they all with one accord expressed surprise, admiration, even incredulity, at the despatch with which we accomplished the difficult journey.

This achievement was, of course, entirely due to Enoch. At the outset he protested stoutly against the waste of time and trouble involved in my plan. It was only after much argument that I won him over to consenting, which he did with evident reluctance. But it is right to say that, once embarked on the adventure, he carried it through faithfully and with zeal.

The wounded man lay silent, with closed eyes, while our discussion went on. He seemed in a half lethargic state, probably noting all that we said, yet under too heavy a spell of pain and weakness to care to speak. It was not until we two had woven a rough sort of litter out of hickory saplings, covered thick with moss and hemlock twigs, and Enoch had knelt by his side to look to his wounds again, that Cross spoke:

"Leave me alone!" he groaned angrily. "It makes me worse to have you touch me. Are you not satisfied? I am dying; that ought to be enough for you."

"Don't be a fool, Mr. Cross," said Enoch, imperturbably, moving his hand along the course of the bandage. "We're trying to save your life. I don't know just why, but we are. Don't make it extra hard for us. All the help we want from you is for you to hold your jaw."

"You are going to give me up to your Oneidas!" cried the suffering man, raising his head by a violent effort at the words, and staring affrightedly straight ahead of him.

There, indeed, were the two friendly Indians who had come with me to the swamp, and had run forward in pursuit of Cross's companions. They had returned with absolute noiselessness, and stood now some ten feet away from us, gazing with stolid composure at our group.

A hideous bunch of fresh scalp-locks dangled from the belt of each, and, on the bare legs beneath, stains of something darker than vermilion mingled with the pale ochre that had been rubbed upon the skin. The savages breathed heavily from their chase, and their black eyes were fairly aflame with excitement, but they held the muscles of their faces in an awesome rigidity. They were young men whom pious Samuel Kirkland had laboriously covered, through years of effort, with a Christian veneering. If the good dominie could have been there and seen the glances they bent upon the wounded enemy at our feet I fear me he would have groaned in spirit.

"Keep them off!" shrieked Cross, his head all in a tremble with the sustained exertion of holding itself up. "I will not be scalped! So help me God, I will not!"

The Indians knew enough of English to understand this frantic cry. They looked at me as much as to say that this gentleman's resolution did not materially alter the existing situation, the prob-

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abilities of which were all on the other side.

"Lay your head down, Mr. Cross," said Enoch, almost gently. "Just keep cool, or you'll bust your bandages off. They won't hurt you 'till we give 'em the word."

Still he made fitful efforts to rise, and a faint purplish color came into his throat and cheeks as he strove excitedly. If Enoch had not held his arm he would have torn off the plaster from his breast.

"It shall not be done! I will die now! You shall not save me to be tortured—scalped—by these devils!"

I intervened here. "You need fear nothing from these Indians," I said, bending over him. "Lie back again and calm yourself. We are different from the brutes in your camp. We pay no price for scalps."

"Perhaps those are not scalps they have hanging there; it is like your canting tongue to deny it!"

It was easy to keep my temper with this helpless foe. "These savages have their own way of making war," I answered calmly. "They are defending their own homes against invasion, as well as we are. But we do not bribe them to take scalps."

"Why not be honest—you!" he said, disdainfully. "You are going to give me up. Don't sicken me with preaching into the bargain!"

"Why be silly—you!" I retorted. "Does the trouble we propose taking for you look like giving you up? What would be easier than to leave you here—for the wolves, or these Indians here. Instead of that we are going to carry you all the way to your home. We are going to *hide* you at Cairncross—until I can get a parole for you from General Schuyler. *Now* will you keep still?"

He did relapse into silence at this—a silence that was born alike of mystification and utter weakness.

Enoch explained to the Oneidas, mainly in their own strange tongue, my project of conveying this British prisoner, intact so far as hair went, down the Valley. I could follow him enough to know that he described me as a warrior of great position and valor; it was less flattering to have him explain that Cross was also a leading chief, and that I would get a magnificent ransom by delivering him up to Congress.

Doubtless it was wise not to approach the Indian mind with less practical arguments. I saw this, and begged Enoch to add that much of this reward should be theirs if they would accompany us on our journey.

"They would be more trouble than they are worth," he said. "They wouldn't help carry him more than ten minutes a day. If they'll tell me where one of their canoes is hid, betwixt here and Fort Schuyler, that will be enough."

The result was that Enoch got such information of this sort as he desired, together with the secret of a path near by which would lead us to the river trail. I cut two buttons from my coat in return, and gave them to the savages; each being a warranty for eight dollars upon production at my home, half way between the old and the new houses of the great and lamented Warrraghiyagey, as they had called Sir William Johnson. This done, and the trifling skin-wound on my arm re-dressed, we lifted Cross upon the rude litter and started for the trail.

I seem to see again the spectacle upon which I turned to look for a last time before we entered the thicket. The sky beyond the fatal forest wore still its greenish, brassy color, and the clouds upon the upper limits of this unnatural glare were of a vivid, sinister crimson, like clots of fresh blood. In the calm gray-blue of the twilight vault above birds of prey circled, with a horrible calling to one another. No breath of air stirred the foliage or the bending rushes in the swale. We could hear no sound from our friends at the head of the ravine, a full half-mile away. Save for the hideous noises of the birds a perfect silence rested upon this blood-soaked oasis of the wilderness. The little brook babbled softly past us; the strong western light flashed upon the rain-drops among the leaves. On the cedar-clad knoll the two young Indians stood motionless in the sunset radiance, watching us gravely.

We passed into the enfolding depths of the woods, leaving the battle-field to the furred and feathered scavengers and

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the scalping-knives of the forest primeval.

Our slow and furtive course down the winding river was one long misery. I recall no other equally wretched five days in my life.

The canoe which Enoch unearthed on our first evening was a small and fragile affair, in which only one beside the wounded man could be accommodated. The other must take his way as best he could through the sprawling tangle of water-alders, wild artichoke, and vines, facing myriads of flies and an intolerable heat in all the wet places, with their sweltering luxuriance of rank vegetation. One day of this nearly reduced me to the condition of our weak and helpless prisoner. I staggered blindly along toward its close, covered to the knees with black river-mud, my face and wounded arm stinging with the scratches of poisonous ivy and brambles, my brain aching savagely, my strength and spirit all gone. I could have wept like a child from sheer exhaustion when at last I came to the nook on the little stream where Enoch had planned to halt, and flung myself on the ground utterly worn out.

We were somewhat below Fort Schuyler, as near to the first settlements on the German Flatts as we might with safety venture by daylight. Thereafter we must hide during the days, and steal down the river at night. Enoch had a small store of smoked beef; for the rest we ate berries, wild grapes, and one or two varieties of edible roots which he knew of. We dared not build a fire.

Philip Cross passed most of his time, while we lay hiding under cover, in a drowsy restless stupor, broken by feverish intervals of nervous activity of mind which were often very like delirium. The heat, the fly-pest, and the malarial atmosphere of the dank recesses in which we lay, all combined to make his days very bad. At night in the canoe, floating noiselessly down the stream, Enoch said he seemed to suffer less and to be calmer in his mind. But at no time, for the first three days at least, did he evince any consciousness that we were doing for him more than might under the circumstances be expected. His glance seemed sometimes to bespeak puzzled thoughts. But he accepted all our ministrations and labors with either the listless indifference of a man ill unto death, or the composure of an aristocrat who took personal service and attention for granted.

After we had passed the Little Falls —which we did on our third night out —the chief danger from shallows and rifts was over, and Enoch was able to exchange places with me. It was no great trouble to him, skilful woodsman that he was, to make his way along the bank even in the dark, while in the now smooth and fairly broad course I could manage the canoe well enough.

The moon shone fair upon us, as our little bark glided down the river. We were in the deep current which pushes forcefully forward under the new pressure of the East Canada waters, and save for occasional guidance there was small need of my paddle. The scene was very beautiful to the eye—the white light upon the flood, the soft calm shadows of the willowed banks, the darker, statelier silhouettes of the forest trees, reared black against the pale sky.

There is something in the restful radiance of moonlight which mellows hearts. The poets learned this, ages since; I realized it now, as my glance fell upon the pallid face in the bow before me. We were looking at one another, and my hatred of him, nursed through years, seemed suddenly to have taken to itself wings. I had scarcely spoken to him during the voyage other than to ask him of his wound. Now a thousand gentle impulses stirred within me, all at once, and moved my tongue.

"Are you out of pain to-night?" I asked him. "The journey is a hard one at best for a wounded man. I would we could have commanded a larger and more commodious boat."

"Oh, aye! So far as bodily suffering goes, I am free from it," he made answer, languidly. Then, after a little pause, he went on, in a low musing voice: "How deathly still everything is! I thought that in the wilderness one heard always the night-yelping of the wolves. We did at Cairncross, I know. Yet since we started I have not heard one.

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It is as if we were going through a dead country."

Enoch had explained the reason for this silence to me, and I thoughtlessly blurted it out.

"Every wolf for forty miles round about is up at the battle-field," I said. "It is fairly marvellous how such intelligence spreads among these brutes. They must have a language of their own. How little we really understand of the animal creation about us, with all our pride of wisdom! Even the shark, sailors aver, knows which ship to pursue."

He shuddered, and closed his eyes as I spoke. I thought at first that he had been seized with a spasm of physical anguish, by the drawn expression of his face; then it dawned upon me that his suffering was mental.

"Yes, I dare say they are all there!" he said, lifting his voice somewhat. "I can hear them—see them! Do you know," he went on excitedly, "all day long, all night long, I seem to have corpses all about me. They are there just the same when I close my eyes—when I sleep. Some of them are my friends; others I do not know, but they all know me. They look at me out of dull eyes; they seem to say they are waiting for me—and then there are the wolves!"

He began shivering at this again, and his voice sank into a piteous quaver.

"These are but fancies," I said, gently, as one would speak to a child awakened in terror by a nightmare. "You will be rid of them once you get where you can have rest and care."

It seemed passing strange that I should be talking thus to a man of as powerful frame as myself, and even older in years. Yet he was so wan and weak, and the few days of suffering had so altered, I may say refined, his face and mien, that it was natural enough too, when one thinks of it.

He became calmer after this, and looked at me for a long time as I paddled through a stretch of still water, in silence.

"You must have been well born, after all," he said, finally.

I did not wholly understand his meaning, but answered:

"Why, yes, the Van Hoorns are a very good family—noble in some branches, in fact—and my father had his sheepskin from Utrecht. But what of it?"

"What I would say is, you have acted in all this like a gentleman."

I could not help smiling to myself, now that I saw what was in his mind. "For that matter," I answered lightly, "it does not seem to me that either the Van Hoorns or the dead Mauverensens have much to do with it." I remembered my mother's parting remark to me, and added: "The only Van Hoorn I know of in the Valley will not be at all pleased to learn I have brought you back."

"Nobody will be pleased!" he said, gloomily.

After that it was fit that silence should again intervene, for I could not gainsay him. He closed his eyes, as if asleep, and I paddled on in the alternate moonlight and shadow.

The recollection of my mother's words brought with it a great train of thoughts, mostly bitter. I was bearing home with me a man who was not only not wanted, but whose presence and continued life meant the annihilation of all the inchoate hopes and dreams my heart these last two years had fed upon. It was easy to be civil, even kind, to him in his present helpless, stricken state; anybody with a man's nature could do that. But it was not so easy to look resignedly upon the future, from which all light and happiness were excluded by the very fact that he was alive.

More than once during this reverie, be it stated in frankness, the reflection came to me that by merely tipping the canoe over I could even now set everything right. Of course I put the evil thought away from me, but still it came obstinately back more than once. Under the momentary spell of this devilish suggestion I even looked at the form recumbent before me, and noted how impossible it was that it should ever reach the bank, once in the water. Then I tore my mind forcibly from the idea, as one looking over a dizzy height leaps back lest the strange latent impulse of suicide shall master him, and fixed my thoughts instead upon the man himself.

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His talk about my being well born helped me now to understand his character better than I had before been able to do. I began to realize the existence in England — in Europe generally, I dare say—of a kind of man strange to our American ideas; a being within whom long tradition and sedulous training had created two distinct men—one affable, honorable, generous, likeable among his equals, the other cold, selfish, haughty, and harsh to his inferiors. It struck me now that there had always been two Philips, and that I had been shown only the rude and hateful one because my station had not seemed to entitle me to consort with the other.

Once started upon this explanation I began to comprehend the whole story. To tell the truth, I had never understood why this young man should have behaved so badly as he did; there had been to me always a certain wantonness of brutality in his conduct wholly inexplicable. The thing was plainer now. In his own country, he would doubtless have made a tolerable husband, a fair landlord, a worthy gentleman in the eyes of the only class of people whose consideration he cared for. But over here, in the new land, all the conditions had been against him. He had drawn down upon himself and all those about him overwhelming calamity—simply because he had felt himself under the cursed obligation to act like a "gentleman," as he called it. His contemptuous dislike of me, his tyrannical treatment of his wife when she did not fall in with his ambitions, his sulky resort to dissipation, his fierce espousal of the Tory side against the common herd—I could trace now the successive steps by which obstinacy had led him down the fell incline.

I do not know that I had much satisfaction from this analysis, even when I had worked it all out. It was worth while, no doubt, to arrive at a knowledge of Philip's true nature, and to see that, under other circumstances, he might have been as good a man as another. But all the same my heart grew heavy under the recurring thought that the saving of his life meant the destruction of all worth having in mine.

Every noiseless stroke of my paddle in the water, bearing him toward home, as it did, seemed to push me farther back into a chill, unknown world of gloom and desolation. Yet, God help me, I could do no other!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A FINAL SCENE IN THE GULF WHICH MY EYES ARE MERCIFULLY SPARED.

JUST before daybreak of the fifth day we stole past the sleeping hamlet of Caughnawaga, and as the sun was rising over the Schoharie hills I drew up the canoe into the outlet of Dadanoscara Creek—a small brook which came down through the woods from the high land whereon Cairncross stood. Our journey by water was ended.

Enoch was waiting for us, and helped me lift Cross from the canoe. His body hung inert in our arms; not even my clumsy slipping on the bank of the rivulet startled him from the deep sleep in which he had lain for hours in the boat.

"I have been frightened! Can he be dying?" I asked.

Enoch knelt beside him, and put his hand over the patient's heart. He shook his head dubiously after a moment, and said: "It's tearing along like a race-horse. He's in a fever—the worst kind. This ain't sleep—it's stupor."

He felt the wounded man's pulse and temples. "If you're bent on saving his life," he added, "you'd better scoot off and get some help. Before we can make another litter for him, let alone taking him up this creek-bed to his house, it may be too late. If we had a litter ready, it might be different. As it is, I don't see but you will have to risk it, and bring somebody here."

For once in my life my brain worked in flashes. I actually thought of something which had not occurred to Enoch!

"Why not carry him in this canoe?" I asked. "It is lighter than any litter we could make."

The trapper slapped his lank, leather-clad thigh in high approval. "By hokey!" he said, "you've hit it!"

We sat on the mossy bank, on either side of the insensible Philip, and ate the last remaining fragments of our store

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of food. Another day of this and we should have been forced to shoot something, and light a fire to cook it over, no matter what the danger. Enoch had, indeed, favored this course two days before, but I clung to my notion of keeping Cross's presence in the Valley an absolute secret. His life would have been in deadly peril hereabouts, even before the battle. How bitterly the hatred of him and his traitor fellows must have been augmented by the slaughter of that cruel ambuscade I could readily imagine. With what words could I have protected him against the righteous rage of a Snell, for example, or a Seeber, or any one of a hundred others who had left kinsmen behind in that fatal gulch? No! There must be no risk run by meeting anyone.

With the scanty meal finished our rest was at an end. We ought to lose no time. Each minute's delay in getting the wounded man under a roof, in bed, within reach of aid and nursing, might be fatal.

It was no light task to get the canoe upon our shoulders, after we had put in it our guns, covered these with ferns and twigs, and upon these laid Philip's bulky form, and a very few moments' progress showed that the work before us was to be no child's play. The conformation of the canoe made it a rather awkward thing to carry, to begin with. To bear it right side up, laden as it was, over eight miles of almost continuous ascent, through a perfectly unbroken wilderness, was as laborious an undertaking as it is easy to conceive.

We toiled along so slowly, and the wretched little brook, whose bed we strove to follow, described such a wandering course, and was so often rendered fairly impassable by rocks, driftwood, and overhanging thicket, that when the sun hung due south above us we had covered barely half our journey, and confronted still the hardest portion of it. We were so exhausted when this noon hour came, too, that I could make no objection when Enoch declared his purpose of getting some trout from the brook, and cooking them. Besides, we were far enough away from the river highway and from all habitations, now, to render the thing practically safe. Accordingly I lighted a small fire of the driest wood to be found, while the trapper stole up and down the brook, moving with infinite stealth and dexterity, tracking down fish and catching them with his hands under the stones.

Soon he had enough for a meal—and, my word! it was a feast for emperors or angels. We stuffed the pink dainties with mint, and baked them in balls of clay. It seemed as if I had not eaten before in years.

We tried to rouse Cross sufficiently to enable him to eat, and in a small way succeeded, but the effect upon him was scarcely beneficial, it appeared to us. His fever increased, and when we started out once more under our burden, the motion inseparable from our progress affected his head, and he began to talk incoherently to himself.

Nothing can be imagined more weird and startling than was the sound of this voice above us, when we first heard it. Both Enoch and I instinctively stopped. For the moment we could not tell whence the sound came, and I know not what wild notions about it flashed through my mind. Even when we realized that it was the fever-loosed tongue of our companion which spoke, the effect was scarcely less uncanny. Though I could not see him, the noise of his ceaseless talking came from a point close to my head; he spoke for the most part in a bold, high voice—unnaturally raised above the pitch of his recent faint waking utterances. Whenever a fallen log or jutting bowlder gave us a chance to rest our load without the prospect of too much work in hoisting it again, we would set the canoe down—and that moment his lips would close. There seemed to be some occult connection between the motion of our walking and the activity of his disordered brain.

For a long time—of course in a very disconnected way—he babbled about his mother, and of people, presumably, English, of whom I knew nothing save that one name, Digby, was that of his elder brother. Then there began to be interwoven with this talk stray mention of Daisy's name, and soon the whole discourse was of her.

The freaks of delirium have little significance, I believe, as clues to the saner

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courses of the mind, but he spoke only gently in his imaginary speeches to his wife. I had to listen, plodding wearily along with aching shoulders under the burden of the boat, to fond, affectionate words addressed to her in an incessant string. The thread of his ideas seemed to be that he had arrived home, worn out and ill, and that he was resting his head upon her bosom. Over and over again, with tiresome iteration, he kept entreating plaintively: "You *are* glad to see me? You do *truly* forgive me, and love me?"

Nothing could have been sadder than to hear him. I reasoned that this ceaseless dwelling upon the sweets of a tender welcome doubtless reflected the train of his thoughts during the journey down from the battle-field. He had foreborne to once mention Daisy's name during the whole voyage, but he must have thought deeply, incessantly of her —in all likelihood with a great softening of heart and yearning for her compassionate nursing. It was not in me to be unmoved by this. I declare that as I went painfully forward, with this strangely pathetic song of passion repeating itself in my ears, I got fairly away from the habit of mind in which my own love for Daisy existed, and felt myself only an agent in the working out of some sombre and exalted romance.

In Foxe's account of the English martyrs there are stories of men at the stake who, when a certain stage of the torture was reached, really forgot their anguish in the emotional ecstasy of the ideas born of that terrible moment. In a poor and imperfect fashion I approached that same strange state—not far removed, in sober fact, from the delirium of the man in the canoe.

The shadows were lengthening in the woods, and the reddening blaze of the sun flared almost level in our eyes through the tree-trunks, when at last we had crossed the water-shed of the two creeks, and stood looking down into the gulf of which I have so often spoken heretofore.

We rested the canoe upon a great rock in the mystic circle of ancient Indian fire worship, and leaned, tired and panting, against its side. My arm was giving me much pain, and what with insufficient food and feverish sleep, great immediate fatigue, and the vast nervous strain of these past six days, I was well-nigh swooning.

"I fear I can go no further, Enoch," I groaned. "I can barely keep my feet as it is."

The trapper himself was as close to utter exhaustion as one may be and have aught of spirit left, yet he tried to speak cheerily.

"Come, come!" he said, "we mustn't give out now, right here at the finish. Why it's only down, over that bridge, and up again—and there we are!"

I smiled in a sickly way at him, and strove to nerve myself manfully for a final exertion. "Very well!" I made answer. "Just a moment's more rest, and we'll at it again."

While we still stood half reclining against the bowlder, looking with trepidation at the stiff ascent before us on the farther side of the gulf, the scene of the old quarrel of our youth suddenly came to my mind.

"Do you see that spruce near the top, by the path—the one hanging over the edge? Five years ago I was going to fight this Philip Cross there, on that path. My little nigger Tulp ran between us, and he threw him head over heels to the bottom. The lad has never been himself since."

"Pretty tolerable fall," remarked Enoch, glancing down the precipitous, brush-clad wall of rock. "But a nigger lands on his head, as a cat does on her feet, and it only scratches him where it would kill anybody else."

We resumed our burden now, and made our way with it down the winding path to the bottom. Here I was fain to surrender once for all.

"It is no use, Enoch!" I said resolutely. "I can't even try to climb up there with this load. You must wait here; I will go ahead to Cairncross, prepare them for his coming, and send down some slaves to fetch him the rest of the way."

The great square mansion reared before me a closed and inhospitable front. The shutters of all the windows were fastened. Since the last rain no wheels

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had passed over the carriage-way. For all the signs of life visible, Cairncross might have been uninhabited a twelvemonth.

It was only when I pushed my way around to the rear of the house, within view of the stables and slave quarters, that I learned the place had not been abandoned. Half a dozen niggers, dressed in their holiday, church-going raiment, were squatting in a close circle on the grass, intent upon the progress of some game. Their interest in this was so deep that I had drawn near to them, and called a second time, before they became aware of my presence.

They looked for a minute at me in a perplexed way—my mud-baked clothes, unshaven face, and general unkempt condition evidently rendering me a stranger in their eyes. Then one of them screamed: "Golly! Mass' Douw's ghost!" and the nimble cowards were on their feet and scampering like scared rabbits to the orchard, or into the basement of the great house.

So I was supposed to be dead! Curiously enough, it had not occurred to me before that this would be the natural explanation of my failure to return with the others. The idea now gave me a queer quaking sensation about the heart, and I stood stupidly staring at the back balcony of the house, with my mind in a whirl of confused thoughts. It seemed almost as if I *had* come back from the grave.

While I still stood, faint and bewildered, trying to regain control of my ideas, the door opened, and a white-faced lady, robed all in black, came swiftly out upon the porch. It was Daisy—and she was gazing at me with distended eyes and parted lips, and clinging to the carved balustrade for support.

As in a dream I heard her cry of recognition, and knew that she was gliding toward me. Then I was on my knees at her feet, burying my face in the folds of her dress, and moaning incoherent nothings from sheer exhaustion and rapture.

When at last I could stand up, and felt myself coming back to something like self-possession, a score of eager questions and as many outbursts of deep thanksgiving were in my ears—all from her sweet voice. And I had tongue for none of them, but only looked into her dear face, and patted her hands between mine, and trembled like a leaf with excitement. So much was there to say, the sum of it beggared language.

When finally we did talk, I was seated in a great chair one of the slaves had brought upon the sward, and wine had been fetched me, and my dear girl bent gently over me from behind, softly resting my head against her waist, her hands upon my arms.

"You shall not look me in the face again," she said, with ah! such compassionate tender playfulness—"until I have been told. How did you escape? Were you a prisoner? Were you hurt?"—and oh, a host of other things.

Suddenly the sky seemed to be covered with blackness, and the joy in my heart died out as by the stroke of death. I had remembered something. My parched and twitching lips did their best to refuse to form the words:

"I have brought Philip home. He is sorely wounded. Send the slaves to bring him from the gulf."

After a long silence, I heard Daisy's voice, clear and without a tremor, call out to the blacks that their master had been brought as far as the gulf beyond, and needed assistance. They started off helter-skelter at this, with many exclamations of great surprise, a bent and misshapen figure dragging itself with a grotesque limping gait at their tail.

I rose from my chair, now in some measure restored to calmness and cold resolution. In mercy I had been given a brief time of blind happiness—of bliss without the alloy of a single thought. Now I must be a man, and walk erect, unflinching to the sacrifice.

"Let us go and meet them. It is best," I said.

The poor girl raised her eyes to mine, and their startled, troubled gaze went to my heart. There must have been prodigious effort in the self-command of her tone to the slaves, for her voice broke down utterly now, as she faltered,

"You have—brought—him home! For what purpose? How will this all end? It terrifies me!"

We had by tacit consent begun to walk down the path toward the road. It

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was almost twilight. I remember still how the swallows wheeled swiftly in the air about the eaves, and how their twittering and darting seemed to confuse and tangle my thoughts.

The situation was too sad for silence. I felt the necessity of talking, of uttering something which might, at least, make pretence of occupying these wretched minutes until I should say:

"This is your husband — and farewell!"

"It was clear enough to me," I said. "My duty was plain. I would have been a murderer had I left him there to die. It was very strange about my feelings. Up to a certain moment they were all bitter and merciless toward him. So many better men than he were dead about me, it seemed little enough that his life should go to help avenge them. Yet when the moment came—why, I could not suffer it. Not that my heart relented; no, I was still full of rage against him. But none the less it was my duty to save his life."

"And to bring him home to *me*." She spoke musingly, completing my sentence.

"Why, Daisy, would you have had it otherwise? Could I have left him there—to die alone, helpless in the swamp?"

"I have not said you were not right, Douw," she answered with saddened slowness. "But I am trying to think. It is so hard to realize — coming like this! I was told you were both dead. His name was reported in their camp, yours among our people. And now you are both here—and it is all so strange, so startling—and what is right seems so mingled and bound up with what is cruel and painful—Oh! I cannot think! What will come of it? How will it all end?"

"We must not ask how it will end!" I made answer, with lofty decision. "That is not our affair. We can but do our duty—what seems clearly right—and bear results as they come. There is no other way. You ought to see this."

"Yes, I ought to see it," she said, slowly and in a low distressed voice.

As she spoke there rose in my mind a sudden consciousness that perhaps my wisdom was at fault. How was it that I—a coarse-fibred male animal, returned from slaughter, even now with the blood of fellow-creatures on my hands—should be discoursing of duty and of good and bad to this pure and gentle and sweet-souled woman? What was my title to do this?—to rebuke her for not seeing the right? Had I been in truth generous? Rather had I not, in the purely selfish desire to win my own self-approbation, brought pain and perplexity down upon the head of this poor woman? I had thought much of my own goodness—my own strength of purpose and self-sacrifice and fidelity to duty. Had I given so much as a mental glance at the effect of my acts upon the one whom, of all others, I should have first guarded from trouble and grief?

My tongue was tied. Perhaps I had been all wrong. Perhaps I should not have brought back to her the man whose folly and obstinacy had so well-nigh wrecked her life. I could no longer be sure. I kept silence, feeling indirectly now that her woman's instinct would be truer and better than my logic. She was thinking; she would find the real right and wrong.

Ah, no! To this day we are not settled in our minds, we two old people, as to the exact balance between duty and common-sense in that strange question of our far-away youth.

There broke upon our ears, of a sudden, as we neared the wooded crest of the gulf, a weird and piercing scream—an unnatural and repellent yell like a hyena's horrid hooting! It rose with terrible distinctness from the thicket close before us. As its echoes returned we heard confused sounds of other voices, excited and vibrant.

Daisy clutched my arm, and began hurrying me forward, impelled by some formless fear of she knew not what.

"It is Tulp!" she murmured, as we went breathlessly on. "Oh, I should have kept him back! Why did I not think of it!"

"What about Tulp?" I asked, with difficulty keeping beside her in the narrow path. "I had no thought of him. I did not see him. He was not among the others, was he?"

"He has gone mad!"

"What—Tulp, poor boy? Oh, not

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as bad as that, surely! He has been strange and slow of wit for years, but——"

"Nay, the tidings of your death—you know I told you we heard that you were dead—drove him into perfect madness. I doubt he knew you when you came. Only yesterday we spoke of confining him—but poor old Father pleaded not. When you see Tulp, you shall decide. Oh! What has happened? Who is this man?"

In the path before us, some yards away, appeared the tall, gaunt form of Enoch, advancing slowly. In the dusk of the wooded shades behind him huddled the group of slaves. They bore nothing in their hands. Where was the canoe? They seemed affrighted or oppressed by something out of the common—and Enoch, too, wore a strange air. What could it mean?

When Enoch saw us he lifted his hand in a warning gesture.

"Have her go back!" he called out, with brusque sharpness.

"Will you walk back a little?" I asked her. "There is something here we do not understand. I will join you in a moment."

"For God's sake, what is it, Enoch?" I demanded, as I confronted him. "Tell me quick!"

"Well, we've had our five days' tussle for nothing, and you're minus a nigger. That's about what it comes to."

"Speak out, can't you! Is he dead? What was the yell we heard?"

"It was all done like a flash of lightning. We were coming up the side nighest us here—we had got just where that spruce, you know, hangs over—when all at once that hump-backed nigger of yours raised a scream like a painter, and flung himself head first against the canoe. Over it went, and he with it,—rip, smash, plumb to the bottom!"

The negroes broke forth in a babel of mournful cries at this, and clustered about us. I grew sick and faint under this shock of fresh horrors, and was fain to lean on Enoch's arm, as I turned to walk back to where I had left Daisy. She was not visible as we approached, and I closed my eyes in abject terror of some further tragedy.

Thank God, she had only swooned—and lay mercifully senseless in the tall grass, her waxen face upturned in the twilight.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE PEACEFUL ENDING OF IT ALL.

In the general paralysis of suffering and despair which rested now upon the Valley, the terrible double tragedy of the gulf passed almost unnoted. Women everywhere were mourning for the husbands, sons, lovers who would never return. Fathers strove in vain to look dry-eyed at familiar places which should know the brave lads—true boys of theirs—no more. The play and prattle of children were hushed in a hundred homes where some honest farmer's life, struck fiercely at by savage or Tory, still hung in the dread balance. Each day from some house issued forth the procession of death, until all our little churchyards along the winding river had more new graves than old—not to speak of that grim, unconsecrated God's-acre in the forest pass, more cruel still to think upon. And with all this to bear, there was no assurance that the morrow might not bring the torch and tomahawk of invasion to our very doors.

So our own strange tragedy had, as I have said, scant attention. People listened to the recital, and made answer: "Both dead at the foot of the cliff, eh? Have you heard how William Seeber is to-day?" or, "Is it true that Herkimer's leg must be cut off?"

In those first few days there was little enough heart to measure or boast of the grandeur of the fight our simple Valley farmers had waged, there in the ambushed ravine of Oriskany. Still less was there at hand information by the light of which the results of that battle could be estimated. Nothing was known, at the time of which I write, save that there had been hideous slaughter, and that the invaders had foreborne to immediately follow our shattered forces down the Valley. It was not until much later—until definite news came, not only of St. Leger's flight back to Canada, but of the capture of the whole British army at Saratoga, that the men of the Mohawk

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began to comprehend what they had really done.

To my way of thinking, they have ever since been unduly modest about this truly historic achievement. As I wrote long ago, we of New York have chosen to make money, and to allow our neighbors to make histories. Thus it happens that the great decisive struggle of the whole long war for Independence—the conflict which in fact made America free—is suffered to pass into the records as a mere frontier skirmish. Yet, if one will but think, it is as clear as daylight that Oriskany was the turning-point of the war. The Palatines, who had been originally colonized on the upper Mohawk by the English to serve as a shield against savagery for their own Atlantic settlements, reared a barrier of their own flesh and bones, there at Oriskany, over which St. Leger and Johnson strove in vain to pass. That failure settled everything. The essential feature of Burgoyne's plan had been that this force, which we so roughly stopped and turned back in the forest defile, should victoriously sweep down our Valley, raising the Tory gentry as they progressed, and join him at Albany. If that had been done, he would have held the whole Hudson, separating the rest of the Colonies from New England, and having it in his power to punish and subdue, first the Yankees, then the others at his leisure.

Oriskany prevented this! Coming as it did, at the darkest hour of Washington's trials and the Colonies' despondency, it altered the face of things as gloriously as does the southern sun, rising swiftly upon the heels of night. Burgoyne's expected allies never reached him; he was compelled in consequence to surrender—and from that day there was no doubt who would in the long run triumph.

Therefore, I say, all honor and glory to the rude, unlettered, great-souled yeomen of the Mohawk Valley, who braved death in the wildwood gulch at Oriskany that Congress and the free Colonies might live!

But, in these first few days, be it repeated, nobody talked or thought much of glory. There were too many dead left behind — too many maimed and wounded brought home—to leave much room for patriotic meditations around the saddened hearth-stones. And personal grief was everywhere too deep and general to make it possible that men should care much about the strange occurrence by which Philip and Tulp lost their lives together in the gulf.

I went on the following day to my mother, and she and my sister Margaret returned with me to Cairncross, to relieve from smaller cares, as much as might be, our poor dear girl. All was done to shield both her and the stricken old gentleman, our common second father, from contact with material reminders of the shock that had fallen upon us, and as soon as possible afterward they were both taken to Albany, out of reach of the scene's sad suggestions.

From the gulf's bottom, where Death had dealt his double stroke, the soldier's remains were borne one way, to his mansion; the slave's the other, to his old home at The Cedars. Between their graves the turbulent stream still dashes, the deep ravine still yawns. For years I could not visit the spot without hearing, in and above the ceaseless shouting of the waters, poor mad Tulp's awful death-scream.

During the month immediately following the event, my time was closely engaged in public work. It was my melancholy duty to go up to the Falls, to represent General Schuyler and Congress at the funeral of brave old Brigadier Nicholas Herkimer, who succumbed to the effects of an unskilful amputation ten days after the battle. A few days later I went with Arnold and his relieving force up the Valley, saw the siege raised and the flood of invasion rolled back, and had the delight of grasping Peter Gansevoort, the stout commander of the long-beleaguered garrison, once more by the hand. On my return I had barely time to lease The Cedars to a good tenant, and put in train the finally successful efforts to save Cairncross from confiscation, when I was summoned to Albany to attend upon my chief. It was none too soon, for my old wounds had broken out again, under the exposure and travail of the trying battle week, and I was more fit for a hospital than for the saddle.

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I found the kindliest of nursing and care in my old quarters in the Schuyler mansion. It was there, one morning in January of the new year, 1778, that a quiet wedding breakfast was celebrated for Daisy and me—and neither words nor wishes could have been more tender had we been truly the children of the great man, Philip Schuyler, and his good dame. The exact date of this ceremony does not matter — let it be kept sacred within the knowledge of us two old people, who look back still to it as to the sunrise of a new long day, peaceful, serene, and almost cloudless—and not less happy even now because the ashen shadows of twilight begin gently to gather over it.

Though the war had still the greater half of its course to run, my part thereafter in it was far removed from camp and field. No opportunity came to me to see fighting again, or to rise beyond my major's estate. Yet I was of as much service, perhaps, as though I had been out in the thick of the conflict; certainly Daisy was happier to have it so.

Twice during the year 1780 did we suffer grievous material loss at the hands of the raiding parties which malignant Sir John Johnson piloted into the Valley of his birth. In one of these the Cairncross mansion was rifled and burned, and the tenants despoiled and driven into the woods. This meant a considerable monetary damage to us—yet our memories of the place were all so sad that its demolition seemed almost a relief, particularly as Enoch, to whom we had presented a freehold of the wilder part of the grant, that nearest the Sacondaga, miraculously escaped molestation.

But it was a genuine affliction when, later in the year, Sir John personally superintended the burning down of the dear old Cedars—the home of our youth. If I were able to forgive him all other harm he has wrought, alike to me and to his neighbors, this would still remain obstinately to steel my heart against him, for he knew that we had been good to his wife, and that we loved the place better than any other on earth. We were very melancholy over this for a long time, and, to the end of his placid days of second childhood passed with us, we never allowed Mr. Stewart to learn of it. But even here there was the recompense that the ruffians, though they crossed the river and frightened the women into running for safety to the woods, did not pursue them, and thus my mother and sisters, along with Mrs. Romeyn and others, escaped. Alas! that the Tory brutes could not also have forborne to slay on his own doorstep my godfather, honest old Douw Fonda!

There was still another raid upon the Valley the ensuing year, but it touched us only in that it brought news of the violent death of Walter Butler, slain on the bank of the East Canada Creek by the Oneida chief Skenandoah. Both Daisy and I had known him from childhood, and had in the old times been fond of him. Yet there had been so much innocent blood upon those delicate hands of his, before they clutched the gravel on the lonely forest stream's edge in their death-grasp, that we could scarcely wish him alive again.

Our first boy was born about this time — a dark-skinned, brawny man-child whom it seemed the most natural thing in the world to christen Douw. He bears the name still, and on the whole, though he has forgotten all the Dutch I taught him, bears it creditably.

In the mid-autumn of the next year — it was in fact the very day on which the glorious news of Yorktown reached Albany — a second little boy was born. He was a fair-haired slender creature, differing from the other as sunshine differs from thunder-clouds. He had nothing like the other's breadth of shoulders or strength of lung and limb, and we petted him accordingly, as is the wont of parents.

When the question of his name came up, I sat, I remember, by his mother's bedside, holding her hand in mine, and we both looked down upon the tiny, fair babe nestled upon her arm.

"Ought we not to call him for the dear old father—give him the two names —'Thomas and Stewart?'" I asked.

Daisy stroked the child's hair gently, and looked with tender melancholy into my eyes.

"I have been thinking," she mur-

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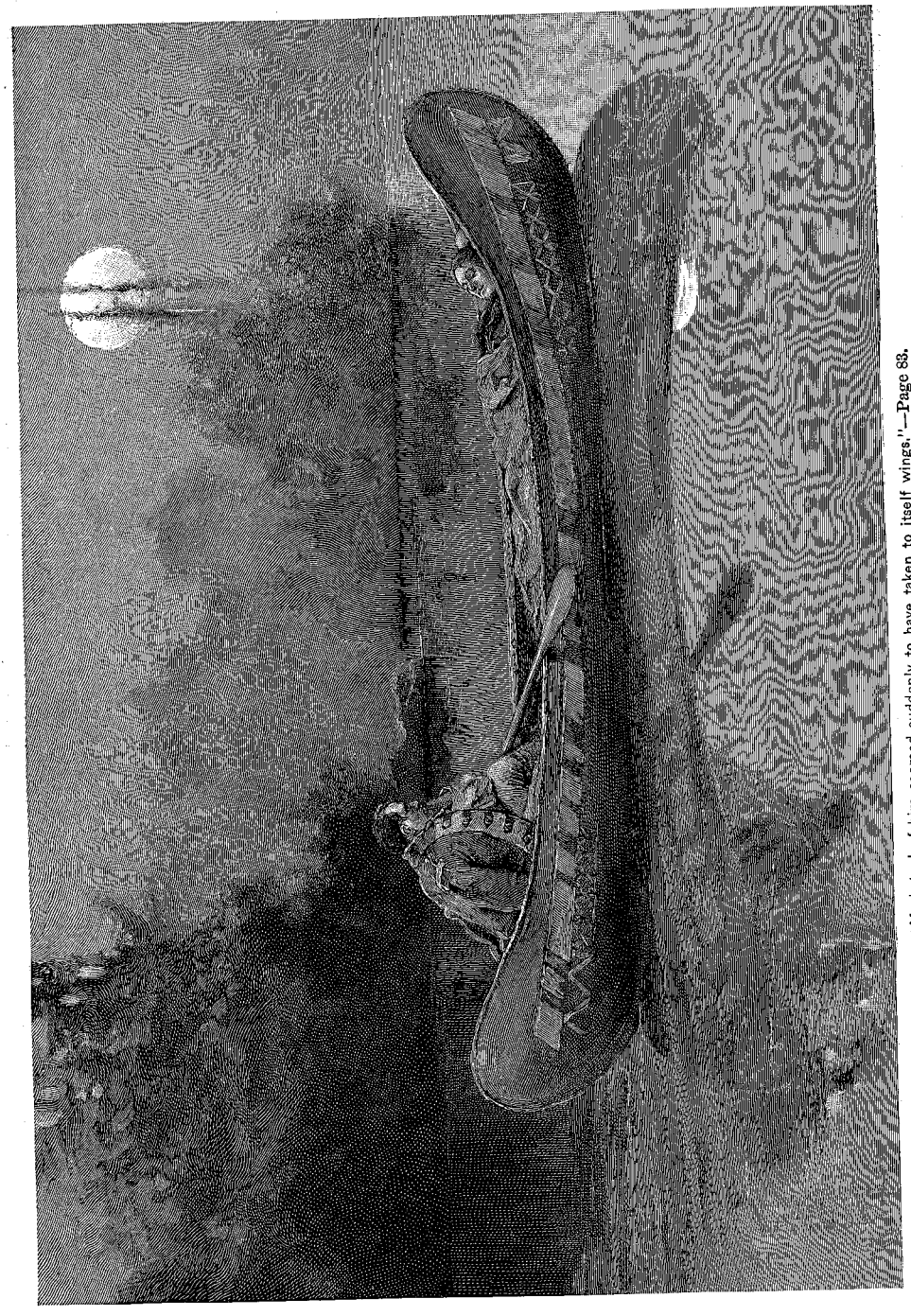

"My hatred of him seemed suddenly to have taken to itself wings."—Page 83.

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mured, "thinking often of late—it is all so far behind us now, and time has passed so sweetly and softened so much our memories of past trouble and of the —the dead—I have been thinking, dear, that it would be a comfort to have the lad called Philip."

I sat for a long time thus by her side, and we talked more freely than we had ever done before, of him who lay buried by the ruined walls of Cairncross. Time had indeed softened much. We spoke of him now with gentle sorrow—as of a friend whose life had left somewhat to be desired, yet whose death had given room for naught but pity. He had been handsome and fearless and wilful—and unfortunate; our minds were closed against any harsher word. And it came about that when it was time for me to leave the room, and I bent over to kiss lightly the sleeping infant, I was glad in my heart that he was to be called Philip. Thus he was called, and though the General was his godfather at the old Dutch church, we did not conceal from him that the Philip for whom the name was given was another. It was easily within Schuyler's kindly nature to comprehend the feelings which prompted us, and I often fancied he was even the fonder of the child because of the link formed by his name with his parents' time of grief and tragic romance.

In truth we all made much of this light-haired, beautiful, imperious little boy, who from the beginning quite threw into the shade his elder and slower brother, the dusky-skinned and patient Douw. Old Mr. Stewart, in particular, became dotingly attached to the younger lad, and scarce could bear to have him out of sight the whole day long. It was a pretty spectacle indeed — one which makes my old heart yearn in memory, even now—to see the simple, soft-mannered, childish patriarch gravely obeying the whims and freaks of the boy, and finding the chief delight of his waning life in being thus commanded. Sometimes, to be sure, my heart smote me with the fear that poor quiet Master Douw felt keenly underneath his calm exterior this preference, and often, too, I grew nervous lest our fondness was spoiling the younger child. But it was not in us to resist him.

The little Philip died suddenly, in his sixth year, and within the month Mr. Stewart followed him. Great and overpowering as was our grief, it seemed almost perfunctory beside the heart-breaking anguish of the old man. He literally staggered and died under the blow.

There is no story in the rest of my life. The years have flowed on as peacefully, as free from tempest or excitement, as the sluggish waters of a Delft canal. No calamity has since come upon us; no great trial or large advancement has stirred the current of our pleasant existence. Having always a sufficient hold upon the present, with means to live in comfort, and tastes not leading into venturesome ways for satisfaction, it has come to be to us, in our old age, a deep delight to look backward together. We seem now to have walked from the outset hand in hand. The joys of our childhood and youth spent under one roof—the dear smoky, raftered roof, where hung old Dame Kronk's onions and corn, and perfumed herbs—are very near to us. There comes between this scene of sunlight and the not less peaceful radiance of our later life, it is true, the shadow for a time of a dark curtain. Yet—so good and generous a thing is memory—even this interruption appears now to have been but of a momentary kind, and has for us no harrowing side. As I wrote out the story, page by page, it seemed to both of us that all these trials, these tears, these bitter feuds and fights, must have happened to others, not to us — so swallowed up in happiness are the griefs of those young years, and so free are our hearts from scars.

THE END.

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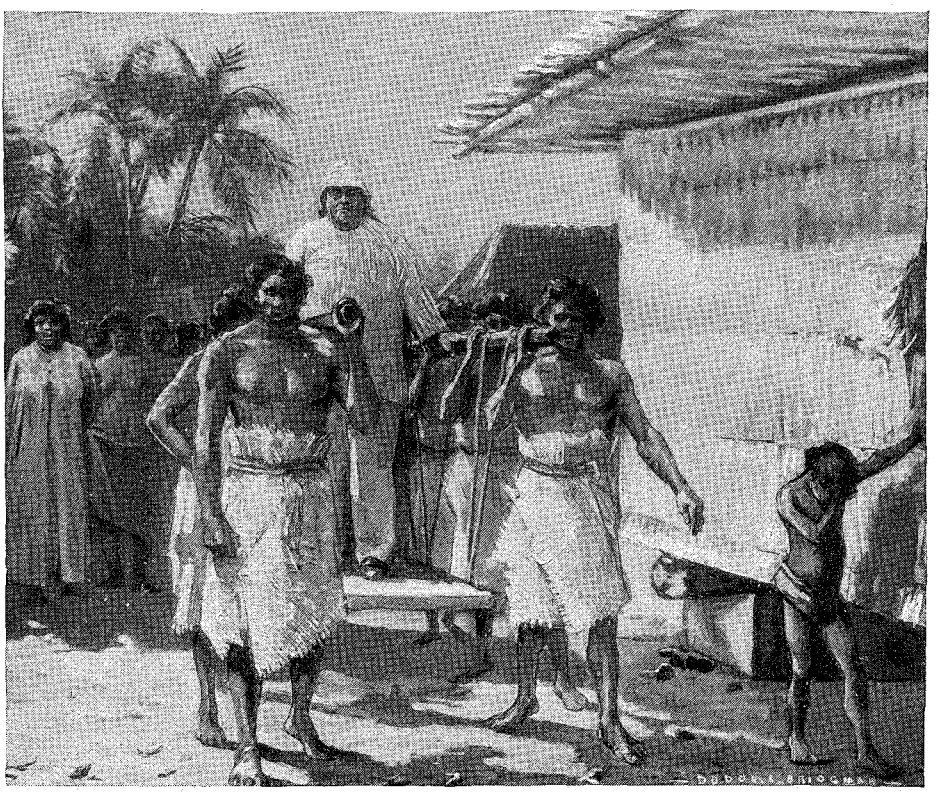

THE HOUSE OF TEMBINOKA.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

At my departure from the island of Apemama, for which you will look in vain in most atlases, the King and I agreed, since we both set up to be in the poetical way, that we should celebrate our separation in verse. Whether or not his Majesty has been true to his bargain, the laggard posts of the Pacific may perhaps inform me in six months, perhaps not before a year. The following lines represent my part of the contract, and it is hoped, by their pictures of strange manners they may entertain a civilized audience. Nothing throughout has been invented or exaggerated; the lady herein referred to as the author's muse has confined herself to stringing into rhyme facts and legends that I saw or heard during two months' residence upon the island.

R. L. S.

Envoy.

LET us, who part like brothers, part like bards;
And you in your tongue and measure, I in mine,
Our now division duly solemnize.
Unlike the strains, and yet the theme is one:
The strains unlike, and how unlike their fate!
You to the blinding palace-yard shall call
The prefect of the singers, and to him,
Listing devout, your valedictory verse
Deliver; he, his attribute fulfilled,

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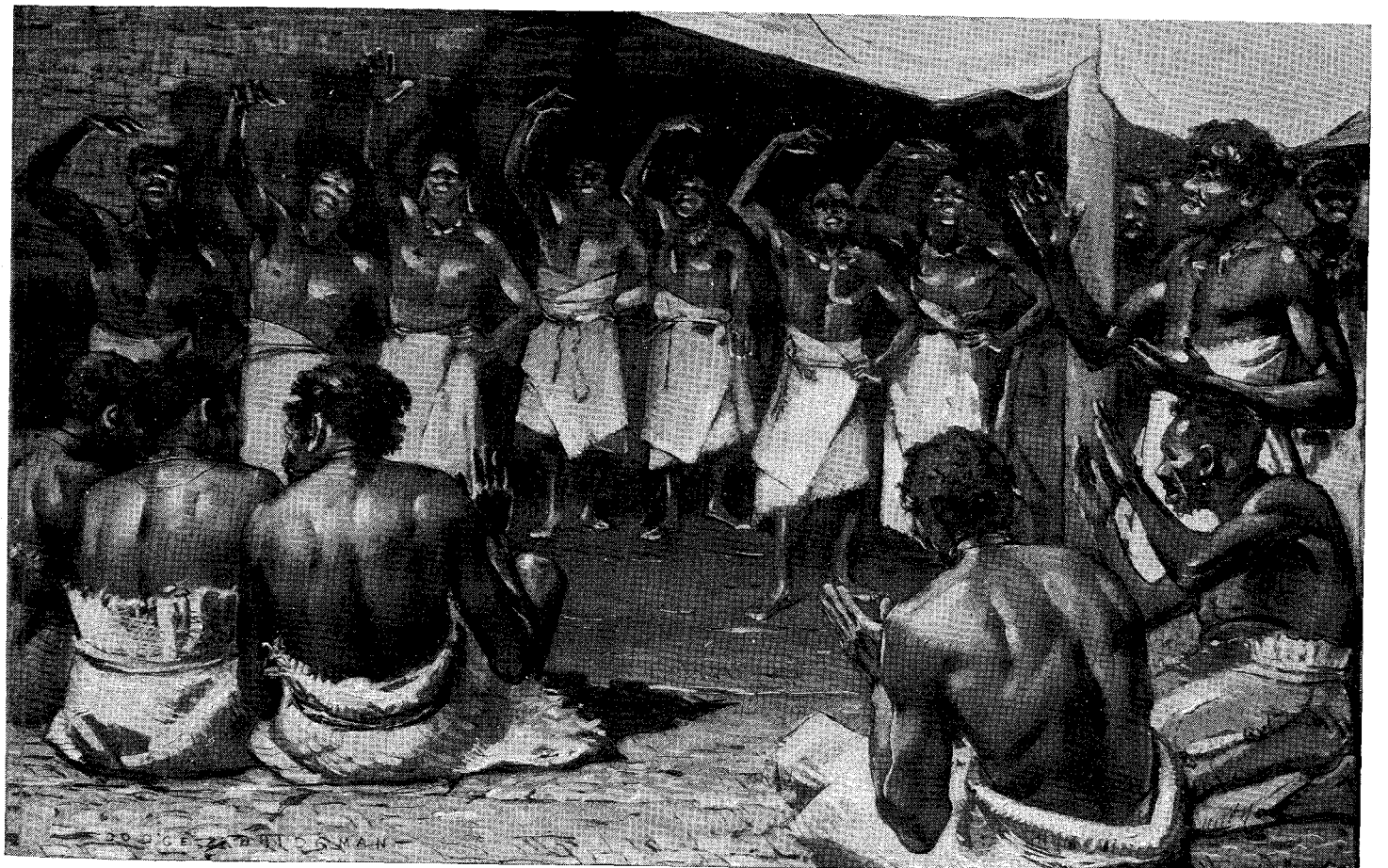

"Thirty matted men, to the clapped hand, intone."

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To the island chorus hand your measures on,
Wed now with harmony: So them, at last,
Night after night, in the open hall of dance,
Shall thirty matted men, to the clapped hand,
Intone and bray and bark. Unfortunate!
Paper and print alone shall honor mine.

The Song.

Let now the King his ear arouse
And toss the bosky ringlets from his brows,
The while, our bond to implement,
My muse relates and praises his descent.

I.

Bride of the shark, her valor first I sing
Who on the lone seas quickened of a King.
She, from the shore and puny homes of men,
Beyond the climber's sea-discerning ken,
Swam, led by omens; and devoid of fear,
Beheld her monstrous paramour draw near.
She gazed; all round her to the heavenly pale,
The simple sea was void of isle or sail—
Sole overhead the unsparing sun was reared—
When the deep bubbled and the brute appeared.
But she, secure in the decrees of fate,
Made strong her bosom and received the mate;
And men declare, from that marine embrace
Conceived the virtues of a stronger race.

II.

Her stern descendant next I praise,
Survivor of a thousand frays:—
In the hall of tongues who ruled the throng;
Led and was trusted by the strong;
And when spears were in the wood,
Like to a tower of vantage stood:—
Whom, not till seventy years had sped,
Unscarred of breast, erect of head,
Still light of step, still bright of look,
The hunter, Death, had overtook.

III.

His sons, the brothers twain, I sing,
Of whom the elder reigned a King.
No Childeric he, yet much declined
From his rude sire's imperious mind,

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Until his day came when he died,
He lived, he reigned, he versified.
But chiefly him I celebrate
That was the pillar of the state;
Ruled, wise of word and bold of mien,
The peaceful and the warlike scene;
And played alike the leader's part
In lawful and unlawful art.
His soldiers with emboldened ears
Heard him laugh among the spears.
He could deduce from age to age
The web of island parentage;
Best lay the rhyme, best lead the dance,
For any festal circumstance;
And fitly fashion oar and boat,
A palace or an armor coat.
None more availed than he to raise
The strong, suffumigating blaze
Or knot the wizard leaf: none more,
Upon the untrod windward shore
Of the isle, beside the beating main,
To cure the sickly and constrain
With muttered words and waving rods,
The gibbering and the whistling gods.
But he, though thus with hand and head,
He ruled, commanded, charmed and led,
And thus in virtue and in might
Towered to contemporary sight—
Still in fraternal faith and love,
Remained below to reach above,
Gave and obeyed the apt command,
Pilot and vassal of the land.

IV.

My Tembinok' from men like these
Inherited his palaces,
His right to rule, his powers of mind,
His coco-islands sea-enshrined.
Stern bearer of the sword and whip,
A master passed in mastership,
He learned, without the spur of need,
To write, to cipher, and to read;
From all that touch on his prone shore
Augments his treasury of lore,
Eager in age as erst in youth
To catch an art, to learn a truth,
To paint on the internal page
A clearer picture of the age.

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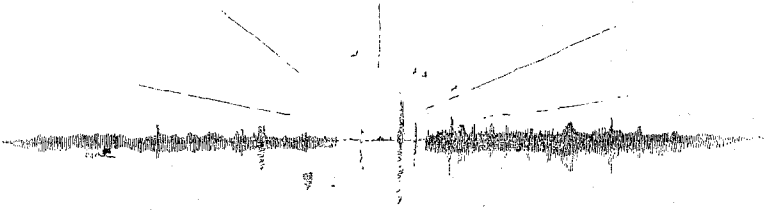
His age, you say? But ah, not so!
In his lone isle of long ago,
A royal Lady of Shalott,
Sea-sundered, he beholds it not;
He only hears it far away.
The stress of equatorial day
He suffers; he records the while
The vapid annals of the isle;
Slaves bring him praise of his renown,
Or cackle of the palm-tree town;
The rarer ship and the rare boat
He marks; and only hears remote,
Where thrones and fortunes rise and reel,
The thunder of the turning wheel.

V.

For the unexpected tears he shed
At my departing, may his lion head
Not whiten, his revolving years
No fresh occasion minister of tears;
At book or cards, at work or sport,
Him may the breeze across the palace court
Forever fan; and swelling near
Forever the loud song divert his ear.

SCHOONER EQUATOR, AT SEA.



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SURF AND SURF-BATHING.

By Duffield Osborne.

THE popularity of surf-bathing as a sport may be said to be of fairly recent growth in this country. Although few perhaps realize the fact, it is nevertheless true that most of the beaches where now the surf curls over net-works of life-lines, and where the brown-faced bathing-master lounges, lazy yet watchful, before hundreds of gayly clad pleasure-seekers, were solitudes but a few years since. The white-topped waves tumbled, one after another, unnoticed upon the gray shore, the sea-breeze played only with the rank grasses upon the dunes, while circling gull and tern screamed their confidential communications to each other without fear of being overheard by human eavesdroppers.

Only on Saturdays, at the hour of full tide, did the scene change; and then perhaps a farm-wagon or so rolled heavily down to where the ripples lapped the sand; a stout rope was drawn from its coil under the seats and tied firmly around the hub and axle; a dilapidated fish-house lent itself for a change of garments, and finally, some bronzed ex-whaler, with his bulky strength robed in a flannel shirt and old trousers tied with ropes at waist and ankles, slipped his wrist through the hand-loop at the free end of the rope and dragged it out into the surf—a sort of human anchor-buoy—while women, children, and less sturdy manhood clung to its now tightening, now slackening length, and sputtered and shrieked over their Saturday bath.

But, passing at a bound from farm-wagon, hand-looped rope, and ex-whaler to the less picturesque, but more effectual, appliances of to-day, the following is by all odds the simplest and best. Two parallel ropes, firmly anchored, and so elevated from the shore as to lie along the surface of the water, are run out to two heavy log-buoys, also anchored, at a distance of seventy-five yards, more or less, according to the character of both beach and surf. Halfway from the shore to the buoys these ropes should be connected by a transverse line with cork-floats fastened at regular intervals—the distances being such that the cork-line shall rest upon the water some yards beyond the point where the heaviest breakers comb. If placed closer in shore, it is likely to become a source of serious danger, for, diving beneath a heavy wave and coming up under, or perhaps being thrown with more or less force against, a taut rope or a rough cork-buoy, has been the occasion of many painful hurts, and serious injury can be very readily imagined.

Regard being had to the above caution, this system of life-lines is really safer than much more elaborate contrivances. Women, children, and the inexperienced in general should keep within the rectangle formed by the shore, the long ropes, and the cork-line; and they would, moreover, do wisely to stay near that rope lying upon the side from which the surf may "set." Then, if swept off their feet, the chances are all in favor of their being carried within reach of some support which will keep them up until assistance can be had. It seems hardly necessary to say that any such complication of lines as is seen at some points of Coney Island, for instance, would be a danger rather than a safeguard in any surf heavy enough to "throw" a bather.

A word as to bathing costumes may be of some service here. A man's suit should be of flannel, because that material is both warm and light; it should be made in one piece, sleeveless, reaching just to the knee, belted in at the waist, and, above all, close-fitting.

. . . . . .

There are few, nowadays, who do not appreciate the privilege of playing with the Atlantic Ocean; but perhaps there are fewer still who have ever taken the

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trouble to study the character and humors of their playmate—for he is full of tricks, this same ocean, and his jests are sometimes sadly practical; he is all life and good spirits—the jolliest of jolly company—when he is in the humor; but he must be treated with tact, tact born of a knowledge of his ways and moods; and, above all, his would-be friends must learn to recognize when he is really angry, and then they must leave him to rave or grumble alone until boisterous good-nature resumes its sway.

Watch and note the character of the surf and the formation of the beach for a few days; the knowledge gained may be useful. Do you see that line of breakers a quarter of a mile away? There lies the bar, and to-day the surf is heavy enough to break upon it, though the depth there must be at least six feet. Sometimes it is shallower, and, if you are ambitious and—foolish, you can wade and swim out there and meet the waves first-hand. It is not worth while to run the risk, though; the seas will usually form again long before they reach the shore, and, if you are sensible, you can enjoy them fully as much here as if you had put several hundred yards between yourself and help in the always possible contingency of accident.

No, it is not remarkably rough now; but last week! you should have been here then. There had been great tumults far out beyond that smoke you see floating above the horizon, where some hidden steamer is ploughing her way through blue water; and the great seas rolled and tumbled upon the bar and broke there, but they had no time to form themselves again. Plunging onward under their own impulse and beaten out of shape by fiercely thronging successors, they rushed in toward the shore, a seething turmoil of foam, sweeping the sand from one side and heaping it up on another—all white above and gray below from bar to beach. Next week there may be scarce a ripple; you would not know there was an outer bar, and the wavelets, as they lap the sand, will seem so placid that you cannot conceive how they could ever have lost their temper.

In spite of all its changes, however, the surf has sometimes local characteristics as fixed as anything can be with which the fickle ocean has to do. For instance, on the Atlantic coast the storms are generally bred and nurtured in the east; the milder weather is born of southern or western winds, and therefore it is that those who have spent much time upon the New Jersey beaches have probably noticed that during very heavy weather the waves, as a rule, roll straight upon the shore; while when the surf is lighter it is apt to run diagonally, or, as they say, "sets" from the south. On the Long Island coast all this is reversed; there, when the storm winds prevail, the "set" is strong from the east, and the foam and breakers race along the beach from Montauk toward the Metropolis; while at other times the surf will usually run straight on. It is hardly necessary to say that a surf without "set" is far more agreeable and somewhat safer. A bather is not forced to fight constantly against the impulse that is drifting him down the beach and away from companions, ropes, and bathing-grounds.

The strength and height of the waves depend mainly upon influences at work far out upon the ocean, but the beach, as shaped by its watery assailants, reacts upon them in turn. The finest surf will be found under the following conditions: First, let there be a storm well out at sea, sending the big rollers straight onto the beach, and then a sharp wind off-shore for a few hours. The effect of this will be, in the first instance, to thin the waves, and he who is fortunate enough to make trial of them under such circumstances will find a high, clean-cut surf, each breaker of which combs over in even sequence, and yet without such weight or body of water as to seriously threaten his equilibrium. Should that same wind off-shore blow for a few hours longer, the tops of the waves will be cut off and the ocean become too calm to be interesting.

I speak of a "fine surf," but were each man asked what he understands by it or by the term "good bathing," his definition would probably be largely governed by his skill and ability to take care of himself. For instance, what would be highly satisfactory to a good

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surfman would be altogether too rough for those compelled by weakness, timidity, or inexperience to stand near the shore and look on; while what might be agreeable to them would be tame for him. The opinion of such as say, "Wasn't it splendid to-day! Why, I swam way out to the bar," need not be considered. *They* don't enjoy surf-bathing; it is only the swimming that they care for, and they would doubtless be even better pleased at any point on Long Island Sound. But what I take to be, and what I mean by, "a good bathing-day," is one on which a man who understands himself can take the surf as it comes, either alone or "with convoy," and yet, when there is an ever-present excitement in the knowledge that a second's carelessness may result in an overthrow of both his person and his pride.

Turning now from the water to the beach itself we find its formation varies, from day to day and from year to year, almost as much as do the waves that are forever smiting it. It may deepen gradually or abruptly, and the shoaling of an abrupt beach is usually the result of some days' heavy sea "setting" from one direction or the other, which cuts away the sand above low water-mark and spreads it out over the bottom. But that characteristic which at the same time varies and affects us most is the position and depth of what is known as the "ditch," that is, where, sometimes at a few feet, sometimes at several yards from the shore, will be found a sudden declivity caused by the continual pounding of the surf along one line, and consequently lying farther out in heavy weather, and conversely.

As a source of danger this same "ditch" is often very material. Often a man ignorant of the surf, perhaps a poor swimmer or no swimmer at all, starts to wade out waist or breast deep. To his eyes there is no sign of peril;—one step more, and lo! he is beyond his depth; and that, too, just where the waves are pounding him down and the conditions most potent to deprive him of his much-needed presence of mind. Nor is this all;—he may not, of his own free will, take that last step which involves him in all this difficulty, for it is at the edge of the "ditch" where the "under-tow" is strongest; nay, more—the very strength of the "under-tow" depends largely upon the depth of the ditch.

Doubtless we have all heard a great deal about this "under-tow," as though it were some mysterious force working from the recesses of a treacherous ocean to draw unwary bathers to their doom. As a matter of fact its presence is obviously natural, and the explanation of it more than simple. As each wave rolls in and breaks upon the beach, the volume of water which it carries does not remain there and sink into the sand; it flows back again, and, as the succeeding wave breaks over it, the receding one forms an under-current flowing outward of strength proportionate to the body of water contained in each breaker, and, again, proportionate in a great measure to the depth of the ditch. Where this latter is an appreciable depression, it can be readily seen that the water of receding waves will flow into it with similar effect to that of water going over a fall, and that a person standing near is very likely to be drawn over with it, and thus, if the ditch is deep enough, carried out of his depth. This is all there is to the much-talked-of "under-tow" and the numerous accidents laid to its account.

It may be well to speak here of another phenomenon not infrequently observed. I do not recall ever seeing the name by which it is known in print, and, as the word is ignored by Webster, I shall invent my own spelling and write it "sea-poose." This term is loosely used on different parts of the coast, but the true significance of it is briefly this: There will sometimes come, at every bathing-ground, days when the ocean seems to lose its head and to act in a very capricious way. On such occasions it often happens that the beach is cut away at some one point, presumably where the sand happens to be softer and less capable of resisting the action of the water. There will then be found a little bay indenting the shore, perhaps ten feet, perhaps ten yards. The waves rolling into such a cove are deflected somewhat by its sides and "set" together at its head, so that two wings of a breaker, so to speak, meet and, running

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straight out from the point of junction, form a sort of double "under-tow," which will, if the conditions that cause it continue, cut out along its course a depression or trench of varying depth and length. It can be readily understood that such a trench tends to strengthen the current that causes it, and these two factors, acting and reacting upon each other, occasion what might be called an artificial "under-tow" which is sometimes strong enough to carry an unwary bather some distance out, in a fashion that will cause him either to be glad he is, or to wish he were, within the rectangle of the life-lines.

I have sometimes heard old surfmen speak of what they call a "false poose," but I have never been able to find out just what was meant by the expression, much less its causes and character. I shall therefore leave the question for those who delight to delve into the mysteries of local nomenclature.

. . . . . .

And now, standing upon the dunes, our eyes have wandered over the expanse of ocean with a glance more critical and inquiring as it drew near the shore. The salt savor of the breeze is, at the same time, a tonic and an anodyne; we are drowsy, but the sea yet draws us to itself with an irresistible impulse; the waves are rolling straight in and breaking high and clean; shall we plunge into their cool depths; shall we combat their strength; or ride them as they come galloping from the blue to the green, and from the green to the white, until at last they fall spent upon the gray sand of the beach? Surely! Who is there can stand by and resist such temptation! But wait! Surf-bathing is not a solitary sport. See! the beach is thronged with gay toilets and bright sunshades, and the water has already given place to many. Watch that couple as they run gracefully down to the shore; they dash confidently out; now they have almost reached the line where the waves are breaking; he takes her hands, and they stand prepared to "jump" the breakers—and then! and then a big, foamy crest curls over them and falls with a roar; and, as it rolls in, you think you see a foot reaching up pathetically out of its depth, and now a hand some yards away, until at last, from out the shallows of the spent wave two dazed and bedraggled shapes stagger to their feet and look, first for themselves, and then for each other. A broad smile runs along the line of pretty toilets, and the gay sunshades nod their appreciation. There stand some men, just where the breakers comb, and, as each wave succeeds its precursor and rises into a crest, you may see the half-dozen brown-armed figures shooting over, like so many porpoises, and plunging head-foremost under the advancing hill of water. Look! there come some big ones—one, two, three of them! The bathers see them too, and press out a few yards

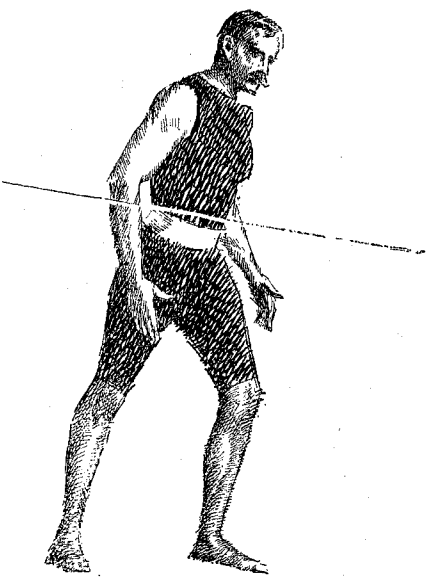

Fig. 1.

into deeper water; and then the diving commences. It is sharp work this time; the big ocean-coursers are running close upon each other's heels, and the heads scarcely emerge after the first before the second is curling directly above; now they have passed, and each breathless bather looks around to see how the rest have fared—three, four, five—but where is the sixth? A roar of laughter floats shoreward as a demoralized form is seen to gather itself up, almost upon the beach; that last breaker of the trio struck too quickly for him; he cannot

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tell you just how many somersaults he has turned since the ocean proceeded to

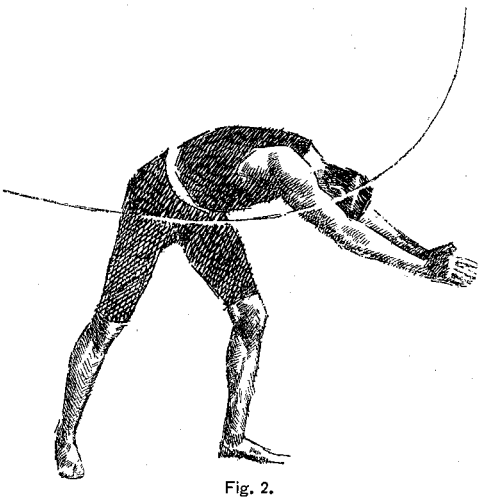

Fig. 2.

take him in hand, but he is sure that they numbered somewhere among the twenties. Yes, it is brisk sport, and we must "go in."

But then, it does not look comfortable, to be thrown; nor will it please our conceit to so minister to the good-natured mirth of that gay company. It is pleasanter to be among the laughers—and so we shall be. To that end a few hints will perhaps be found useful, and even though what I shall say may, when said, seem to be obvious enough, yet it is amazing how few people will, of themselves, perceive the obvious and utilize their perceptions. You, my scornful friend, who think you know it all; you will go to Southampton next summer, and—the spirit of prophecy being upon me—you will be thrown, ignominiously thrown, eight times inside of two weeks; so, remember that much that is "obvious" is yet fairly occult after all, or at least might as well be, as far as practice is concerned. And now, to return to the ocean and to didactics.

We shall assume, in the first place, that you are able to swim, and further, that you are not minded to follow the inglorious, yet really dangerous, example of those who wait for a calm interval, and then, rushing through the line of breakers, spend their time swimming out beyond. Well, then, take your place just where the seas comb. This point will vary somewhat with the height of the waves, but you will stand, for the most part, in water about waist deep (as shown in Fig. 1). Should a particular breaker look to be heavier than the preceding, remember that it will strike further out and that you must push forward to meet it. Then, if you are where you should be, it will comb directly above your head. Wait until it reaches that point of its development, for if you act too soon or too late your chances of being thrown are greatly increased, and, with the white crest just curving over you, dive under the green wall of water that rises up in front. Dive just as you would from a low shore, only not quite so much downward—say at an angle of twenty degrees off the horizontal (Figs. 2 and 3); your object being to slip under the incoming volume of water, to get somewhat into the "under-tow," and yet to run no risk of running afoul of the bottom. The heavier the wave, the deeper will be the water in which you stand, and the deeper you can and should dive. If your antagonist be very big and strong, you will find it advisa-

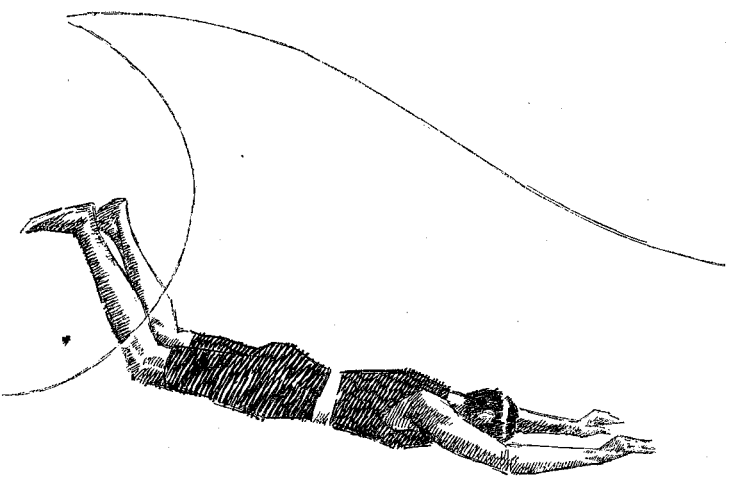

Fig. 3.

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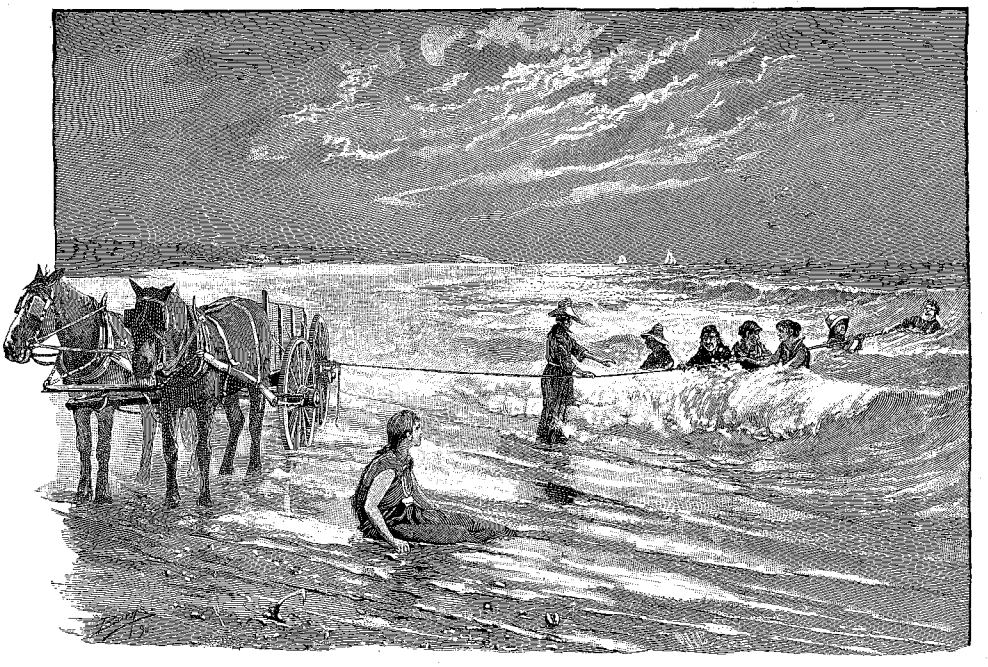

The Saturday Bath in the Old Days.

ble to strike out the instant you have plunged; very much on the theory that, as a bicycle will stand when in motion and fall the instant it stops, so a man can, by swimming under water, keep control of and balance himself much better against the peculiar vibratory motion which one experiences when under a big wave and surrounded by conflicting currents. Swimming will also tend to bring you to the surface again under full control, and, provided you have acted with judgment, you will find yourself, when the wave has passed, standing on about the line from which you plunged.

A thing good to remember but difficult to explain the cause of, is that extraordinarily heavy waves almost invariably travel by threes; that is, very often, when you have been standing at one spot and taking perhaps a dozen breakers, you will of a sudden see, rolling in from the bar, a hill of water and foam much higher and heavier than those that have gone before. Then be sure that there are two more of similar magnitude close behind it and push forward as fast as you can. If it seems *very* heavy and you have time, you may try to get beyond the break and ride them in comfort, but if this is impossible, you must dive low, swim, come to the surface promptly, dash the water from your eyes, and be ready for numbers two and three; and when all have passed, if you are still in good shape, you will find some long draughts of air very agreeable.

Sometimes it will happen that you cannot get far enough out in time to meet these big seas at the proper point, and then it is that your reputation as a surf-man will be in danger, at least among those who judge by success alone. There is only one thing to do; dive under the foam as it boils toward you—*dive deep* and *swim hard*. The wave and the "under-tow" will be here commingled in a sort of whirlpool, and you will need all your strength and skill to keep "head-on." Suffer yourself to be twisted but a few inches from your course, and—but doubtless you understand.

There is a rather amusing way of playing with the surf on days when it is fairly high, but thin and without much force. Instead of diving as the breaker commences to comb, throw yourself over backward and allow your feet to be car-

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ried up into its crest. Provided you have judged its strength accurately and given yourself just enough back somersault impetus, you will be turned completely over *in the wave* (Figs. 4 and 5), and

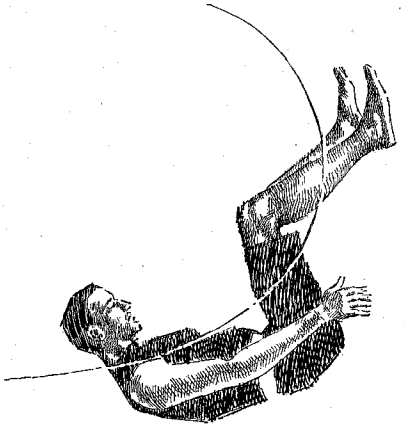

Fig. 4.

strike with it and upon your feet; only be careful in picking out your plaything, and don't select one that will pound you into the sand, or perhaps refuse to regulate the number of somersaults according to your wishes or intentions.

. . . . . .

Now, it is more than possible that, being a good swimmer, and having first made personal trial of both beach and surf, you may desire to offer your escort to—well, to your sister; and right here let me note a few preliminary cautions.

Never attempt to take a woman into the surf where there is any reason for an experienced surfman to anticipate a sea which, unaccompanied, you would have any difficulty in meeting; or

When the water in the ditch is more than breast deep; or

When the "under-tow" or "set" is especially strong; or

When there is any irregularity of the beach which might cause a "sea-poose" to form.

You may also find it wise to observe the following:

Never take a woman outside the life-lines, and never promise her, either expressly or by implication, that you will not let her hair get wet. Above all, impress it upon her that she must do exactly as you say, that a moment's hesitation due to timidity or lack of confidence, or, worse than all, anything like panic or an attempt to break from you and escape by flight, is likely to precipitate a disaster which, unpleasant and humiliating when met alone, is trebly so in company.

And now, having read your lecture on the duty of obedience, etc., lead on. Of course, if the water deepens gradually and the surf is very light, you may go beyond the breakers, but in that event no skill is called for and no suggestions needed.

There are several good ways of holding a woman in the surf, but the best and safest in every emergency is that shown in Fig. 6. You thus stand with your left and her right side toward the ocean, and as the wave rises before you, your companion should, at the word, spring from the sand while at the same moment you swing her around with all your force, and throw her backward into the advancing breaker (Fig. 7). You will observe that your own feet are always firmly planted on the bottom, the left foot about twelve inches advanced, and your body and shoulders thrown forward, so as to obtain the best brace against the shock of the water. The question of preserving your equilibrium is largely one of proper balancing, especially when, as is often the case, you are carried from your foothold and

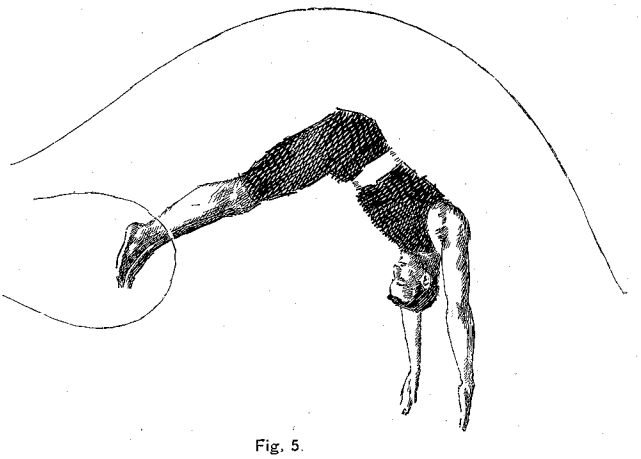

Fig. 5.

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borne some yards toward the shore. Your companion's weight and impetus, as well as the position in which she strikes the wave—that is, directly in front of you, all tend to make your anchorage more secure, or in case of losing it, your balance the easier to maintain. The body of the wave will, of course, pass completely over you (as shown in Fig. 8). The instant it has so passed and your head emerges, clear your eyes, regain your position (you will practically drop into it again), and if carried shoreward, press out to the proper point so as to be ready for the next.

Should an exceptionally heavy sea roll in, endeavor to push forward to meet it as if you were alone, being very careful, however, not to get out of depth. Flight is almost always disastrous. If the sea strikes before you can reach it, there is nothing to do but bend your head and shoulders well forward, brace yourself as firmly as possible, and thus, presenting the least surface for the water to take hold of, and getting the full benefit of the "under-tow," swing your companion (who has also bent low and thrown herself forward) horizontally under the broken wave (Fig. 9). If she has had much experience, it will be still better for you to dive together, side by side.

Before dropping this branch of the subject I will call attention briefly to another way of carrying a woman through the surf. Let her stand directly in front of and facing you (as shown in Fig. 10). Standing thus, she springs and is pushed backward through the wave somewhat as in the former instance (Fig. 11). The disadvantages of this method are, first: that you lose in impetus by pushing rather than swinging your companion; second, that she cannot herself see what is coming; third, that neither is in as convenient a position to hurry forward to meet an exceptionally heavy wave; and fourth, that you have not as good a hold in case a sea breaks before it reaches you, or any other emergency arises.

In all that has been said, bear in mind that the cardinal secret of surf-bathing, in all contingencies, is proper balancing, and nothing but experience seconding knowledge can teach you to measure forces and judge correctly to that end.

. . . . . .

So far the sea has been a good-natured though sometimes a rough playfellow—never really irritable or vindictive; but unfortunately this disposition cannot be counted upon. That there are dangers

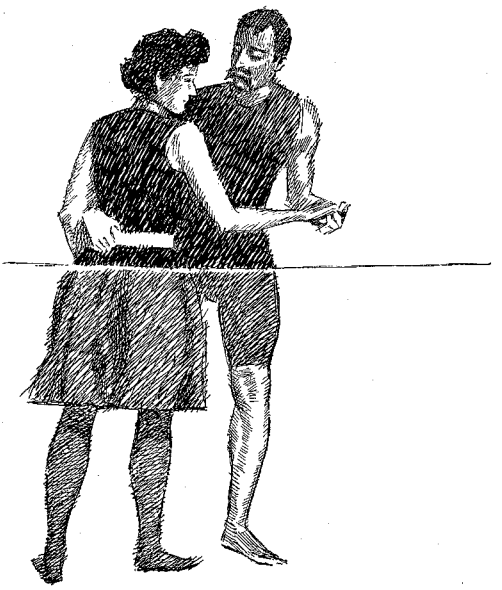

Fig. 6.

attendant upon ocean-bathing, he who has been present when human life was being fought for can abundantly testify. To be sure, most of the "accidents" are results of carelessness or ignorance; but then the same may be said of accidents everywhere, and a short summary of the dangers peculiar to the surf may be of use. Some of these have been already indicated, as, for instance, dangers arising from the "under-tow." This by itself is not likely to trouble anyone except a very poor swimmer, and then only when the ditch is deep; for the reason that the power of the "under-tow" is confined practically to within the line of breakers and cannot carry a bather any distance. In the case of a "sea-poose," however, it is different. I have seen a current of this character running out for many yards beyond a man's depth, and against which

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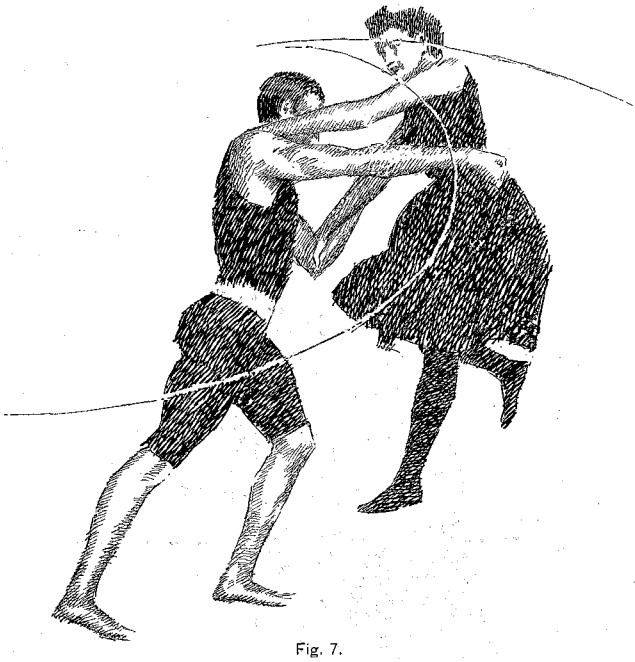

Fig. 7.

a strong swimmer would find it almost impossible to make headway. Fortunately, such instances are rare, but he who may be thus entangled must remember, the moment he realizes his predicament, that by attempting to fight the current and swim directly toward the beach, he, as a general thing, only wastes his strength. He must strike out for a few yards along shore, and a slight effort so directed will soon take him out of the dangerous influence.

Again, the "under-tow" may help to a disaster in the following way: As a rule, there is no real danger in being thrown by a breaker, but there have been occasions when an inexperienced or exhausted bather has been struck in such a way, or thrown with such force, as to be more or less injured or dazed; and then, before he could regain control of himself, and while prostrate in the water, he has been drawn back by the "under-tow," rolled under and pounded down by each succeeding breaker, and finally even drowned.

The great majority, however, of drowning accidents on the sea-board — that is, of those which can be even indirectly attributed to the surf — take place under the following circumstances: Some strong swimmer comes to the beach, entirely ignorant of the strength and ways of the ocean; he sneers at the warnings of surfmen, and, choosing a calm interval, dashes through the line of breakers and amuses himself by swimming out; ropes and log-buoys are entirely beneath his notice. Finally he begins to feel tired; the chop of the seas splashes up into his nose and eyes; it is not so easy as swimming in still water, and he concludes to come in. Now, the chances are that he will do this without any serious difficulty, even though he does not quite understand how to swim high, with long strokes,

Fig. 8.

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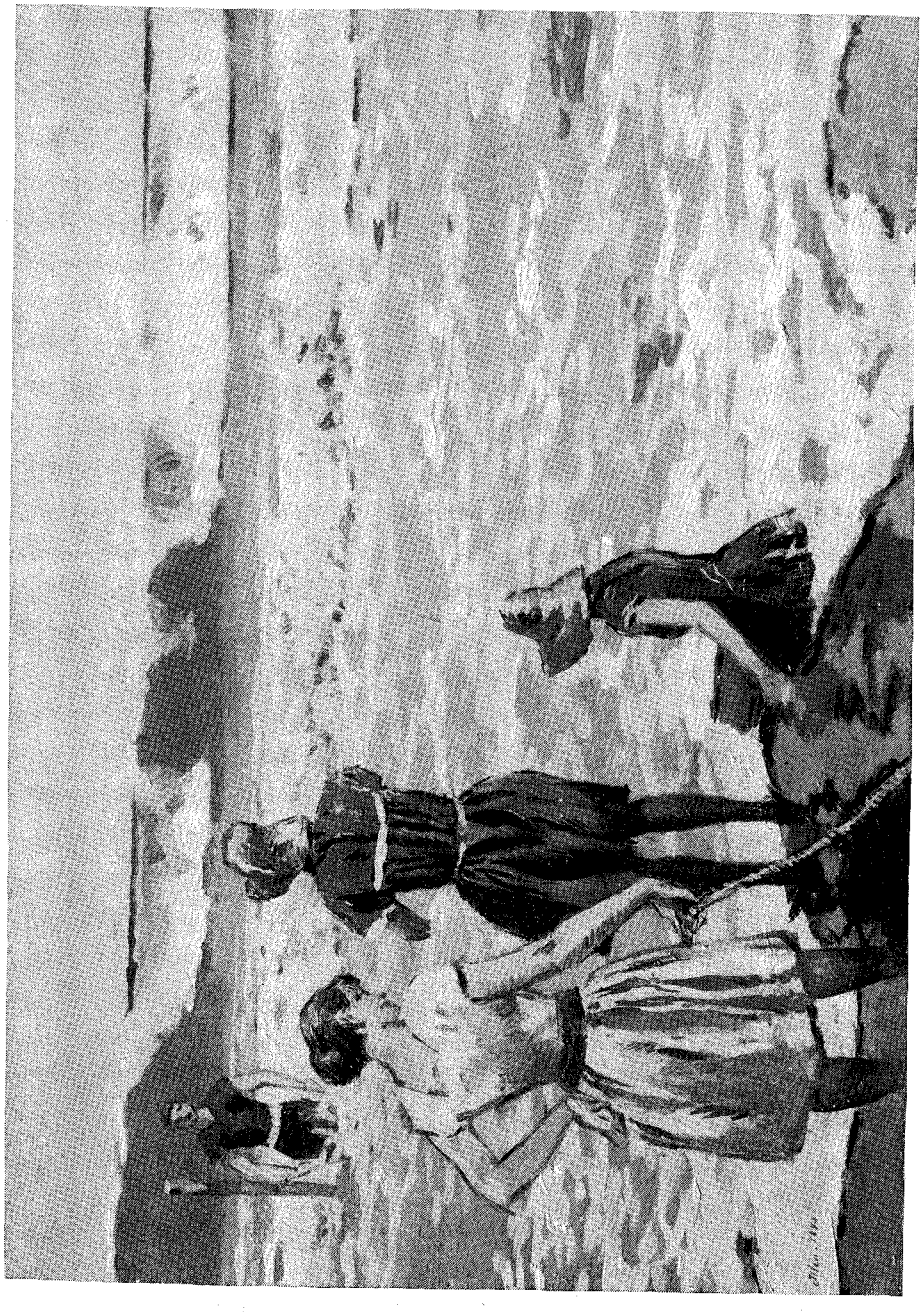

Bathers on the Shore.

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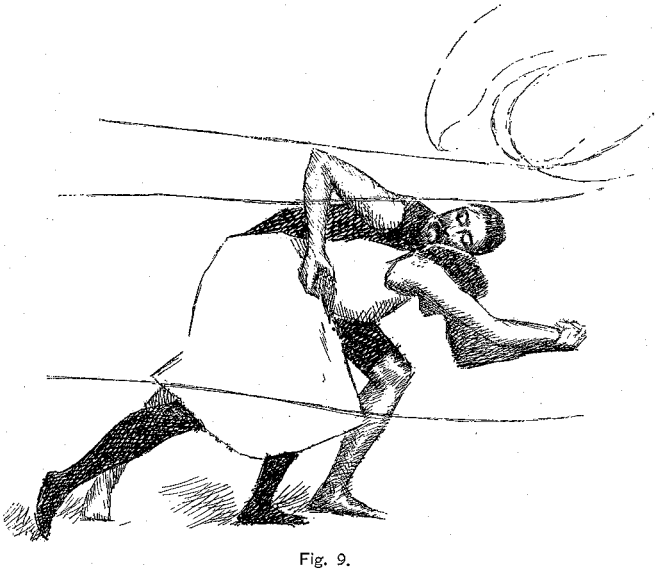

Fig. 9.

when on the inner slope and summit of each wave, until it fairly shoots him toward the shore; and then to rest and hold his own while on the outer slope and in the trough. There is always, however, just a possibility, and the stronger the surf the more possible is it that the inexperienced swimmer can *not* come through the line of breakers when and where he wants to; he must wait *their* pleasure, and, if he has measured his strength closely and the delay be long, it is easy to see how that, in trying to pass, he may be thrown down into the "under-tow" and lack sufficient strength to extricate himself.

Next to caution and life-lines, surf dangers are best provided against by a long rope with a slip-noose at the end, either wound on a portable reel or coiled and placed at the lowest point of the beach. Then a rescuer, throwing the noose around his waist, can make his way to a drowning man, and both can be drawn in by those on shore. In default of some such contrivance, the next best thing is for all the able-bodied to form a chain of hands; for, let me say, there is nothing more difficult, even for a strong swimmer and expert surfman, than bringing a drowning person in through or out of a line of heavy breakers.

I recall an incident which happened some years since at Bridgehampton, Long Island, and which illustrates the difficulty of which I speak. A young clergyman had arrived only the day be-

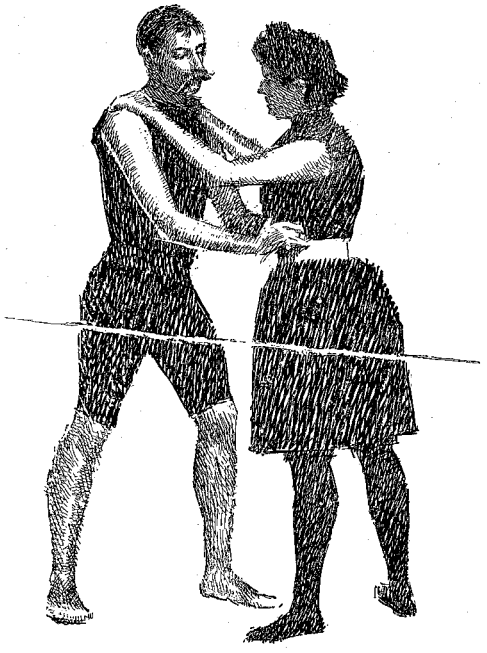

Fig. 10.

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fore ; he was unable to swim a stroke ; and his first exploit was to wade out into the ocean, entirely ignorant of the fact that the ditch was that day both abrupt and deep—or perhaps even that was evident that a change of tactics was necessary ; and, fortunately, at that moment a great ridge of water was seen sweeping in. Thought came quickly then, and the word: "Let it throw us!"

Fig. 11.

there was such a thing as a ditch—and that a single step would take him from a depth of four feet and safety, into one of six and considerable danger. Whether he took the step, or the "under-tow" took it for him, is not material, but the bathing-master and one other saw the trouble, dashed in, and, reaching the drowning man, were able to keep his head above water ; but, what with this and fighting the waves, they could not seem to make an inch shoreward. There were not many on the beach at the time, and only four or five men who could be of any use. A chain of hands was promptly formed, but it was not long enough to bring the inside man into water less than waist deep, and the "under-tow," pouring into the big ditch, sucked with all its might. So they swung backward and forward, now gaining, now losing ground, and meanwhile the bathing-master and those nearest him, being out of depth, were fast becoming exhausted. All, so far, had instinctively tried to fight the waves, but it was passed down the line ; then it struck, and, for a moment, there was a confused tangle of legs and arms and heads and bodies swirled around, over, under, and against each other. Those closer inshore were hurled upon the beach, but the chain held together long enough to drag the others into a place of safety. Though there were no casualties of any consequence, I am very certain that each link of that chain will not soon forget the experience and will appreciate the truth of my last statement.

And now, let me try to temper all this by saying that the dangers of surf-bathing are, in reality, much less than those that beset still-water swimming, where one is usually out of his depth and with very little chance of escape in case of cramp or exhaustion. Only make friends with the ocean, learn its ways, study its moods a little, and humor it, while you keep careful watch against any sudden ebullition of passion. Those who stand aloof can never realize the pleasure and ex-

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citement of the sport they forego, nor shall they know the profound satisfaction born of successfully combating a trio of big rollers, which have tossed companions and rivals in confusion on the beach.

IN GLAD WEATHER.

By Charles B. Going.

I do not know what skies there were,
  Nor if the wind was high or low;
I think I heard the branches stir
  A little, when we turned to go:
I think I saw the grasses sway
  As if they tried to kiss your feet—
And yet, it seems like yesterday,
  That day together, sweet!

I think it must have been in May;
  I think the sunlight must have shone;
I know a scent of springtime lay
  Across the fields: we were alone.
We went together, you and I;
  How could I look beyond your eyes?
If you were only standing by
  I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed,
  Or noonday heat lay white and still
Beyond the shadows of the road:
  I only watched your face, until
I knew it was the gladdest day,
  The sweetest day that summer knew—
The time when we two stole away
  And I saw only you!

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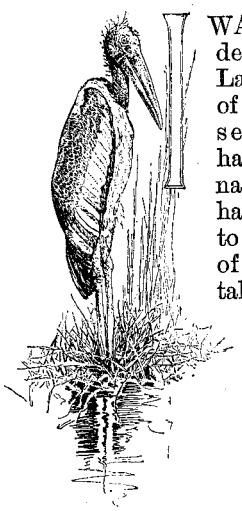
THE LAST SLAVE-SHIP.

By George Howe, M.D.



I WAS a medical student in New Orleans, La., and the course of lectures for the season of 1858–59 had just closed. My name, with others, had been submitted to the administrators of the Charity Hospital for appointment as resident student, a certain number being appointed annually, and the announcement of the names of the fortunate few was daily expected. Each morning, I met at the hospital gates our late professors, who were visiting physicians and surgeons to the hospital, and with other students made the round of the different wards, each according to his special taste.

At nine o'clock on the morning of April 26th, while I was awaiting the usual arrivals at the gates, one of the professors, Dr. Howard Smith, drove up in his buggy, and without replying to my salutation, said: "George, how would you like to go to the coast of Africa?" The doctor was a very pleasant gentleman, and a great favorite among the students, and, believing him to be in a very pleasant mood, I replied: "First rate, doctor." "How soon can you get ready?" "I am ready now." He saw from my perplexed air that, although I thought him jesting, I did not understand or see the point. "I am seriously in earnest, George; would you like to go?" "Yes, sir." "When can you be ready?" "As soon as I can go to my lodgings and pack up." "Well, then, come with me;" and, jumping into the buggy with him, I was hurried to the office of the McDonogh Commissioners, representing Baltimore and New Orleans.

En route, the doctor informed me that John McDonogh had died in 1850, possessed of valuable real estate which he had bequeathed to the cities of New Orleans and Baltimore for educational purposes; he had also a number of slaves, who were given their freedom conditioned upon their emigration to Liberia, after a certain period of years. That time had elapsed and arrangements were made for their transportation. At the last moment it was concluded to send a medical officer with them, and, said the doctor, "That selection having been requested of me, you are my choice, if you will go."

My engagement was soon made with the commissioners, to render the negroes such professional and other aid as would be necessary on the voyage. I learned further that all the negroes old enough to work had been taught trades and occupations, and that all the wages they had earned since their master's death had been placed to their credit, and would be distributed among them before they left; and that they were fully equipped with all the agricultural and mechanical appliances they might need to make them self-sustaining upon arrival at their future home. There were carpenters, blacksmiths, coopers among the men; and cooks, laundresses, seamstresses, and nurses among the women. It had been intended to send them via Baltimore, by a sailing-packet leaving annually in the spring for the colony of Liberia with immigrants and general supplies, and returning with such products as the

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colony exported; but an opportunity offering, they would be sent direct from New Orleans on the sailing ship Rebecca.

In the office some of the gentlemen indulged in pleasant jokes about "wool and ivory," and one of them wrote a letter to the surgeon of the United States man-of-war Vincennes, stationed on the coast of Africa, saying: "This is a letter of introduction and may be of use to you." I was so engrossed with the idea of going to Africa that, although I heard, I did not attach that special importance to the jokes and remarks that I did afterward. Leaving them, I went to my lodgings and soon packed my books, clothing, etc.

On my way to the ship, I stopped at the telegraph office and sent to my parents, in Natchez, Miss., the following message: "Gone to the coast of Africa." I was on board the ship at twelve o'clock, at the Government wharf, waiting for the tow-boat to be conveyed to sea. I presented myself to the captain, who was busy with the details of departure. He, having received no notice of my employment, appeared annoyed, but asked me to the cabin and ordered the steward to prepare my room. Going upon deck I saw a motley group of negroes, mulattoes, quadroons, men, women, and children of all ages, numbering forty-three; they were busy getting their baggage on board. Many of them were not anxious to go, and were much disheartened at the idea of leaving home. Just then arrived several of the commissioners with their wives who were known to the negroes, and after a while, they were so successful in imparting new courage and cheerful faces to the immigrants that their adieus were less sad than I expected.

The ship left the wharf at four o'clock in the evening. Early next morning we were at the mouth of the river, and in another hour on the open sea. A pleasant southerly breeze drove us along about eight miles an hour, and dinner being called, I found at the captain's table Captain C——, a naturalized Scotch-Englishman, the first mate, Mr. T——, a Long Islander, and two Spanish gentlemen speaking very little English, and myself. An introduction followed, one Spanish gentleman explaining that they were on their way to a trading point on the African coast, representing a commercial house in Havana, and that having waited a long while unsuccessfully for an opportunity to get there, he had taken passage on this vessel as far as its voyage extended.

Our dinner over, the mate remained in the cabin and the other officers came to the table; we were thus introduced by the mate: "This is Dr. Sawbones; I am mate; here is the second mate; there is the carpenter. Now, how is it that you were engaged at the last moment to come with us?" After explaining all I knew about it, he replied: "It would have been better for you to have known something about the ship and her destination before you accepted." This recalled the jokes of the commissioners and set me thinking.

That night, during the mate's watch, I approached him and, after a few remarks about the weather, etc., said: "Mr. T——, I did not quite understand your remark at dinner; if you can do so, please explain." After a long silence, he replied: "Well, you will find it out sooner or later, and I do not know that I am violating any confidence in telling you now; *this ship is a Slaver*. Yes; that is just what she is, and belongs to a company of Spaniards who are represented here by the eldest of the Spanish passengers, who will be the captain at the proper time; the other Spaniard will be his mate. They purchased this ship two months ago, and have had all sorts of difficulties ever since with the Custom-house. She sails under the American flag, and is supposed to be owned by a commission house in New Orleans, who are the agents there of the Spanish company. They wanted to obtain papers permitting the ship to go to the African coast; just now everything destined there is regarded with suspicion, and the Spaniards wanted to go in ballast to seek a cargo of palm-oil, camwood, and any other merchandise offering. The Custom-house authorities declined, for various reasons, to issue the papers. In the meantime, the ship had been loaded with empty casks and a quantity of staves in the rough from which to manufacture other casks, if

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necessary. The question of getting sufficient supplies of food aboard was a very delicate one, for food could not profitably be carried as freight to that locality, and it was not required in barter. Then the Spaniards proposed to equip her as a whaling-ship, with her whaling-ground from Bermuda to the Cape of Good Hope. This would permit her occasionally to call on the African coast for water and fresh food-supplies, yet would require a much longer period to complete the trip. Just at this time the commission house heard of the purpose of the McDonogh commissioners to send the ex-slaves, via Baltimore, to Liberia. After considering the matter it was determined to offer this ship as a means of transportation at a very moderate price. If they had dared to do so they would have been willing to pay a handsome premium; the offer was accepted and the date fixed. The Spaniards now had a legitimate cargo for the African coast, and easily procured the necessary papers for a trading point on the Congo River, stopping at Liberia on the voyage out. I can also tell you that your presence here is not pleasant for Captain C——, for he had about determined to run down on the south side of Cuba with these negroes, leave them at a place he knows of, and continue on the voyage. Now, this cannot be done, unless you come into the arrangement; but I do not think he will say anything to you about it. You are a stranger and we are constantly in sight of and speaking vessels, and it would be easy for you to say a few words which might spoil the entire expedition."

Next morning early, as we were taking coffee on deck, the captain, in a general conversation, remarked: "What a valuable lot of negroes these are; all the men have some trade or vocation which makes them most desirable on any plantation. The women are all experienced in their duties; they would bring a round sum in Cuba; and Cuba is very near, and I know where they could be landed without much risk."

I replied: "Captain, these negroes must be landed at their destination in Africa, and as long as I can, I will not permit any change of programme."

As if to disarm me of any suspicion, he said: "Of course, they must be landed in Liberia, I was only regretting that so much money is just thrown away."

During the mate's watch which followed, he asked me what Captain C—— had said to me and my reply; for the captain, on his return to the cabin, had had a long and stormy conversation with the Spanish gentleman, who would not be persuaded that there was very little risk in landing the negroes in Cuba, whether the Doctor consented or not. I repeated the conversation between the captain and myself. The mate replied: "Well, that matter is now decided, for we are sailing southeast, instead of southwest, and that means we will not stop at Cuba this part of the trip." Reassured at this, I pressed him to tell me what he knew of the voyage.

"Now," said he, "I am interested in this ship's voyage as well as the others, and you must pledge your word of honor to say nothing to anyone about it." I assented. "Well, this is my second voyage of this kind; the first was from New York to Africa and Brazil, and as slavery will probably be abolished in Brazil, and coolies are getting cheaper than negroes in Cuba, this is probably the last slave-ship; and if we are successful, we will land the last cargo of slaves. To begin, you must understand that there are necessary, one person as head manager, and three agents, each one with an assistant to replace the principal in case of accident, sickness, or death. The head resides in Havana. One agent, with his assistant, the Spanish captain and his friend, on board with us, went to the United States to purchase the fastest sailing-vessel that money could buy, and he found, in New Orleans, the Baltimore clipper-ship Rebecca, near five hundred and fifty tons, carrying sky-sails, studding-sails to royal yards, and stay-sails to royals, with a record of fourteen knots to windward, sailing inside of four points from the wind. She was fitted out with new sails, cordage, extra spars and yards, and a large supply of material with which to make other sails at sea, and to replace uncertain stays, running rig-

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ging, etc. The Custom-house officers seemed to be suspicious of her, and watched everything connected with the ship very closely. Just at this time the offer to the McDonogh commissioners was made to take the negroes as passengers, and arrangements were completed. Now began the purchase, in large quantities, of rice, white beans, pork, and biscuit, which were ostensibly for our passengers. With a long hose all the casks were filled with water from an opening below the water-line in the ship's bow, a supply of lumber was obtained, and bunks constructed between decks the whole length of the ship's hold, and for several times the number of passengers expected; a large cooking-furnace was also built on deck. Another agent and his assistant sailed some months ago for the coast of Africa, and has purchased and contracted to carry on shares as many negroes as can be stowed on board. The place where they are to meet is known on board only to the Spaniards; another agent and his assistant are established as fishermen on an unfrequented island on the south side of Cuba, I know that much. There, with a companion or two, they fish for the markets, so as to require a regular camp and a small vessel. They will be ready, when we arrive, to inform us when and where to land the cargo. The head in Havana keeps everything in working order, and it is his particular business to fee the customs officials and keep them away from where they are not wanted. One ounce of gold, seventeen dollars, per head, is the fee he pays to the officials for every negro landed, who divide among themselves, according to previous arrangements."

Life on board was a very pleasant one, our ship splendidly provisioned with every delicacy necessary to our comfort; with beautiful weather, our run in the Gulf Stream was full of interest. We passed south of Bermuda and entered the great Saragossa sea with its boundless fields of sea-weed. Each day experiments were made, by changing size and character of sails, to develop the greatest speed, and I often wondered where they could possibly put another yard of canvas. All the masts were again examined and put to their utmost strain; new stays and preventer-stays were added until it was no longer doubtful about the masts being able to support any strain. We could easily make three hundred and twenty to three hundred and forty miles daily, running as close to windward as she could sail. Being now in the southeast trades, we would run twelve hours on east-northeast tack and twelve hours on the south by west tack, and in the twenty-four hours' run make a net gain, east, of thirty miles.

The negroes soon became accustomed to the motion of the vessel, but the length of the voyage tired them, and they often assured me that when they got ready to return to Louisiana they would walk around by land, as they had enough of sailing. To keep them employed, the women were engaged to mend and launder our clothing; as their utensils were all stowed away in the lower hold, it was necessary to extemporize others. The washing and drying were easily accomplished, but the ironing was done by putting hot coals in a tin bucket and rubbing that over the pieces—not much of a success, however.

"Land ho!" Anobon appeared like a huge sugar-loaf; we examined the chronometers and found them correct, and did not approach nearer than about ten miles. We were now nearing the African coast, and the sailors took delight in the horrible stories they told our passengers of the customs and habits of the people among whom they were soon to be landed, with such success that they waited upon me and appealed piteously to be allowed to return to Louisiana without going ashore; they were willing to return to slavery, and at once. I tried to persuade them that they were victims of a sailor's joke, but they were not reassured.

On July 1, 1859, there was a terrible storm of wind and rain, and the sea very rough. Cape Palmas was in sight; Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, being situated on it. The mist obscured all objects near the water, and after a while we found that we were being chased by a small steamer which had fired a blank shot for us to come to. We hoisted the American flag and sailed on, followed

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by the English cruiser Viper. She approached as near as could be safely done and sent an officer on board. He politely stated his mission and was invited below, where the ship's papers were produced and shown him, as an act of courtesy — for we were now within the limits of the Liberian Government. Yet, we might again meet our inquisitive visitor; and if he was now satisfied as to our papers, it would avoid the necessity of a subsequent visit before reaching Congo River, and when there might not be wind enough to outsail him. The officer pleasantly observed that he knew our vessel as soon as it was in sight, and had been with other cruisers on the lookout for us for some time; that his government, by the last mail steamer to St. Paul Loanda, had notified the cruisers that the ship Rebecca was suspected, and had been described with such accuracy that there could be no mistake. He thought we had an outward bound cargo, and was much chagrined to find that it was inward bound and at its destination. After a short stay he left and steamed away to the south.

The attention of all was now directed to a long canoe, manned by four apparently naked negroes, approaching us from the shore, through a very rough sea, without much apparent effort. Coming alongside, they climbed over the rail and jumped down among our passengers, naked, except a piece of cloth tied around the loins, fine specimens of muscular development, short and stout, tattooed down the forehead to the end of the nose and on the cheeks with a dark-blue pigment. The officers recognized them as Kroomen, a tribe dispersed along the coast, employed by ships to load, or obtain water, or as pilots—and never exported. A wail as from Hades arose from our passengers; it is impossible to picture the consternation and terror the Kroomen occasioned. The sailors, taking advantage of the situation, distributed themselves among our poor negroes and told them it was now time for them to take off their store clothes and get ready to go ashore — just like these people, they had come to live with. On their knees they implored Captain C——, the mate, and myself to protect them from these savages and take them back, and do anything we desired with them.

Looking shoreward, there was apparently the end of a chain of mountains which gradually sloped to the sea, forming Cape Palmas; on this could be seen indistinctly evidences of habitation, the forest covering being quite thick. At the base was a small stream, St. Paul River, extending some distance into the interior; between the slope and this little stream was a village of native huts in all their savage picturesqueness; a number of this tribe were scattered along the shore, and many of them were coming in our direction in their curiously-shaped canoes, altogether a picture of unadulterated savage life. It was impossible to restore the confidence of our negroes with this gloomy picture of free Liberia and the recollections of the jokes of the sailors before them.

We anchored at a place assigned by the Kroomen, and a message was sent ashore to the officials announcing our arrival, and requesting the presence on board of the agent or persons authorized to receive our passengers, hoping that the European costumes and a familiar tongue would accomplish more than anything else toward calming the disturbed passengers. The storm delayed until evening the arrival of the official, but his appearance quieted them like oil on troubled waters. This agent was an enthusiast, and soon gave us to understand that the garden of Eden was an ill-conditioned suburb compared to Monrovia. During two days arrangements were being made on shore for the transportation of the baggage and effects of our passengers.

July 4th being observed as a "fête" day, the officers and myself were invited to dine with the President of the Republic and his ministers. Accepting the invitation, we landed on the beach, in front of the native huts, made of bamboo and thatched with straw when they had roofs; and ascending the cape by a tortuous path, we met the only white man in the republic, Rev. Mr. Evans, an Episcopal missionary during thirty years and also acting United States consul, under whose care we were taken to the executive mansion, were introduced to, and welcomed by,

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President Benson, ex-President Roberts, and the cabinet.

Before returning to the ship, the Rev. Dr. Evans took me aside and told me he was in considerable doubt as to the character of our vessel; that the Baltimore ship had not arrived, and he had been authorized by the government to tender me as my home, during my stay awaiting the Baltimore ship, the cutter lying in the harbor, which had been presented by Queen Victoria and was their only war vessel. Thanking him for his kindness, I told him I would consider the matter.

Reaching the ship, I told the officers they were suspected. At once a council was held and a demand made for the landing next day of passengers and effects, as, so far, there had been no fixed date determined upon. The English gunboat had just returned to Monrovia and was but a short distance from us, and her company was not desired longer than possible. This demand created some surprise, as it was supposed we would be several days longer getting supplies.

Next morning a fleet of sloops, canoes, and yawls came alongside early. Just then the Spanish captain told me I could go with the vessel as far as the Congo River, where I might meet the mail steamer. Thanking him, I accepted and so informed the Rev. Mr. Evans. He further told me he suspected Captain C—— of treachery, for the return of the cruiser looked like it. By noon passengers and effects were landed and the captain returned with ship's papers, etc. The anchor was hoisted and away we went. The English cruiser followed with steam and sail as long as he could see us; but we sailed twelve miles to his eight, and before dark left him out of sight.

The Spanish captain now appeared on deck, a short, swarthy, black-whiskered man, with a cold, determined look, dressed in open shirt with a large silk handkerchief around his neck, white trousers, with a large red sash wrapped several times around his waist, a wide soft hat—a typical bandit. His assistant followed in almost similar costume, and went forward and rang the ship's bell; the crew was called to the after-deck, where the Spanish Captain A—— thus addressed them, in Spanish and English:

"Men, I am now the captain of this ship; this is my first mate," introducing his assistant; "the other subordinate officers are retained in their positions; the late captain and mate will be respected and advised with. The object of this voyage is a cargo of negroes to be purchased in Africa and landed in Cuba; the trip is full of peril, but if successful, full of money. If there is one of you who desires to go ashore, the ship will stop at a place where he can be safely landed, and double wages to date given him."

All expressing themselves anxious to sign new articles, the wages were declared, if the voyage was successful, to be: For American captain and first mate, $5,000 each; second mate, $3,500; carpenter, $3,000; each sailor, $1,500. Our crew numbered twenty-three, all told, Turks, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Scotch, Yankees, and Danes.

It was plain that the Spanish captain did not trust Captain C——, and although they were courteous to each other, there was an entire absence of familiarity. The crew had the same feeling, and on one occasion, while Captain C—— was inspecting the rudder hinges and suspended in a bow-line over the stern, the sailor at the wheel took out his knife and made a movement as if to sever the rope and drop the captain into the sea. I saw the movement and called the Spanish captain's attention. He positively and firmly forbade anything like an attempt on the life of Captain C——, unless it was plain he intended treachery; then he would act, and promptly.

We were some weeks in advance of the time for the arrival of our ship at a point agreed upon, where the first intelligence could be had of the agents sent there months before, and we sailed leisurely along until one day's sail from Mayumba. This portion of the coast was carefully guarded by the United States, English, Portuguese, and Spanish steam and sailing vessels, so that in approaching the coast there was considerable risk of being overhauled. Although our papers were regular to a point on Congo River, yet the vessel might have

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been seized as suspicious, and subjected to a return to Sierra Leone; and there, the matter fully investigated by a court organized to condemn and confiscate.

One day our movements were so regulated that, by sailing all night toward the coast, we would be, at daylight, fifteen miles distant. A yawl was then lowered, and the Spanish captain with two sailors entered it, provided with two days' supplies and compass, and pulled away for land. We at once returned to sea, and forty days after were to return to the place where the Spanish captain had expected to land. We were now under the control of the Spanish mate and put to sea, four hundred miles from land, then sailed back one day, and the next returned to sea, for the entire period of forty days, never coming within two hundred miles of the shore. This was a very quiet and uneventful cruise; on two occasions only did we see vessels, which proved to be whalers whom we gave a wide berth.

At daylight, on the morning of the fortieth day, we had approached the coast near enough to see distinctly objects along the shore. Yet, seeing no living creature, we were evidently a little out of the exact position, so sending a man aloft, to be sure no vessel was in sight, we ran along the coast a few miles, when we saw a negro waving a large white flag, with a red cross its entire length and width; this was the signal, and in a short time we saw several negroes dragging our yawl to the water from its place of concealment. In an hour, Captain A —— was again on board. It was plain that something had gone wrong; the agent and assistant had arrived much later than anticipated; both had been ill with African fever and were at a trading post on Congo River, trying to get well. British cruisers had passed almost daily where we were then, and could be expected at any moment. A council was again held in the cabin; the ship put to sea, and it was determined that, as our papers were regular and permitted us to go to Congo River, we would proceed there at once and there await events.

Long before we reached Congo River, we saw the discoloration of the sea from the muddy stream. Far at sea we met floating islands of vegetation as much as twenty feet square. Approaching the river from the sea, there was on the left an elevated plateau, at the base of which the French Government had a station, where negroes were apprenticed to employers in the French islands of the West Indies, for a number of years, for a little more than the Spaniards purchased them outright. The apprentices did not get the money, but the government agent, in consideration of the money, obliged his government to secure them a home, etc., at the expiration of contract. A French gun-boat lay at the station as we passed by.

The river is irregular in width, from two-thirds to one and a half mile, shallow, full of islands, with a very tortuous channel from side to side. We secured the services of a pilot, a prince of one of the Congo tribes near us, on the left bank as you ascend. His costume was an old military coat and a much dilapidated Panama hat, his wrists and arms encircled with thick silver rings and with a multitude of others of a kind of fibre. Short in stature, about five feet three or four inches, fine regular features, as are all of the Congoes, perfect teeth, handsomely developed limbs, and clean for a negro.

Light winds and the strong current delayed our arrival at the trading station, about seventy miles from the mouth, until the next day. Arriving, we found a boat with two white men in it; one was recognized as the agent's assistant, and before they reached us, we were informed that the agent had died of consumption and African fever. The speaker was slowly convalescing, and all trading operations had been suspended until his recovery or the arrival of the ship. His companion in the boat was a trader, at whose post he had found a home. We were now in for a delay of some time, as Spaniards move slowly. We were anchored about seventy-five yards from the shore or left bank going up stream.

One day we saw coming up the river a man-of-war's long boat, with an officer and ten men; they anchored almost immediately under our bow, and there they remained as long as we were in the river; they were from the gun-boat Tigris and had spoken the Vixen,

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which we learned had gone farther south to look out for us. The Tigris lay at the mouth of the river to intercept us, if an attempt be made to leave with a cargo of negroes. Again the Spanish captain left us for many days. It being necessary to replenish our store of water, it was done with a hose through the opening in the bow, without the boat's crew knowing anything about it, although but a few feet distant.

During this time I took several trips up the river, going farther than any white man had been known to ascend it, and saw many tribes of negroes who had heard of white men from the lower tribes, but had never seen one, and was much of a curiosity with my European clothing and my white skin. The upper tribes gave me to understand that a white man was far from the coast, in the interior, that they had heard of him through neighboring tribes. So long a time had elapsed that my coming recalled what they had heard of the white man, and they supposed I was the man; this was Livingstone, the great explorer, who having reached one of the branches of the Congo River, diverged from it to explore another route.

One of the interior traders visiting the river informed us that a disease which, he said, was declared to be small-pox, had broken out in the barracoons where the negroes intended for our ship were being collected, and asked what could be done about it. Examining my pocket-case, I found a vaccine crust enveloped in adhesive plaster, which had been given me by Professor Fenner, with which to vaccinate poor people applying at the free dispensary connected with our college.

I left with the Spaniard, and journeying two days up the river, was carried southward many miles into the interior, in a palanquin or hammock slung between two poles, with two men at each end of a pole. This route was circuitous to avoid the annoyance of other tribes who would levy heavy tribute. Arriving, I found a barracoon to be an enclosure of, may be, a square of ground about three hundred feet on each side, fenced with bamboo about eight or nine feet high, a thatched roof running sometimes entirely around it, extending, perhaps, ten feet toward the centre. A very frail structure as a place of confinement, but sufficient to shelter from sun and rain and heavy dews, which were very cool. These barracoons were permitted in this locality by neighboring chiefs, because it enabled them easily to dispose of their products of depredation upon weaker tribes, and, being so far in the interior, they were safe from unauthorized visitors. I found a few negroes suffering from small-pox, contracted from a tribe which frequented the coast, having intercourse with Kroomen who had contracted it in St. Paul de Loanda. At once the infected were separated and new barracoons erected for them, as well as for the uninfected, in a distant locality. The old barracoons were burned, and as far as the vaccine virus could be extended, it was at once used. In a few days, I was pleased to find a number of those vaccinated with a new supply of virus, with which I continued to vaccinate until the supply was exhausted. The Portuguese were also vaccinated and taught how to use the virus and save crusts for future use. The disease, as far as I could learn, was arrested there.*

From the Spaniard with me I learned that enough negroes had been purchased and contracted for to be transported on shares, to load our ship; and that her departure was only a question of when they could be put on board without risk of small-pox reappearing among them. The negroes were then sent by easy marches to a place half a day's journey from the sea-coast, where they would remain until the time agreed upon to move to the coast. This last march to the coast was always done at night, so that they had ample time to arrive before daylight. The ship was due at daylight, and if she could not reach the coast at that hour, the whole business

* From the factors here I learned something about the manner in which the slave trade was carried on in Africa. A trader, Portuguese always, procured consent from a head of a strong tribe to establish himself among them, and paid liberally in presents for the privilege. Consent obtained, a barracoon was at once built, and each member of the tribe was a self-constituted guardian to protect it; a scale of prices was agreed upon for negroes, according to age and sex, averaging two fathoms or four yards of calico, one flint-lock musket, one six-pound keg of coarse powder, one two-gallon keg of rum, some beads and brass wire; an English value of about eight dollars gold for each negro captured by this tribe from neighboring and weaker ones. There had been a lower rate of prices until within a few years, when competition had slowly increased them to present rates.

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was postponed generally one week, the negroes immediately returned to the half-day station, rested, and cared for. We returned to the ship on the river, and found quiet preparations being made to leave at a moment's notice; the officers purchasing goats, poultry, and fruit.

Captain A—— alone knew the locality where the negroes would be met, and it was impossible for any sailor to have given information of value to the English in their boat under our bow.

No opportunity had yet offered for my return to America, and the ship was about to sail. I could not make up my mind to remain on Congo River, and risk African fever for an indefinite period. The spirit of adventure, considerable curiosity, and great confidence in my good luck, prompted me to accept an invitation from the Spanish captain to remain with the ship. At this time we learned that a Portuguese man-of-war had visited the mouth of the river and, finding the English gunboat Vixen there, had gone on to the north. This made things very much mixed, one cruiser south, one at the river's mouth, and one north, and the Portuguese was the worst one of all. At that time, if a vessel was captured with negroes on board, they, and the ship with her officers, were taken to Sierra Leone; the sailors being landed at or near the place of capture to look out for themselves. If the ship had a flag and could be identified, the officers were transferred at Sierra Leone to their respective governments for trial, the negroes sent ashore, and an attempt at colonization made, and the ship sold and broken up; but if no nationality could be established, the officers were imprisoned for a term at Sierra Leone, with or without civil trials. If the Portuguese made a capture, every officer and sailor was sent to their penal settlements, and that was the last ever heard of them. The American government had the sailing man-of-war Vincennes stationed near us; we did not wish to meet her, for she was a fine sailer.

One morning, early, about October 1, 1859, the anchor was raised and we sailed down the river; our papers yet protected us, for we had ostensibly made an unsuccessful mercantile venture, and were returning home. We took the English yawl in tow, and inviting the officer on board, enjoyed a pleasant trip to the mouth of the river, reaching there in the afternoon. The gun-boat steamed alongside to get her officer and learn our destination, and being informed, "United States," said: "Oh! of course! perhaps!" Our course during the evening and night was northwest, as if we were returning to the United States. This was to get off shore and ascertain the strength of the wind at that season, at different distances, also to see what speed we could make. At daylight our course was shaped south, and all hands employed in removing every trace of name from bow, stern, and small boats. The ship's side was painted all black—we had white ports before. Every paper or scrap that could be found was, with our American flag, weighted and thrown overboard.

"Now!" said Captain A——, "we have no name, and no nationality; we are nobody and know nothing. If we are captured, every mouth must be sealed, in that way only can we escape the severe penalties."

For four days and nights we cruised about, keeping the distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles from land. On the afternoon of the fourth day, having taken accurate observations of our position at sea, our course was shaped for the coast; every light was extinguished but that of the binnacle, which was hooded so that the man at the wheel could see the compass and yet the light could not be seen; an extra watch was kept, and at three o'clock next morning we were within two miles of the shore, latitude 6° 10′ south, previously agreed upon. So correct were the chronometers, and the estimation of wind and current, that there was no error in our calculations, we could hear the roar of the breakers, but there was not light enough to see the shore. As it grew lighter we could see the low shore-line, which appeared to be broken into small hillocks of sand sparsely covered with a scrubby vegetation.

A number of small craft could be seen outside the breakers, they resembled oyster-boats. After a satisfactory scru-

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tiny of the horizon with a glass from the masthead, our signal, a large white flag with a red cross, was hoisted, and as it blew out was answered from the shore. Very soon the beach seemed to swarm with moving objects which we could not yet distinguish. A number of long, black objects left the shore, and, when through the breakers, they stopped at the small craft outside. Now we could see that the negroes were being transferred to the boats outside the breakers, from canoes, which ran through them, with from four to six in each. As the sloops were filled they sailed for the ship, and, ladders having been arranged, the negroes were soon coming over the ship's side; as each one reached the deck he was given a biscuit and sent below. It seemed slow work at first, but as the canoes were soon all launched and rushing through the surf, it presented a busy scene. The sloops were now flying to and from us, and a great number of negroes were already on board at 2 P.M.

The lookout at the masthead shouted: "Sail, ho! away to the southward." From the deck we could see nothing. A danger signal was hoisted at once to hurry all aboard faster; in a short while we could see from the deck a little black spot. Smoke! A cruiser! Another signal, a blood-red flag, was hoisted, informing those ashore of the kind of danger. If possible the bustle ashore was increased; our own boats were lowered, and they aided materially. The approaching vessel had seen us and the volume of smoke increased. She could now be seen, and was recognized as the Vixen with the naked eye. A signal from shore that a very few remained was hoisted, another hour passed, and the vessel was certainly within three miles. Our boats were recalled, and the entire fleet of sloops soon sailed toward us. Our boats were hoisted, and lines thrown to the sloops now alongside. The Vixen now changed her course slightly and fired a solid shot, which passed to leeward of us, beyond. At this the Spanish captain cried out: "Let go!" The pin holding the staple in the anchor chain was cut, and the chain parted. Sail was hoisted rapidly, the negroes in the sloops climbed over the ship's side, and as the sloops were emptied they were cast adrift with their single occupant, a Krooman. They scattered like frightened birds.

We seemed a long time getting headway, and everybody was looking very anxious, as other sails were set; studding-sails were added, stay-sails hoisted, and a large square sail on the mizzen-mast from the deck to topsail—such a cloud of canvas that I felt sure the masts would go overboard. The Vixen was now within one mile and she seemed to have wonderful speed; again she changed her course and there followed a puff of smoke. That was too close for comfort, I thought, as the splashing sea showed where the ball ricocheted, and so very near. We seemed to have gained some in distance during this manœuvre, and the wind grew stronger the farther we got from land. A cloud of black smoke showed that a grand effort was being made by our pursuer to recover the distance lost while changing her course to fire at us. We were now easily going ahead and the distance was greater between us, the wind so strong that we were compelled to take in the lofty studding-sails. Another hour, and it was getting near night, with the cruiser at least five miles astern, still holding on, hoping something would happen to disable us yet. Night fell, but we continued our course without change until midnight, when we sailed south-southwest until daylight, so that if something should happen to our masts, we should be far from the route of our pursuer if he still followed us.

At daylight we were on a west by north course, and the southeast trade-wind was driving us along fourteen knots an hour. Looking around, I found a number of strange white men, Spaniards, representing the barracoon from which some of the negroes were taken on shares. One half for the ship, the other half for the owner, whose representative would purchase merchandise in the United States or England, and ship to St. Paul de Loanda in the mail steamer, and from there in small sloops to destination. Among the sailors I found a number of strange faces, the crew of a captured vessel previously spoken of. They were glad to have a chance to return.

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During the embarkation I was engaged separating those negroes who did not appear robust, or who had received some trifling injury in getting on deck, and sending them to an improvised hospital made by bulkheading a space in the rear of the forecastle. The others, as they arrived, were stowed away by the Spanish mate; so that when all were aboard there was just room for each to lie upon one side. As no one knew what proportion were men, all were herded together. The next morning the separation took place; the women and girls were all sent on deck, and numbered about four hundred. Then a close bulkhead was built across the ship and other bunks constructed. The women were then sent below, and enough men sent up to enable the carpenter to have room to construct additional bunks. A more docile and easily managed lot of creatures cannot be imagined. No violence of any kind was necessary; it was sometimes difficult to make them understand what was wanted; but as soon as they comprehended, immediate compliance followed.

The negroes were now sent on deck in groups of eight and squatted around a large wooden platter, heaping-full of cooked rice, beans, and pork cut into small cubes. The platters were made by cutting off the head of flour or other barrels, leaving about four inches of the staves. Each negro was given a wooden spoon, which all on board had amused themselves in making during our forty-day trip. Barrel staves were sawed into lengths of eight inches, split into other pieces one and a half inch wide, and then shaped into a spoon with our pocket-knives. It was surprising what good spoons could be made in that manner. A piece of rope yarn tied to a spoon and hung around the neck was the way in which every individual retained his property. There not being room on deck for the entire cargo to feed at one time, platters were sent between decks, so that all ate at one hour, three times daily. Casks of water were placed in convenient places, and an abundant supply furnished day and night. When night came they were stowed in their new quarters, the men amidships, the women in the apartment bulkheaded from the men aft, the hospital forward. Looking down through the hatches they were seen like sardines in a box, on the floor and in the bunks, as close as they could be crowded. Large wind-sails furnished a supply of fresh air, and the open hatches sufficient ventilation.

A muster was made the next day to verify the lists held by each party represented. I was curious to know how each owner could single out his property among so many that did not present any distinguishing peculiarities. I discovered that each factor had a distinguishing brand; some a letter, others a geometrical figure; and every negro was branded with a hot iron on the left shoulder, a few days before shipment, by his owner or representative. They were all young, none less than twelve or fourteen, and none appearing over thirty years. Their contentment that day surprised me. They numbered, all told, near twelve hundred.

Captain A—— then selected about twenty of the strong men and clothed them with a sack which had holes cut in it for head and arms; these men were called Camisas (shirts), and were required to do the scrubbing and cleaning between decks, etc., and given daily a small allowance of rum. The women were divided into squads and sent on the after-deck for an hour for each squad. This changing kept up until night; the men were confined to the main-deck between cabin and forecastle, and sent in squads of as many as could get on deck at once. As they came up on the first trip, each morning, every one plunged into casks of salt water and ran about until dry.

Notwithstanding their apparent good health, each morning three or four dead would be found, brought upon deck, taken by arms and heels, and tossed overboard as unceremoniously as an empty bottle. Of what did they die? and always at night? In the barracoons it was known that if a negro was not amused and kept in motion, he would mope, squat down with his chin on his knees and arms clasped about his legs, and in a very short time die. Among civilized races it is thought impossible to hold one's breath until death follows;

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it is thought the Africans can do so. They had no means of concealing anything, and certainly did not kill each other. The duties of the Camisas were also to look after the other negroes during the day, and when found sitting with knees up and head drooping, the Camisas would start them up, run them about the deck, give them a small ration of rum, and divert them until in a normal condition.

The negroes had brought on board with them several small monkey, swhich were, to them, a constant source of amusement. Another and almost perpetual pastime was the exploration of each other's head. We were now far away from land, making fourteen knots each hour, and had no fear of any molestation for some time to come. The negroes seemed to tire of the monotony of things, and some grog was daily distributed to the men, and native songs and dances were constantly going on. The ingenuity of everyone was taxed to provide a new source of amusement; a special watch was put at each hatch to render any assistance in the event of sickness, and to prevent intrusion by the sailors. The throwing overboard of the dead did not seem to affect them in any way, as it was their belief they returned to Africa after death away from home.

It was interesting to note the tribal distinctions among them; tattooing was not general, but the teeth were either drawn or filed in most fantastic arrangements, generally to a point like saw-teeth, or every other one was filed half-way down; the nose, lips, and ears had perforations of different sizes, and a mark of distinction appeared to be the cicatrices of numerous short incisions in the skin of arms, breast, and legs, sometimes of irregular shapes with attempts at geometrical figures. The colors of their skin varied also from a shining black to griffe. They have a multitude of gods, and to secure recognition, procure from the fetich or medicine men amulets or wristlets and anklets of braided fibre which are braided on the limb by the medicine man, and remain until death or worn out. One will protect from fire, another from drowning, another from sickness, from serpents, from thunder (for which they have profound respect), from crocodiles —in fact, all the ills of life known to them. They fraternized as if belonging to the same tribe, and I do not recall a single instance of an altercation.

We were now near the end of October and rapidly approaching the Caribbee Islands. Maps were examined, and, after some discussion, it was thought safest to run between the French islands of Martinique and Dominique, and our course was shaped for the fifteenth degree of latitude, being midway. One morning the mountains of each could be seen, and as we passed between the islands, they appeared about twelve miles distant. Thus far we had not met a sail, and in passing, although at considerable distance, sent all the negroes below, that we might appear to be an ordinary merchantman. We kept about one hundred miles south of Porto Rico, San Domingo, and Hayti, until we were near the extreme western end of Hayti. Our route was now between Hayti and Jamaica, as it was thought the winds would hold better than going to the south of Jamaica. While about midway, the lookout discovered a steamer far to the westward, and as its course was not yet known, we shortened such sail as could be done without discovery and waited. After half an hour it was seen that the steamer's course was almost east, and would intercept us. We slightly changed our course that we might pass behind, and sent all the negroes below as well as the greater part of the white men. We desired to pass so far distant that the absence of a name on our bow would not be noticed. The steamer was very slow, and was thought to be the English mail steamer from Kingston, touching at Hayti and San Domingo. She passed about five miles distant, and we breathed freely after her disappearance, then all sail was again made, the negroes sent on deck, and an extra biscuit given each one as a thank-offering.

We were soon north of Jamaica, but there was a dangerous place which worried us greatly, Cape de Cruz, the extreme southern point of Cuba, and on the eastern end. Our course was now north-

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west. Vessels from the United States approach very closely, thereby saving distance to Trinidad, a prominent port on the south side of Cuba, where sugar and molasses are largely exported. We knew that an American cruiser was stationed here to intercept slavers, and we did not wish to run a race with her. The speed of our ship was so governed that we could run by the dreaded locality late at night and at a considerable distance, about fifty miles. To do so we put on all the sail which could be safely carried.

I now for the first time learned our destination: Take a map of Cuba and you will see, south-southeast of Puerto Principe a chain of six little islands running parallel with the island of Cuba, and about twenty-five or thirty miles distant. The second one from the western end is the largest; it has a scrubby growth of mangrove bushes about eight feet high, a few cocoanut-trees, and a most valuable spring of fresh water. It is less than a mile wide and nearly three miles long, of coral formation, but a few feet above the level of the sea.

It was necessary that our approach be after midday, so that the negroes could be discharged and the vessel disposed of before dark. By burning it at night the light would have attracted greater attention than in the day, and during the day it might have been supposed some brush was burning ashore. The place was a regular highway for all vessels approaching and leaving the south of Cuba.

November 3d, we were but fifty miles distant at daylight, with light winds, making about eight miles an hour. About ten o'clock, some few miles ahead of us, we saw an American bark bound in the same direction. It never would have done to approach her near enough to be spoken, for the captain would, in all probabilities, have invited himself aboard to have a chat for an hour or two. We could not shorten sail, for it would have attracted attention, the more so as her canvas had been reduced to enable us the sooner to overhaul her. What could we do? Captain A—— called the carpenter, who, with the assistance of the crew, brought on deck two large water-casks. The head of each was removed, ropes secured to the rim, and lowered astern, so that they would drag with the open end toward the ship; as soon as the ropes tightened our speed was reduced so much that the bark rapidly drew ahead, and in an hour could not see what we were doing.

It was now mid-day, and the chain of islands was in sight. We had calculated very closely the position of the one we were seeking; but our casks retarded our speed so that we would reach it later than we expected. At mid-day another observation was taken and our island located exactly—about fifteen miles distant. As we approached it our signal flag—the large white one with a red cross—was hoisted to the top of the mainmast. Some time elapsed and no sign of any living creature on the island. We were more than six weeks behind the most liberal estimate of time, and our Spaniards began to fear that those assigned to meet us here had given up all hopes of a successful voyage and had gone to the main-land. Just as the gloomiest views seemed to be about realized, we saw two men running through the thin undergrowth to the water's edge, waving their hats and gesticulating wildly. A shout of recognition was the return salute. The ship was sailed to within half a mile, and in fourteen fathoms of water, and anchored. The four boats were lowered in a hurry and the landing of the negroes began. It was wonderful how many could be gotten into a yawl in the quiet sea. More than two hours were needed to land all of them, and a sufficient number of large sails for shelter and food supplies.

The carpenter had been sent below to scuttle the ship; all the combustible material aboard was collected in the forecastle, between decks, and in the cabin, liberally saturated with oil, turpentine, and paint, and as the last of us left the ship the match was applied to each heap, and before we were ashore she was on fire from stem to stern. The rigging soon burned and the upper masts fell one after the other, still held to the ship by the heavy stays. She gradually sank, and before an hour there was nothing on the sea left to indicate a ship's destruction.

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As the negroes were landed they were hurried back far enough to be out of sight of any passing vessel, the scanty growth of mangrove affording ample hiding. After dark the sails were so spread and secured as to shelter the negroes from the dews, which were cold after the warm days: these tents were taken down before daylight, as they could have been seen by a passing vessel. Great was the joy of the Spaniards at being ashore in a place of security, for they felt tranquil about the part yet to come. Immediately after all were ashore the fishing sloop was despatched to the main-land with intelligence of our arrival, and during its absence I explored the island. I found it of coral formation and covered with thin soil and very little grass. Except the mangrove bushes there were no others but about a dozen cocoa-nut trees, stunted in growth but with a good supply of fruit yet green, and highly esteemed as a delicacy.

The stay on the island was delightful, the waters furnishing us with a great many varieties of fish, which were appreciated. The joy of the negroes was great at being ashore, and so bountifully supplied with food and water. Each day vessels passed, and some of them so near that we feared they would discover the island's secret.

Before the sloop left us there was considerable discussion among the sailors about their pay, they wishing to be paid before the negroes were sent to the main-land, and the Spaniards desiring that the remaining risks should be shared by all alike and all paid at the final destination. The matter was compromised by the Spaniards agreeing to pay those who demanded it; but that their protection ended there, and those paid would remain on the island until they were sent for after our arrival. Four days after the sloop left, two small schooners arrived bringing the money for those who demanded it, and they were paid in Spanish doubloons. The negroes were now transferred to the two schooners, and although they had appeared closely packed in the ship they were now jammed together in the hold, as none could be allowed on deck. The officers were divided, and were permitted to remain on deck in the little space that could be found.

We now left for Trinidad, about seventy-five miles distant, and before dark sailed right into the harbor amid a fleet of vessels. We were met by a custom-house boat and told where to anchor, and did so, less than one hundred yards from an American bark, which seemed to be our late would-be acquaintance. Our schooners had the appearance of ordinary coasters and did not attract any attention. At ten o'clock that night we saw a bright light on the beach at the extreme east end of the harbor, and we sailed for it. Arriving we were informed that arrangements were not complete for transportation, and could not be before next night. We returned to our anchorage and kept busy all night distributing biscuits and water to the negroes, who were hungry and restless. The night air was cold, and to keep warm I stood in the open hatch with my chin on a level with the deck, keeping my body in the warm air below while I breathed pure air; to go below and remain a few minutes was terrible. I feared some of the negroes would die in such an impure atmosphere.

Morning came slowly, and again every care was taken not to betray in any way our character. Sail after sail passed us coming and going. What a long day! The city of Trinidad, starting from the beach, rises to quite a height; the old-fashioned houses and irregular streets had very little interest, as we tired our eyes trying to find something which could possibly relieve the monotony and sense of great danger we felt. My patience was exhausted long before dark. At last the sun went down, the air became cool, and night again obscured everything. At ten o'clock the light reappeared and we sailed for it, showing a single lantern, which was extinguished as we approached. The sloop ran ashore in about two feet of water, and the negroes hurried ashore without noise, wading.

I saw in the darkness a long line of wagons, two-wheeled, with an open frame of poles and cords extending around the body of the wagon about three feet high. The women and youngest negroes were put in the wagons, the framework supporting them from falling and enabling many more to crowd

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in. The wagons started, the negro men following us on foot. The route led over a mountainous country, through coffee plantations, into the interior. The travelling was slow for some time. We at last descended to a plain and moved along very lively, reaching, at 7 A.M., the plantation of Don S. B——, which was our final destination, nearly twenty-three miles from the coast; here we halted. The negroes were sent to an inclosure to be fed and rested, the officers were escorted to the residence of the proprietor, where we had a bath, change of clothing, a good breakfast, and felt greatly refreshed.

We were seated on the veranda of the residence, smoking, when there arrived a Catholic priest and an assistant, who passed on to the inclosure. Shortly after came a wagon filled with clothing, and being curious to witness anything else connected with the negroes I followed. Inside the inclosure the negroes were drawn up in rows. Their brands were examined and they were separated into lots representing each mark. The priest, assisted by his young man, passed along in front, the young man registering the name the priest had given each, as they were baptized. As the priest finished one lot they were at once furnished, the women with a sort of loose gown of coarse cotton-cloth, and the men with a long shirt, and then sent off in different directions. Dinner being called we returned to the residence. After dinner I returned to the inclosure, but there was not a negro there, and visiting the fields with the proprietor I did not see one that I thought had made the voyage with us. Don S. B—— said that there were but twenty-five of the new arrivals on his plantation, the others having been delivered to the planters who had already contracted for them, paying $350 for each. We were guests of Don S. B—— four days, and were very hospitably entertained.

The other Spaniards now began to interest themselves in behalf of the American captain, mate, and myself. The laws of Cuba required every person landed to be provided with a passport or permit, the latter being issued under certain conditions for one month, at the expiration of which the holder would be arrested if on the island; this permit, if the person is satisfactorily identified and vouched for, can be renewed from month to month. Now, we had arrived without the knowledge of the government, and had neither passport nor permit. These permits for one month were purchased for us by the Spaniards from an accommodating official, at a cost to them of one doubloon (seventeen dollars) each. We concluded to go now to Havana, that place offering more opportunities for our leaving the island than the smaller ports. My permit represented me as a machinist, the captain's as a carpenter, and the mate's as a merchant, there being a number of Americans on the island in those capacities.

At three o'clock on the morning of the fifth day after our arrival we started for Trinidad to take the coast steamer to Batabano, stopping at Cienfuegos, Casilda, and other points. We were escorted by our Spanish friends, all of us on horseback with old-fashioned trappings, holsters, and pistols. The steamer left soon after our arrival, and there were several passengers, who scrutinized us very closely. On the evening of the following day we were at Batabano, the terminus of a railroad across the island to Havana, and late in the evening were in Havana, at the American Hotel, corner of Obrapia and Mercaderes Streets, not far from the residence of the Captain-General. After we were there two weeks I saw an American steamer come into the harbor, and soon went out in a boat (steamers not being able to approach the wharves because of insufficient depth of water). I asked about passage to the United States; she was leaving the next day. I was asked for my passport, and replying that I left it at my lodgings, I was informed I could come on board next day, one hour before leaving, provided with my passport, and could go with them. I had no passport, and my permit would not answer, so I remained ashore while she steamed away, and began thinking.

Two or three days after, a steamer from New York to Panama arrived, with some accident to her machinery which

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delayed her several days. I went out to her, shortly after her arrival, and saw that a number of her passengers were going ashore to visit the city during the delay of the ship; they could get a permit at a certain place on the wharf and remain ashore if they desired. A happy idea flashed upon me, and I went ashore with them and asked for a permit to visit the island during the stay of the vessel; it cost twenty-five cents and was given to me. I then went to the Captain-General's office, to the passport department, and stated that I was a passenger on the steamer in the harbor from New York to Panama, destined to San Francisco; that I was an engineer going to California; and while visiting the city on my permit I had met a planter with whom I had made arrangements to take off his sugar crop, and the season was near at hand; that some new machinery was needed in the sugar-house, which could only be procured in the United States in time for use that season, and that it would be necessary for me to return to New Orleans by the Panama steamer now due. I therefore asked for a passport, as the steamer could not take me without one. The clerk said those things were of frequent occurrence and soon had my passport ready, describing me very accurately—my height, color of hair and eyes, condition of teeth, etc. Hurrying to the hotel I related my experience to the American captain and mate, who concluded to try their luck in the *rôle* of homesick and discontented gold-seekers anxious to return to their home in the States. Both of them got into a boat, were taken out to and around the ship to the place of landing spoken of, obtained their permits, and together went to the passport office declaring themselves disgusted with the idea of going to California, and desiring to go back home *via* New Orleans, on the steamer reported due in a day or two. They obtained their passports and came to the hotel, where, in our well-closed room, a bottle of wine was opened and a toast drank to the success of my scheme.

Two days after the Panama steamer arrived and remained two days. We were not permitted to go aboard with our baggage until one hour before she sailed, but we were on hand in a small boat waiting for the hour. As we ascended the steps we were met by an officer who demanded our passports. These being produced and pronounced satisfactory we were allowed on board and the steward took charge of us. The longest hour I ever knew now slowly passed. At last the bells rang, the wheels turned, and we slowly got under way. We passed the frowning fortress Cabaña, which might have been our prison; farther on the Morro Castle, at the head of the narrow strait from the sea to the harbor. We passed out, saluted the fort, and felt quiet. Looking around I saw the customs officials yet on board. Their presence gave me great uneasiness until, when a mile from shore, they descended to their boat and left us. I could have shouted with joy when they were at a distance from us, and with difficulty restrained myself. It was now dark and we were far away from Cuba.

Two days more and we were again in New Orleans. After a hurried inspection of my baggage, I jumped into a cab, and passing by the telegraph office sent the following message to my parents in Natchez, Miss.: "Just returned from the coast of Africa, safe and well." Continuing to the Medical College I met Professor Howard Smith, whose joy at my return was nearly as great as mine. With him I visited the McDonogh Commissioners and related the history of the voyage to Liberia, and, as they asked no questions about the rest of the trip, I did not say more than, it being impossible to return as had been promised me, I had been obliged to make a very lengthy and troublesome trip along the African coast until I had an opportunity to return *via* Jamaica and Cuba.

Thirty years have elapsed and nearly all of those connected with that voyage must ere this have gone to their last rest. I have never seen one of them since, and do not feel that I now violate any confidence in relating the history of the voyage of The Last Slave-ship.

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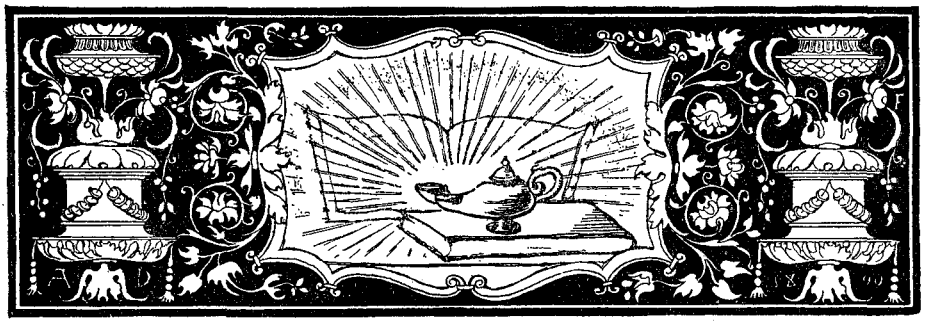

THE POINT OF VIEW.

SOMEONE, it seems to me, ought to point out to certain optimistic critics of our minor literature that there is a great and vital difference between taking one's art seriously and taking one's self, the artist, so. In Mr. Howells's recent defence of contemporary writers, for instance, in reply to Mr. Phelps's paper in this Magazine, they were most excellently championed on the safe ground of sincerity of effort and non-mercenary aims; but there is one accusation, perhaps only implicitly made, if at all, in Mr. Phelps's indictment, though often elsewhere, to which I should like to hear this most kindly advocate plead for his clients—that of the self-consciousness of much of the work from which he looks for great results.

It is almost a waste of time to say that this does not apply to Mr. Howells himself, or to his type of workers. If he has given us occasion lately, by his criticism and performance, to wonder whether he had reversed the old saying, to make it read *video deteriora proboque, meliora sequor*, he has never left a reader in doubt that in him at least the cause—the aim of what he was doing—obliterated every smaller consideration and left him free to use his art at its best. And, indeed, there is no reason at all to drag him into this bit of ungrateful meditation, except that he takes his native contemporaries at the pitch of their aspirations rather than their deeds, and so rouses the latent spirit of the *advocatus diaboli* that is in every one of us.

It may be that the present generation of younger writers is destined to great achievement: Heaven send it—and on the whole I for one fully believe it of a goodly number. But was there ever a generation that made such an ado over its own attitude and deportment about its work? or that had in some respects so large an alloy of the artificial in its frame of mind? Perhaps it is only the over-expectant critic who especially notices the solemnity of this squaring of the elbows, of this discussion of technic—the "short-story form" (note well the hyphen); the "cycle" of novels (with prefatory references to the *Comédie humaine* or the recurrence of the Warrington strain from "Esmond" to "The Newcomes"—I should have liked to have Thackeray hear it called a "cycle," by the way): the machinery of dedications, prologues, and epilogues; in fine, the whole disproportion of the cackle to the size of the be-cackled eggs, of however excellent quality the latter may be. Perhaps such a critic is dyspeptic, and perhaps he reads too much of the self-consciousness of the processes into the results—an easy matter; but enough of his belief is true, nevertheless, to make it worthy of the notice of more sanguine souls. There can hardly be too strong a desire for a good technic, for a thorough mastery of the tools of one's work; certainly there cannot be too strong a self-respect in a man of letters, if in any man; but self-respect is perfectly compatible with humility before one's task; and as for technic, it ought to be remembered that it is not the work itself; as the White Knight said to Alice in "Through the

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Looking-glass," "That isn't the song, it is only what it is called."

The younger French writers, whose perfection of technical skill Mr. Howells and those he praises alike rightly admire, have made themselves such masters of their art that they are virtually unconscious of its exercise; but however much they may have talked its argot within the "groups," one does not notice that they make much public exhibition of the processes by which the mastery is acquired. Still less does any one of them magnify the fact that he is going to do a thing above the doing of the thing itself; or forget that the *ars celare artem* cannot be successfully carried out while the artist believes that his personality, at any rate, is too important a thing to be concealed.

It is prodigious what an amount of energy is sunk in the unsuccessful exercise of that inalienable right, the pursuit of happiness. One reason for the waste is that people are governed too much by the opinions of others as to what is pleasure, and neglect to get information that would fit them by analyzing their own experiences. Thousands and tens of thousands of people do things day after day with the purpose of enjoyment, which they never have enjoyed, and never will, but which they have learned to regard as intrinsically pleasant. They ride horses, they drive, hunt, dress, dance, or whatever it is, not because they get personal enjoyment out of those occupations, but because other people have enjoyed them.

Of course, happiness is a state of mind; and it is the mind, or the soul, that we want to get at. We know this well enough theoretically, but fail to act with reasonable intelligence upon our knowledge. To a certain extent, the mind is dependent for its states upon the conditions of the body, and we are rightly taught that a degree of attention must be paid to physical means if we are to get intellectual or spiritual results. But even with the enjoyment of a healthy body a very important share of the pleasure is quasi-intellectual. When he has well eaten or well drunken a man feels pleasantly disposed toward the world. His feelings warm, his sympathies are aroused, and he is happy in consequence.

The exhilaration of the racer or the huntsman, of the oarsman or the football player, any high degree of muscular activity in a healthy man, is perhaps the nearest to a purely physical pleasure; but even here it is a higher enjoyment when it is competitive activity, for competition itself is a notable and legitimate delight. "Rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race," the Scripture saith, and knows its business as usual; for trying to win involves a chance to lose, and that there is not much fun where there is not some hazard has been the rule since Eve acquired knowledge of evil at the same bite with good.

Of those purely intellectual joys that are analogous to the physical joys, not all are healthy. It is fun to develop and exercise the mind just as it is to exercise the muscles; but there are joys of the intellectual glutton and the intellectual sot, joys that are not nearly as disreputable as they ought to be. Minds are clogged with over-feeding and racked by over-stimulation, just as stomachs are. The joys of acquisition are not to be despised. Making money is mighty pleasant; to have things is an unquestionable source of satisfaction; to collect rare commodities, orchids, race-horses, railroad-bonds, is a kind of sport that thousands of people follow with lively enthusiasm. It is fun to have and to hold, to add to and complete, and it has been since who knows how many centuries before Ahab longed for Naboth's vineyard. But avarice in all its forms, old-fashioned and venerable as it is, is only a second-rate sport, since it lacks the element that the greatest pleasures must have, the element of love.

Not passion. Passion is one of your second-rate, quasi-physical pleasures, which are half pain, and cannot be depended upon. But love is quite a different matter, and so detached from all that is bodily about us, as to breed the hope that it will still be a pleasure to us when we have taken our bodies off. When we have loved the most, and with the least passion and the least selfishness, was it not then that we attained most nearly to the state of mind which is the great prize of life?

Is it a matter of general knowledge that to love in this fashion is the best fun agoing? Is it part of the ordinary experience of the average man, so that it is safe to take it for granted that every reader of this screed can

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recall times in his life when there was a magic light on all he saw, and magic music in all he heard? It is a common remark in extenuation of the inconvenience of not having very much money that people of ordinary fortune can eat as much as millionaires; and if we find that we can love as easily and as extensively on small incomes as on greater ones, we may safely consider that we have the better of the rich again. Perhaps we can; wealth offers so many diversions that sometimes the pleasure there is in loving is overlooked. The impression certainly exists that great riches have a tendency to clog the affections; and great inequalities of fortune are a barrier between man and man, not insurmountable but appreciable. Love is personal, and very great possessions almost inevitably throw personal qualities into shadow. We love men for what they are, not what they represent.

We cultivate the muscles because it is fun to use them, and because it brings us the happiness that comes of health. For like reasons we make a business of the cultivation of our minds. How simple it is of us to neglect to the extent that most of us do the systematic cultivation of our hearts! Now and then someone discovers that to love one's neighbor with enthusiasm is the best fun there is, and makes a business of doing it; and then the rest of us lean on our muck-rakes and gape at him, and wonder how he can spare so much time for such an object.

THE imagination of Mr. Grant Allen continues to be distressed by a learned phantom in petticoats who tries to earn her own living, and is supposed to think meanly of the natural vocations of her sex. In a recent magazine article he records his fears that if the theories of the advanced women are not checked, the invaluable faculty of intuition, which is a distinguishing feminine characteristic, will be educated away, with the direful result that men of genius will cease to be born. For the intuitive faculty pertains to genius as well as to femininity. Genius does not stop to reason. It arrives, by a sudden and immediate process which it inherited from its mother. It knows, it knows not how. It only knows that it knows, as women do.

It would be a dreadful pity to have genius stumbling about in limbo for lack of a woman fit to be a mother to it. Let us hope it will not really come to such a forlorn extreme as that. Would it be inexcusable to derive the impression from Mr. Grant Allen's magazine articles, that, learned as he is in natural history, his knowledge of the human female is defective? To my mind she seems to be constructed of much tougher materials than Mr. Allen imagines, and the influences that tend to make a man of her seem enormously overbalanced by those whose tendency is to keep her a woman. For my part I am not a bit afraid but that when God made woman He endowed her with persistence enough to maintain the characteristics of her sex. Monkeys may have evolutionized into Herbert Spencers; but have the females of any species ever yet evolutionized into males? Of course there are masculine women; women afflicted from birth with mannish minds and predisposed to channels of usefulness which are more commonly navigated by men. Such women are not all Sally Brasses either. Some of them even presume to marry and have children. But they are exceptional creatures, and are easily counter-balanced by the feminine men. The average woman is a thorough-going woman, and is not to be educated out of it. You may teach her Latin, you may let her operate a type-writer, or teach school, or work in a factory, or dot off language by telegraph, and become as independent as you please. She is a persistent female still. If Mr. Allen will only stir up his males, and see to it that they are competent, faithful, and good providers, he may cease to distress himself. The proportion of the gentler sex who insist upon reasoning by logical processes and competing with men in bread-winning avocations, will not be great enough to afford him legitimate distress. Take care of your men, Mr. Allen, and your women won't have to take care of themselves. And if they don't have to, they won't do it. The fact that some women who have no one else to take care of them are taught to take care of themselves seems a remote reason for alarm. A woman even with blunted intuitions is better than a woman under six feet of earth.

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APROPOS of successful achievement, it has been said that those who succeed are those who go on after they are tired. The observation bears a family likeness to the one about genius being the capacity for taking infinite pains, and both amount simply to this, that the people who arrive are those who don't have to stop until they get there. To many of us it happens that there are bits of thought—sometimes they are bits of verse—that come into the mind when it is too tired to follow them up. It can just grasp them and go no further. Such waifs are like the feathers that enthusiastic little boys who chase chickens on the farm find in their hands when the bird that they have almost run down gets away. Cuvier, they say, could construct a whole skeleton from a single bone, but it isn't told even of him that he could fix up a whole chicken from a few tail-feathers. Nevertheless, these intellectual relics are not to be wholly despised. Feathers that do not assume to be complete birds may still have a secondary sort of merit as feathers.

An odd lot of such strays that turned up the other day in the corner of a drawer, included some *pennæ* that in hands entirely great might have come to something. One that seems to have been begotten of an inquiry into the grounds of contemporary renown makes such an appearance as this:

So mixed it is, a body hardly knows
If fame is manufactured goods, or grows.
Douce man is he whose sense the point imparts
Where advertising ends and glory starts.

Another grasp of plumage, gleaned, it would seem, in another chase after this same bird, disclosed this:

And here the difference lies, in that, whereas
  What a man did was measure of his glory
In those gone days, now gauged by what he has
  He reads his title clear to rank in story.
The patriot lives, obscure, without alarms;
  The poet, critics tell us, smoothly twaddles.
The patent-tonic man it is who storms
  The heights of noise, and fame's high rafter straddles!
Soap is the stuff—

With the rest of that last broken feather the bird in the hand became the bird in the bush. In the next lot:

No saint's physiognomy goes to my soul
  Like the features that beam from that brown aureole—

suggests a quest after some female bird; and this also seems to belong to the same theme:

More welcome than shade on a hot summer day
Is the shadow she casts when she's coming my way.
You can see she's a goddess! Just look at her walk!
I own I adore her: there's bones in her talk!
Defend me from virgins whose talking is tattle,
Whose ears are mere trash-bins, whose tongues merely
  rattle;
Whose brains are but mush, and their judgment a sieve—
Invertebrate discourse is all they can give.
What profits mere beauty where intellect fails?
Oh, give me the woman whose mind will hold nails!

That was quite a grasp of plumage to be sure.

When the tennis ball skims by the fault-finding net

is an odd feather from some fleet male bird, perhaps, who got easily away.

Not as dry as vast Sahara,
Just a sand-bank in July,

suggests a parched throat, and seems masculine too; and so does the sudden terminal curve of

One cannot be a dying swan
Offhand.

It seems as if there might still be fun enough in some of the birds that shed these things to pay for another chase, if only one could get sight of them. The worst of these fowl though, is that the best feathers and the longest legs seem to go together. It takes quick steps and a power of endeavor to catch ostriches.

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DRAWN BY E. H. BLASHFIELD. ENGRAVED BY WITTE.

EXQUISITES OF D'ARTAGNAN'S TIME.

[The Gardens of the Luxembourg.]

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